

APR. 27,
1940

Liberty 5¢



Jay M'Archie

BOOMPH GIRL by MARGARET E. SANGSTER
HOW TO GET READY FOR YOUR JOB by Professor Walter B. Pitkin



TASTE THEIR LASTING

Crispness

snap!
crackle!
pop!



AND HEAR IT, TOO!

Delicious with fresh, frozen, cooked or canned fruits



Swing breakfast out of the rut with Kellogg's Rice Krispies—the liveliest “wake-up” meal that ever was! Hear that snap! crackle! pop! as they float on milk or cream? That's *crispness*! . . . a crispness all the family will applaud from the first crunchy spoonful to the last.

For an extra treat, serve Kellogg's Rice Krispies with fresh or frozen berries. Your grocer is featuring them now at attractive prices.

Be sure to ask for “Kellogg's Rice Krispies.” They're “oven-popped” by Kellogg according to a special process . . . flavored in a unique way . . . toasted a golden-brown. Their crisp freshness is protected by Kellogg's exclusive inner-wrap . . . “Waxtite” heat-sealed at both top and bottom.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES

“OVEN-POPPED” BY PATENTED PROCESS! Delicious Rice Krispies float for hours in milk or cream. The name “Rice Krispies” is Kellogg's trade-mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) for oven-popped rice.



FOR A DISH THAT'S THE BERRIES,
A JOY AND A LOVE,
GET SOME KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES
AND SERVE AS ABOVE!



Sensational offer! Attractive nursery-rhyme wall plaques in gorgeous colors. Six different subjects. Proper size for grouping. See back of Rice Krispies packages.

Copr. 1940 by Kellogg Company

YES, BUT A **BLOW-OUT**
JERKS THE STEERING WHEEL
RIGHT OUT OF YOUR HANDS..

I STILL SAY **SKIDS**
ARE MUCH WORSE!....
WHEN YOUR CAR STARTS
TO SPIN YOU CAN'T TELL
WHERE YOU'LL LAND...



Why Argue? New Goodrich Tire Protects Against **BOTH** Skids and Blow-outs

READING TIME: 1 MINUTE 7 SECONDS

Here's an argument you can't win. Because when figures prove that thousands are killed or injured every year by skids and blow-outs, you need to watch out for *both*! You need a tire that gives you not just "half-way" protection, but safety all the way through. And that's why you need the protection of the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown—the only tire in the world with Life-Saver Tread skid protection and Golden Ply blow-out protection.

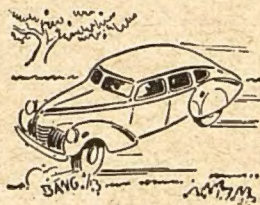


★ ★ ★ ★

Ever see a tire sweep wet roads dry? Well, that's just what the Silvertown Life-Saver Tread does. As its never-ending spiral bars roll over the wet road, they act like a battery of windshield wipers—sweep the water right and left from under the tire—actually leave a track so dry you can light a match on it. Thus it's easy to see why you get the quickest non-skid stops you've ever had.



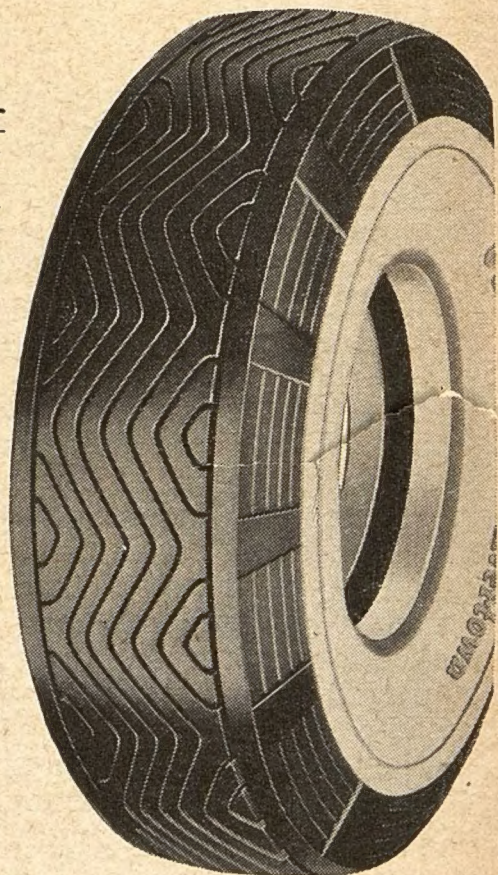
Yes, the Life-Saver Tread gives you the greatest skid protection ever offered. But *inside* every Silvertown is another great invention just as vital to your driving safety—the new improved Golden Ply. This exclusive Goodrich feature resists internal tire heat—provides you with scientific protection against dangerous, high speed blow-outs.



Don't take chances on skids or blow-outs. See your nearest Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store *now* about putting the life-saving protection of Silvertowns on your car. They may save your life!

★ ★ ★ ★

What's your license number? Drive into your nearest Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store and ask them to get you a miniature reproduction of your own new 1940 license plate on a key chain. It's handy, good-looking and made of brass with rounded corners. No obligation. Only 10 cents to cover cost of handling.



The **new** Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

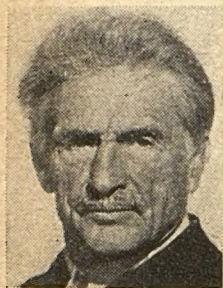
PLAN TO SEE JIMMIE LYNCH'S DEATH DODGERS AT THE GOODRICH ARENA . . . N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

BERNARR MACFADDEN—A CANDIDATE FOR THE U. S. SENATE



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

My career began as a health crusader. Teeming vitality is of course important, but a government that robs the citizens of their liberties can still take all the joy out of life.

In recent years I have become a crusader for good government. Governmental health is of paramount importance. My political views have been emphatically expressed almost weekly on this page for several

years.

The great leaders in business, industry, and agriculture of this country are badly needed in politics. They have neglected this outstanding duty, and politics has acquired a very bad reputation. We hear so much about rotten politics, and these men of large affairs who have studiously refrained from "getting into politics" will have to share the blame for this truly tragic situation.

The present mountainous indebtedness and the all-time high unemployment record are due entirely to the absence of great leaders in politics.

For several years I have wanted to set an example along this line to other men who have made an outstanding success. Many of my friends urged me to get into the Presidential race in 1936. I was keenly interested but never actually entered.

At the request of my friends here in Florida I have entered as a candidate for the United States Senate. I am in the senatorial campaign of that state on the Democratic ticket.

Many of my friends have maintained that I belong on the Republican side, but I have always been classed as a rank independent.

In 1932, as the readers of Liberty will remember, we applauded and supported President Roosevelt to the very limit; but they will also remember that my editorial page repudiated him with equal emphasis in 1936. When Washington expenses began to climb at a terrific rate, when the promise to balance the budget was entirely forgotten, and the remedies recommended for unemployment failed miserably, I was sadly disappointed.

But when constitutional government was attacked, when the isms of various kinds were encouraged, I had no alternative. I had to support the opposition party.

Thomas Jefferson is apparently an idol of the present Washington administration, but the principles commended by much of the recent federal

enactments closely follow those advocated by Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson's bitter opponent. Hamilton believed in a strong central government, and it was Thomas Jefferson who had to fight him with fanatical zeal to maintain the American ideals which we have enjoyed up to the beginning of the socialistic isms I have criticized so severely.

I was born a Southerner, in the extreme southern part of the State of Missouri, and I am proud to announce I am now a Floridian. More than ten years ago I began making regular winter visits to Florida. About five years ago the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, a nonprofit organization, invested heavily in the future of this state.

In these last five years I have had an opportunity to study the possibilities of the state, and it is my belief that the central government has failed to give Florida the consideration it well deserves.

Furthermore, the reciprocal treaties, which are supposed to be beneficial to all the citizens of this country, is said to be robbing the farmers of Florida of more than one hundred million dollars a year. They are compelled to compete with cheap peon labor of Cuba and other southern countries in the marketing of winter vegetables, avocados, and limes.

Whether or not my election as a senator from this state will enable me to assist in remedying this sad situation would be difficult to answer accurately, but if we intend to maintain our present high standard of living with the associated high wages, there should be a tariff sufficiently high to enable the citizens of Florida and other citizens of this country to compete advantageously with the cheap labor of other countries. To compete on an equal basis is not enough. Our citizens should be sufficiently protected to give them a definite advantage over foreign countries.

This will be my first political venture as a candidate, and all of my readers who have friends registered as Democrats in the State of Florida are asked to use their influence to help increase the number of votes that will be cast for me at the Florida primary election on May 7.

The winner of the Democratic primary election has always been the victor in the final fall election, and we can hardly suppose that this election will be an exception.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 70

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States and possessions, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, \$2.00 a year. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, \$2.50 a year. In all other countries, \$4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription for Liberty please allow thirty (30) days from the time you send us the subscription and the time when you can expect the first copy. A request for change of address must also reach us at least thirty (30) days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address, but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed. Copyright, 1940, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.



NO DOUBT, the gentleman above is one of the thousands who answered questionnaires sent out by 43 leading stores.

80%* of these men apparently have reason to believe there are slide fasteners that slip open, jam closed or fail in some other way.

For they all sound a warning — that there are now bad slide fasteners.

But also—the vast majority know

how to protect themselves. *They want the TALON slide fastener—and no other.*

In fact, the preference for "TALON" over any other brand is not just 2 to 1 ... not just 10 to 1 ... but actually more than 70 to 1.†

In other words, if you talked to thousands of men, you'd learn:

First, that most of them have found

it necessary to watch out for unreliable slide fasteners.

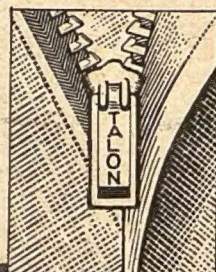
Second, that—almost to the man—they've discovered the trademark "TALON" to be the sure guide to trouble-free service.

When you buy trousers, profit by the experience of the majority. Always make sure the slide fastener is marked "TALON."

*Based on the number of replies to question.
†Based on the thousands who stated a brand preference.

Because it's the dependable slide fastener — men prefer

"TALON" 70 to 1†
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



TALON SLIDE FASTENER • MADE BY TALON, INC. • MEADVILLE, PA.
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

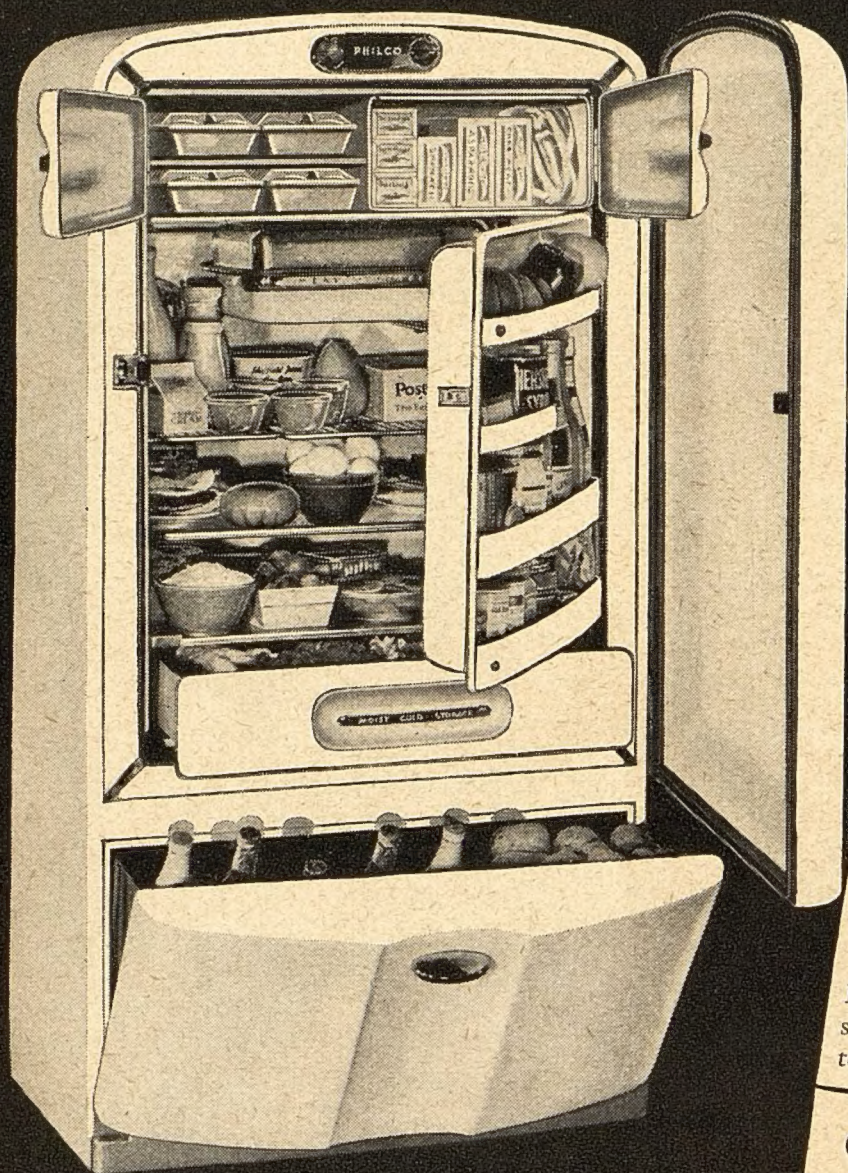
PROTECT yourself... always look for the word "TALON" on the slide fastener.

Yesterday—trousers were closed with five fastenings, often had offensive gaps and bulges.

Today — the Talon slide fastener keeps you well-groomed — gives you ease and security.

PHILCO

brings You a New Kind
of *Refrigerator*

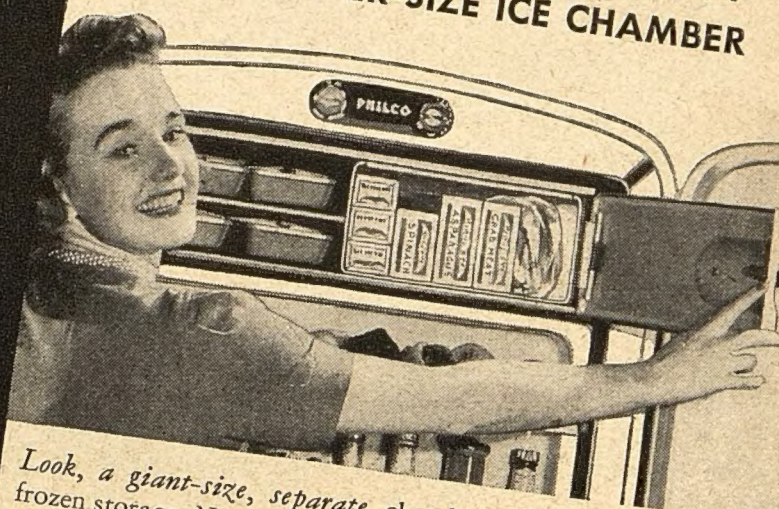


ONLY THE PHILCO REFRIGERATOR

GIVES YOU THE CONSERVADOR *plus* DRY, MOIST
AND FROZEN FOOD COMPARTMENTS

A sensational new refrigerator is here . . . created by Philco, the quality name in over 14 million homes! At amazing low prices, it gives you new conveniences, new economy and new safety for the storage of your foods. Brand-new, *advanced* design gives you services you can enjoy in no other refrigerator, at any price. A giant-size, *separate* Frozen Food Compartment, a Moist Cold Compartment, a Dry Cold Compartment and the famous Conservador—*every* service you need today for the purity, freshness, flavor and healthful preservation of foods. It's a new kind of refrigerator, unlike any you have ever seen. And it's yours at *no increase in cost* over refrigerators of ordinary design.

NEW ADVANCED DESIGN GIVES
YOU THIS GIANT-SIZE FROZEN
FOOD COMPARTMENT IN ADDI-
TION TO OVER-SIZE ICE CHAMBER



Look, a giant-size, *separate* chamber specially designed for frozen storage. Not a tiny, miniature, cramped space added on to an ordinary ice-freezing unit, but a huge, roomy space *in addition* to the regular ice cube chamber—two complete chambers instead of one! Plenty of room for packaged Frozen Foods (even for a turkey), for ice cream, for frozen desserts. *Only Philco has it!*

MOIST COLD COMPARTMENT

You don't have to cover foods to keep them from drying out! This Moist Cold Compartment preserves the taste and juices of foods without the bother of covers and special dishes. The refrigerated, aluminum Freshener Shelf cools foods quicker, by direct contact. A Philco invention . . . *only Philco has it!*



DRY COLD COMPARTMENT

For all normal uses and for safe storage of foods that tend to spoil quickly.

CONSERVADOR . . . the Shelf-lined Inner Door



Gives you 26% more quickly usable space—*double* the easy-to-use front space! It's patented—only Philco has it! Holds two-fifths of your food right at your finger-tips, without opening main compartment. Makes shelves orderly; no crowding in front, no empty, wasted areas in back. That's why the Philco Refrigerator holds more food! Keeps cold air in, warm air out of main compartment . . . saves you money on electric bills.

Investigate! See your Philco dealer today. In your choice of 12 gleaming models, you get the most your dollar can buy in modern refrigeration service!
From \$119.95 to \$257.50 (F. O. B. Factory, Including 5-Year Protection Plan)
Yours on easiest monthly payment terms.



BEGINNING

OOMPH

Girl

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A sparkling new novel of a streamlined
Cinderella and the magic that is Hollywood

READING TIME • 32 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART ONE
DREAM OR NIGHTMARE?

GLADYS HOLTON looked up from the notebook that was balanced on her knee. She said to her boss, "Won't you be glad when it's all over but the shouting? Aren't you bored to death with the whole darn thing?"

Mr. Smithers drew a couple of meaningless curlicues on his desk blotter before he answered. He said, "Well, yes—and no."

Gladys laughed. "I see what you mean," she told him. "Excitement's fun—in a way—and life at the Blue Ribbon will seem dull when this contest is over. But"—she sighed—"it will be restful to slip back into the old routine."

"Routine," said Mr. Smithers, "is the curse of any business organization—and particularly of the organization's publicity department. Finding the typical American secretary has lifted us out of our rut, Miss Holton."

"It certainly has," agreed Gladys.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL LYFORD

She surveyed two wooden file baskets loaded with correspondence yet to be answered. "And yet, when you come down to cases, what has the contest done for Blue Ribbon—really?"

Mr. Smithers was properly shocked. "It's put us on the map," he said. "We've had columns—yes, and pages—of free newspaper space. We've broken into a couple of national magazines. One of our secretaries will play a part in a picture with Philip Gale, and Blue Ribbon plumbing accessories will invade Hollywood." His words rang sonorously through the pine-paneled office.

Gladys said, "And it all happened

because you met a press agent in the club car of the Broadway Limited!"

Mr. Smithers told her, "That's the way big ideas are born—in a club car or on the golf course or across the bridge table. . . . This fellow, Terrence O'Toole, and I got to talking, just by chance. He asked me my line, and when I said publicity, he laughed. 'I'm in the same racket myself,' he told me, and we began to compare notes. At first—I'll admit it frankly, Gladys"—in moments of great warmth Mr. Smithers called his secretary by her first name—"we didn't seem to have any meeting ground. O'Toole did promotion for G. P. L. pictures and for Philip Gale in particular, whereas my specialty was to glorify"—Mr. Smithers cleared his throat—"bathrooms."

"As I said before, there didn't seem to be any meeting ground, and then suddenly I had a hunch. O'Toole and I tossed off a couple of"—Mr. Smithers cleared his throat again. "Well, finally I put my hunch up to O'Toole and he thought it was slick. Blue Ribbon has the finest, newest, most efficient plant in the United States, bar none. G. P. L. is the country's greatest picture organization and Philip Gale is the nation's supreme—" he paused, searching for a word.

Gladys supplied it. "Heartthrob?" she murmured.

"Yeah," agreed Mr. Smithers, "at the moment Philip Gale is America's supreme heartthrob. He's box office plus, and he's about to star in a picture that's all gummed up with big business—it couldn't have been more pat. A contest to locate the typical American secretary, offering the prize of a trip to Hollywood and a chance to play a bit as secretary in that picture. Well," beamed Mr. Smithers, "there you are, Gladys!"

"There I am," agreed Gladys, a shade wryly, "and there you are and there we all are. This place has been in a flurry for a week of Sundays—what with everybody canvassing for votes and trying to get the inside track. The girls have been on pins and needles and there have been more mistakes made in more letters—" she smiled, but fleetingly. "We'll probably lose a dozen big contracts because a dozen blonde secretaries were dreaming of Philip Gale when they transcribed their notes."

YOU haven't made many mistakes," said Mr. Smithers. His tone was almost accusing.

"I'm not a blonde," Gladys told him, "and, furthermore, I haven't any delusions of grandeur. . . . I know that I'm just average-looking, and I know that I have freckles."

"But you have nice legs," said Mr. Smithers. He said it with appreciation *sans* passion. Mr. Smithers was married and liked it—but he still had his eyesight.

Gladys agreed that her legs were all right and was fleetingly pleased that she was wearing the mesh stockings which she had purchased in a

mad moment for a dollar fifteen. She said, "But legs don't make the typical American secretary. Votes do."

"Anyway," Mr. Smithers said, "we're not counting the votes, and that's something. It was smart of me to arrange for an outside committee—eh, Gladys?"

"And such a committee!" Gladys applauded. "Editor of a leading daily, pastor of a huge church, a Cabinet member, an artist, and a novelist."

"A representative group," crowed Mr. Smithers. All at once he was very happy. "Yes, Gladys," he said, "this thing will put Blue Ribbon on the map in a big way and don't you forget it! I'll rate an increase in salary at the next directors' meeting, and you're going to travel along with me." He coughed and drew another curlicue on his desk blotter. "Maybe we'd better get down to brass tacks," he said. "We must have a release ready for the evening papers."

"How," queried Gladys, "can we have the release ready when we don't know the name of the winner?"

"We'll know by midafternoon," Mr. Smithers told her. "We'll leave a blank space for the name." He leaned back in his chair and set his elbows on the arms of it and fitted the tips of his fingers neatly together in an executive manner. "Ready, Miss Holton?" he asked.

Gladys crossed her knees firmly one over the other and bent her head—with its fluff of soft sandy hair—above her notebook. "Go on," she said.

PLUMBING accessories," Mr. Smithers began, "are more typical of the United States than of any other country. In no European nation is the bathroom the center of the home as it is in our fair land. Bathrooms on the Continent are not continental—they're incidental. But in America they are"—he hesitated—"glittering and romantic! So it is with secretaries. In other countries a secretary is just a secretary, but in America the secretary is as supreme in her office as the wife is in her home. For that reason it is only right and fitting that the Blue Ribbon Plumbing Accessories Company should conduct an interoffice search for the typical American secretary. This search has been carried on through all the company's branches, through the huge factory, even in the—" He broke off, for the noon whistle was blowing shrilly.

"Oh!" exclaimed Gladys. She dropped her pencil, and her notebook went slithering after it from her knee to the floor.

"What's the matter?" Mr. Smithers wanted to know.

"Nothing," stammered Gladys. She retrieved the notebook and pencil and brushed back a wisp of hair that had strayed across her forehead. Her forehead was warm to the touch.

"You're blushing," said Mr. Smithers. "I suppose you have a luncheon date with young Blair."

"Well, yes, I have," Gladys admitted.

Mr. Smithers eyed her with a suddenly benign gaze. "Your only fault, Miss Holton," he said, "is that you're not above falling for a mere salesman. You could go a long way in this organization if you didn't have to get married."

Gladys was blushing so hard now that her ears tingled. "Who said anything about getting married?" she managed. "Bill and I are just good friends."

"I've pulled that line myself in the dim and distant past," said Mr. Smithers, "but it all works out the same way in the end. Bill Blair's a nice kid, at that, and he's a go-getter. You could do a lot—" He broke off. "Run along and keep your luncheon date," he said. "Maybe it'll be better, after all, to work on the release when we have the name of the winner. It'll give us a new incentive. We may even coin a phrase or two."

GLADYS glanced at her wrist watch. She said, "We really should be getting back to the office," but she didn't make any move to rise from the table where she and William Blair were sitting. Instead she did just the opposite, for she settled back in her chair and waited for what she hoped was about to happen.

Bill Blair peered at her from across the width of red-checkered tablecloth. His eyes, seen through their tortoiseshell-rimmed glasses, were breathtakingly earnest. "Glad," he began, and stopped short. "Glad, my—" he began and broke off. "Oh," he finished lamely, "we don't have to rush. We're still fifteen minutes to the good, and the office is just around the corner."

Gladys relaxed. Fifteen minutes to go, fifteen minutes to the good! She said, "It's pleasant—having lunch together."

Bill told her, "It's always pleasant having lunch together—and dinner, too, for that matter." For one thrilling moment Glad was almost sure that he was going to bring up the subject of breakfast, but he didn't. He muttered instead, "I like your new hat."

"I like it too," nodded Gladys. She didn't tell William that she had bought the hat on the way home from work the night before as a compliment to his luncheon invitation. She was wearing new sandals, too, and the mesh stockings that had already caused brief, though favorable comment. She was suddenly sorry that her *vis-à-vis* couldn't glance beneath the table and see what those stockings did to her ankles.

Bill was tapping on the table with nervous knuckles. He had fine hands, slender and artistic-looking. "You know," he said at last, "it's like an oasis or something, being here with you for a quiet hour. Blue Ribbon is a madhouse these days. That secretary contest has become so darned important that nobody ever talks about anything else. Why, I brought in a big order yesterday and I didn't get

a flicker. It's enough to take the heart out of a fellow."

Glad's tone was comforting. "They'll remember about the order," she said, "when the excitement's died down. This is the first contest Blue Ribbon's ever had and it's nationwide and—well, it's no wonder everybody's in a dither. I'm in a dither myself."

Bill ceased to drum with his knuckles. "Why should *you* be hot and bothered?" he asked.

"Because I'm in the publicity department," Glad told him. "I saw the thing born—practically—and I've bottle-fed it and spoon-fed it, and changed its—" she broke off, slightly embarrassed.

"You're beginning to talk like that guy Smithers," Bill told her. He laughed. "You gave me a start, Glad, when you said you were in a dither. I was afraid you might be—" he hesitated.

"Kidding myself that I have a look-in?" she questioned. "Be your age, Bill. I haven't a Chinaman's chance. Nobody'll even think of me."

"I thought of you," Bill told her. "You got my vote, and I bet you got Smithers' vote, and—"

"Two votes," Glad laughed. "Well, that'll keep me from being skunked." Her laughter died swiftly. "Bill, we *must* be starting back. Mr. Smithers will be fretting about that release, and, besides, the votes may have been counted, and I'm anxious to know—"

BILL glowered. "You may be anxious, but I'm not," he said. "The idea may have been born on the desk in front of you, but I think it's a darn stupid one."

Though it hurt to go against William, Glad sprang to the defense of Mr. Smithers' flight of fancy.

"It isn't stupid, Bill," she said. "This contest has brought Blue Ribbon columns and columns of publicity. It's lifted us out of a—a rut."

"Who cares," snorted Bill, "about that? As long as we deliver the goods, who cares whether the typical American secretary works for us? What difference does it make in the long run?"

"I don't suppose," Gladys told him seriously, "that it makes any difference in the long run, but just at the moment it makes people think about us and remember our name. Some one who's fitting out a couple of new bathrooms is apt to buy Blue Ribbon because we've drawn attention to ourselves. And don't forget that all the time Philip Gale's picture is being produced, and all the time it's being shown in your neighborhood theater, the publicity will keep on. Philip Gale"—she was quoting Mr. Smithers—"is box office plus and—"

Suddenly Bill was laughing. "I suppose," he said, "that I can't blame the girls in our plant for being upset. I'd feel the same way if they were running a contest for the typical American salesman and the man who won it was to play a bit in a picture starring Myrna Loy."

Glad hesitated. When she spoke her voice was a trifle hoarse, "Is Myrna Loy your ideal, Bill? I mean *really*?"

It was then that it happened. Unexplainably and—irrationally—bred of a moment of almost impersonal jealousy.

Bill leaned forward with a jerky movement. "I like her better than anybody in pictures," he said. "Know why, Glad? Because she reminds me of *you*!"

Sultry color started at Glad's chin and worked its way in a slow wave to her forehead, but by some miracle she managed to keep her voice free of obvious strain. "Is it because we're so different?" she asked. "Is that why Myrna Loy reminds you—of me?"

"No, that's not it," Bill told her, and his own voice shook. "You have a way of crinkling up your eyes like she does, and you both have freckles



on your nose, and not long ago I saw her in a picture—" he hesitated and his voice grew dreamy. "She was cooking dinner and she was wearing a frilly little apron. The same kind of an apron you wore that night you cooked dinner for me in your flat." His voice grew suddenly hoarse. "Oh, Glad, ever since that night when we were alone in your flat and you cooked dinner, and it was such an elegant dinner, I've been wondering—I mean I've been thinking—I mean I've hoped—" He broke off, floundering.

By all the rules of the game Glad should have let Bill work out his own salvation, but this—she'd been waiting so long for this moment and it was so important that it smashed the rules! "What," she breathed, "have you wondered and thought and hoped? Tell me, Bill."

All at once Bill was talking very fast. So fast that his words stumbled one over the other. "I've been wondering," he said, "whether we two couldn't—I mean it would be dandy if we had an apartment, and you wore a frilly apron every night and cooked supper and—I mean it would be wonderful to come home to you every night." He gulped. "I mean if we were married, Glad."

It wasn't according to Hoyle perhaps, neither was it in the best sentimental tradition, but he'd said it at

last. The color that had stained Glad's face receded, leaving it so pale that the freckles stood out on her nose like the sprinkling of nutmeg on an egg-nog. She said, "Bill, are you asking me to marry you?"

Bill seemed to feel the need of self-justification or something. "Yes," he said, so loudly that the people at the next table could hear. "Yes, I am, Glad, and why shouldn't I? We have slick times together, you and I, and we like the same things and we always have something to laugh about, and that story we read together when we were on the picnic that day last summer—well"—his voice dropped just a trifle as if he were ashamed—"well, there was one place where we both sort of *cried*. . . . What more do people need, Glad—than that?"

"Love," Gladys told him, very low. Bill's gaze was startled, so startled that it was almost owlish through the tortoise-shell rims. "But," he stammered, "but of course I love you. I've loved you ever since I got to know you, a couple of years ago. . . . How about it, Glad? Do you love—me?"

"Yes," Glad told him very simply. *A couple of years. . . . Since he got to know her. . . .* And all that time she'd been eating out her heart in an agony of suspense. "Yes," she said, "yes, Bill, I do, very much."

There was a moment of silence—silence so thick and lush, so fraught with meaning that you could slice it with a butter knife. Finally Bill spoke. "Then," he said, "it's all settled, isn't it—darling?"

"Yes," Glad whispered, "it's all settled." It was a stilted way to tell Bill that her spirit was singing anthems and that her soul was glowing as if a candle had been lighted inside of it.

Bill was staring at her. It was as if he were seeing her for the first time—and perhaps he was. "That is a swell hat," he said huskily. "It makes you look more like Myrna Loy than ever. . . . Oh, Glad, you're so darn sweet! If the crowd back at the plant had any sense they *would* pick you for the typical American secretary. It's lucky for me that they haven't—any sense!"

"I'd rather be a typical American wife," she breathed. "I'd a million times rather be—just that."

It was then that Bill leaned across the table and kissed her, right there in the restaurant, right there where everybody could have seen if they'd taken the trouble to watch.

GLADYS HOLTON walked back to the office on banks of rosy clouds interspersed with gaily hued balloons. She and Bill had parted at the restaurant door. "*Darling*," he had said. "*My darling!*" He was on his way to call on a string of prospects. . . . "*Glad*," he had said, "*I love you and you love me.*" He had turned away, but—"I'll stop by at your flat about six," he had called back across his shoulder. "I wouldn't dare walk into the office with you this noon," he had

confided earlier. "Everybody'd kid me. I couldn't help showing what's happened. I've got an open face, like an alarm clock—"

Gladys was relieved that he felt that way. It was nice to know that this ecstatic, idiotic, sublime feeling wasn't a solitary thing. She wanted to shout and she wanted to cry, and her fingers, when they punched the time clock, weren't steady, and she forgot to powder her nose in front of the rest-room mirror, although she stared for a long while at her reflected image. She didn't look like Myrna Loy, not a bit of it, but Bill thought she did and that was enough. "Oh, God, let him keep thinking so!" she prayed.

SHE walked slowly down the long corridor which led to the publicity department. It would be hard to give herself with any degree of spontaneity to the afternoon that lay ahead. It would be a busy afternoon, filled with the tying of a hundred loose ends and the sewing together of a thousand last-minute details. Mr. Smithers would be using profane and picturesque language by three thirty, and disappointed typists would be drifting in to say, "I know why *she* got all the votes. Well, anybody can get votes *that way*."

There would be tears and recriminations and a good deal of bitterness, and the winner—would it be that platinum-tinted girl in the auditor's office, or the dark one who worked for the advertising manager?—would be photographed and interviewed by the press.

Gladys entered the office that she shared with Mr. Smithers. Her boss was not yet back from his own luncheon—he was dallying, perhaps, with some other press agent and hatching some new scheme.

Glad took her place at her desk and thumbed through the new sheaf of mail that had been left by Mike, the office boy. More clippings and a couple of photographs, and a tirade in some Red journal about Blue Ribbon's contest which was fostering discontent among the workers. The whole batch of letters went into the least crowded of the wooden filing baskets, and Glad picked up her notebook.

Mr. Smithers' just started release looked up at her through the series of her own hieroglyphics. "Plumbing accessories," he had dictated, "are more typical of the United States than of any other country. . . . Bathrooms on the Continent are not continental; they're incidental." That, thought Glad, smiling softly, was a typical Smithers line—it was the sort of line that Bill Blair would never think, let alone say. She was glad that Bill wasn't clever in Mr. Smithers' fashion. It would be hard to have a man like Mr. Smithers coming home to one night after night, talking of one's place in the American scheme and what it stood for. Bill was far better—Bill who had an eye for frilled aprons and appreciated good cooking

and thought she looked like Myrna Loy.

Glad walked over to her typewriter desk and seated herself in front of it. She inserted a sheet of publicity department letterhead in its proper place and struck a key and realized—with a start—that her ribbon was almost worn through.

Well, she had a breathing space until Mr. Smithers was back—there'd be time to change another ribbon so that the last releases—announcing the winner—would be as fresh and shiny as they deserved to be. Everything should be fresh and shiny this afternoon when all the world was made over and new. With a jerk she had the worn ribbon free of the typewriter and—slightly inky of finger—was throwing its length into the yawning wastebasket. She was taking a new ribbon out of its metal box and removing its covering of bright tinfoil when the door opened. Glad said, without looking up, "Oh, gosh, Mr. Smithers, I might have *known* you'd come back before I got this ribbon in." And then—because there was no response—she glanced over her shoulder and gasped.

The doorway was seething with people. Mr. Smithers, in the foreground, was surveying her oddly, and Glad found herself wondering if he'd run into Bill Blair and been told prematurely of their engagement. The thought didn't last—indeed, she brushed it aside—for Mr. Smithers' astonishment was mirrored in the half dozen or so other faces that loomed in the doorway.

There was the president of the company and the office manager and the photographer—the one with the candid camera—who'd been around a week or so ago taking pictures of contest potentialities. There was the chairman of the committee who had done the vote counting, suave in his clergyman's collar and his black broadcloth. There was a reporter from the Clarion. There was the platinum girl from the auditor's office, dripping venom.

"OH," said Glad, "then they've picked the winner already!" Mr. Smithers said, "You *would* have dirty hands at a time like this. . . . Yes," he added, "they've picked the winner."

Glad dropped the ribbon which she was about to insert in the typewriter. She brushed her hands across the gummy blackened dust rag that every good secretary keeps in the top drawer of her desk. "Who," she asked, "is she, Mr. Smithers?"

Mr. Smithers walked slowly across the room and seated himself at his desk. His astonished eyes never left Glad's face. "One of those minor miracles," he said, more to himself than to Glad. And then he addressed the photographer. "Take some pictures of her full length," he said, "so that her legs will show. She has good legs. And for heaven's sake, Miss Holton, powder your nose and run a comb through your hair."

From the doorway the photographer spoke. His tone was critical. "She has a good nose, too," he said; "it's nice and straight and the freckles won't show in the photograph. You've no call to be so disappointed, Mr. Smithers. This contest wasn't to find the *most beautiful* American secretary—typical was the word."

The president of the company was speaking in his alien voice. He seldom came to the publicity department—usually Mr. Smithers was sent for and went to his office, on the run. "Maybe," said the president of Blue Ribbon, "it should have been a contest—ahem—to determine the *most beautiful* secretary." And Glad remembered that his own amanuensis was Titian-haired and Junoesque.

"What," she queried, "is it all about?"

"You," Mr. Smithers told her. He spoke almost wearily.

"Me? What have I done?"

"Oh, nothing," Mr. Smithers told her, "except win. That's all."

The minister, he who was the chairman of the counting committee, was adding his word. "By an overwhelming majority, my dear," intoned the minister. "Very gratifying that a young lady of your type should win." The gentle way in which he said *your type* was more subtly painful than the way in which the president of the company had regretted the contest manager's original choice of adjective.

G LAD had walked back from luncheon across a sea of mingled clouds and balloons. Now she was sinking through the clouds and the balloons were bursting all around her like so much shrapnel. "You're kidding me," she said finally. "I *couldn't* win."

"No, but you did," Mr. Smithers muttered, and the reporter from the Clarion, who hadn't spoken to date, broke forth:

"I don't know what's the matter with you all. It's a heck of a good yarn. The winner," he said, "plain, unassuming, efficient, is seated at her desk, changing a typewriter ribbon. She almost faints when the news is brought to her. Then suddenly it comes over her—what it all means."

"What what means?" asked Glad.

"Shush," said the reporter, who was making gestures with both of his hands. "The trip to Hollywood—have you ever been out of your home state, Miss Holton?"

"No," Glad told him.

The reporter went on. "A trip to Hollywood," he said, "and she's never been out of her home state! A chance to play silver-screen secretary to the man who for years has been her idol. In her desk drawer, under her stenographer's notebook, is his picture. It's old and faded—you see, she's had it for a long while. This is opportunity, it's life opening up, it's a dream come true!"

A dream come true, opportunity, life opening up? Glad was on her feet,

and her two hands, smudged though they were, were pressed against her flaming cheeks. "It's absurd," she gulped, "and it's impossible. Philip Gale isn't my idol or—" she gulped again and stopped short. She couldn't announce at this tense moment that Bill Blair, plumbing salesman, was her dream come true. "Oh, it is absurd," she panted. "It's something I never expected."

"None of us did," said Mr. Smithers wryly. He added, "After all, I'll be the fall guy. Aside from the criticism and the spoofing the boys'll hand me, I'll have to put up with a blah, inexperienced secretary until you come back from Hollywood."

The president of the company was speaking. "Well, there's no way out," he said regretfully. "I fear that we must take the bitter with the—ahem—sweet." For the first time he spoke directly to Glad—it was as if he were making an effort to acknowledge her existence. "My congratulations, Miss Holton," he said. "Your expense check will be ready in the morning. I assume you'll be leaving for the Coast by tomorrow evening at the latest. . . . Mr. Smithers will make the arrangements, and if you've any shopping to do, it can, of course, be done in Hollywood."

If she had any shopping to do it could be done in Hollywood. How about the new hat and the new sandals and the dollar-fifteen stockings? She was prepared for anything, Glad thought blankly. . . . Ready to leave by tomorrow—to leave everything that mattered in the world, which was William Blair, before he had so much as time to kiss a ring on her finger? Glad heard herself saying, through an instant of alarming stillness, "But I don't want to go to Hollywood! There must have been some mistake; somebody's been stupid or a couple of hundred votes have been mislaid, or"—she was repeating herself—"somebody's been stupid."

Mr. Smithers grinned ruefully. "And how!" he said. "But there's been no mistake."

GLAD stared at her boss. He made an odd, futile gesture with his hand and turned to his desk and picked up the Red newspaper with its angry editorial. Receiving no support from him, Glad turned to the group in the doorway. Her eyes slid past the stony hatred on the platinum girl's face, past the eagerness of the reporter and the bored speculation of Blue Ribbon's president and the sanctimonious beam of the clergyman and the speculative narrow-eyed gaze of the photographer. There was something unreal and trancelike about the whole group—they might have been carved in putty by the late Mr. Rogers. All at once Glad was stamping one slim foot in its pretty sandal.

"Why," she raved, "do you all look at me this way? I'm not a goldfish in a bowl. I'm a human being and I have my rights. I have—"

It was the photographer who interrupted, and Glad realized that his

narrowed eyes were concentrated upon her foot—and upon that mesh-covered area slightly above the foot. "I agree with you about taking her full-length, Smithers," said the photographer. "Her legs are exceptional."

NEXT to William Blair, Glad loved her apartment. It was only a one-room-and-kitchenette affair, but it was all hers, every inch of it. The day bed, solid and with mahogany arms, stood for half a year's savings. The wing chair, with its cretonne slip cover, was like one that her mother had used in that dim past when Glad had possessed a mother. The prints on the wall she had bought at random because they affected her in much the same way that music and verse affected her—for that reason most of them were rather good. The squat bowl on a wee table between the two



MARGARET E. SANGSTER

has been earning her living since she got her first editorial job at sixteen. She served as a correspondent during the World War, came home and worked for a time as a magazine editor, then started out as a free-lance writer. She is married and lives in New York City.

windows was deeply blue and always held fresh flowers—rank extravagance for a private secretary, but then Glad hadn't many extravagances! Bill, unwittingly perhaps, had admitted that it was his glimpse of her in a ruffled apron, cooking dinner in the apartment, that had finally sold him on the idea of marriage. It was an admission that Glad would never permit herself either to forget or to ignore.

Glad was a good cook. Years of living alone—she had been a free lance since she was seventeen—had taught her to depend on herself and to develop her natural talents. With a can of spaghetti and a can of corn and an onion and a stray tomato and a pound of hamburger steak she could create magic. With a soup bone and ten cents' worth of complementary greens she could produce an aroma to make a steadier head than Bill Blair's whirl upon its axis. Her salads were something to write home about, mixed crisply in a wooden bowl with a soupçon of garlic, and she could even bake a pie—deep-dish apple pie was her specialty.

She had expected to do something rather extraordinary in the way of dinner this very night. She had planned—when Bill stopped by about six—to be waiting in the historic frilly apron, with all of her copper saucepans, busy in the kitchenette and the table set with damask and gleaming crystal. But now—now everything was changed. She had left the office an hour before closing time, bewildered, exhausted, and much photographed and sullen. She had come home in a taxi and hadn't

stopped at the market on her way. She had walked into the apartment, and when she saw a thin drift of dust on her beloved end table, she hadn't bothered to whisk it away.

That noon Bill Blair had given new richness and meaning to her life by declaring his love. A scant hour later the Blue Ribbon Plumbing Accessories Company had snatched the richness and meaning away—at least for the nonce—by declaring her the winner of their nation-wide contest.

"I won't go! I won't!" sobbed Glad aloud—and then she was lying face down on the day bed with her head burrowed in her arms and her feet in their pristine sandals kicking up and down rhythmically in tune to her sobbing. She was still lying there, and still sobbing, when Bill's knock sounded on the door. She was so devoid of pride—by that time—that she went blindly to open the door without bothering to dry her eyes or to blow her nose.

BILL had heard the news—Glad knew it as soon as her tear-dimmed eyes met his. He was starkly white beneath the healthy coat of tan that makes the average salesman look like a tennis player, and his mouth was tense. He said, "Glad, my darling!" and took her into his right arm and closed the door behind him with his left hand.

Glad transferred the grief that she had been wasting on the day bed to his shoulder, and found that the transfer, at least, was comforting. When Bill seated himself in the wing chair she relaxed naturally into his lap without moving her head. It was as if, all at once, youth and reticence had been swept away and they were old married people.

"Oh, Bill, Bill," she sobbed, "it's so beastly. I won."

Bill agreed, "It is beastly." He gulped. "Mr. Smithers told me you'll be leaving tomorrow afternoon, and that they're planning a big send-off. The whole gang is coming to the station with a band and there's going to be a newsreel photographer." The fingers that stroked her hair were soothing but Bill's voice was alarmed.

"I don't want a newsreel photographer," Glad wailed. "I only want to stay here and be left alone and have lunch with you every day and dinner with you every night—and then get married." She choked pitifully. "This evening was going to be such a celebration, Bill. I was going to broil filet mignon over charcoal in the fireplace, and serve it with potatoes hashed in cream. I was going to have crinkly lettuce, the kind we had before, and make you a"—her tone was agony—"a deep-dish apple pie. It was going to be our engagement dinner."

"There, there," murmured Bill. "We'll have an engagement dinner anyway. We'll go out to some elegant place and celebrate."

"Celebrate what?" Glad queried thickly.

Bill tried to smile. "Not our separa-

ration, certainly," he said. "After all, Glad, we should be sensible—and it is a great honor."

Glad told him, "Great honor, baloney! The girls voted for me because they thought I wouldn't win, and the men voted for me because they knew that their wives wouldn't care, if they ever found out."

Bill said, "Well, anyway—" and broke off. It was a double heartbeat and a kiss before he continued. "Mr. Smithers showed me the proofs of the pictures they took this afternoon, dearest. Some of them are honeys."

Glad said, "The deuce with pictures!" All at once she was on her feet—a fierce, defiant little figure. "I'm going to turn down the prize," she told Bill. "The girl who came in second can go to Hollywood. I'm going to stay here with you."

Bill said slowly, "I'm afraid you can't, dear. The evening editions are out already and they're carrying your picture and Blue Ribbon's announcement. And Philip Gale has sent a wire telling the world that he can't wait to see his typical—"

"Philip Gale nothing," fumed Gladys. "That press agent, Terrence O'Toole—the one Mr. Smithers met on the Broadway Limited—sent the telegram. Philip Gale is probably lying in some gutter or swimming pool or something, full of champagne, and doesn't know whether I'm alive or dead."

"Oh, I doubt that," countered Bill. His tone was conciliatory. "But no matter whether he sent it or not, they've published a facsimile of the telegram along with your picture and the announcement. And the big boss himself sent an answering wire to Hollywood. You've got to go, Glad—you can't help yourself."

"Oh, yes, I can," said Glad. "I'll just refuse to go. They can't force me on to the train."

Bill Blair's honest face was downcast.

"They can't force you on to the train," he said, "that's true; but if you let them down they can fire you."

GLAD said, "Not if I tell them my reason for wanting to stay here. Mr. Smithers is reasonable, and the president of the company wanted the prize for his own secretary, and maybe she was the runner-up—" she hesitated. "Bill, I know where Mr. Smithers lives—" Her tone was suddenly eager. "You and I'll go to his house right away and I'll explain things to him—how we're just engaged and how I hate to leave you, and how the prize doesn't mean anything to me because of you—"

Bill interposed. "If you do that," he said, "lay the blame on me, I mean, I'll get fired too. Jobs are scarce these days, Glad, and I'm in line for something nice with Blue Ribbon—eventually. . . . If they thought I was putting you up to—to insubordination—" his voice dwindled away.

Glad had entirely stopped crying. Her eyes were so dry that they ached. She gasped, "But, Bill—" and then

her voice, too, dwindled away, for Bill was undeniably right. If she told the powers that be that she was leaving them flat in their most inflated hour because of her engagement to one of their junior salesmen, they'd both be out of a job, and people without jobs can't marry even if they are geographically near.

"Well, anyway," she managed after a moment, "I think we ought to go to Mr. Smithers and tell him we're engaged. I'd have told him this afternoon, myself, if there weren't so many people hanging around."

Bill told her, "Glad, don't misunderstand me, but it'll be better if we keep our engagement to ourselves for a while. It's a bad break—and heaven knows I want to yell it from the rooftops—but it'll be better if we don't talk too much."

Glad surveyed her newly acknowledged—no, her newly *unacknowledged*—lover with something that very nearly approached fear. Was Bill reneging—had something happened to make him change his mind? "Oh, Bill," she gulped, "why do you say that?"

BILL walked across the room and stood by the window, looking down upon the street.

"Glad," he said, "when I saw Mr. Smithers this afternoon he told me that the only break Blue Ribbon has in this whole contest was the fact that you were unattached. At least, he said, they'd be able to stir up some sentimental interest between you and—and Philip Gale. . . . At first I was hot under the collar, and then—well, Glad, I saw his point. I'm sensible, and we two have our whole future to spend together, and you'll only be away for a couple of months at most." . . . He hesitated, then went on with something of an effort, "Even though they do manage to stir up some sentimental interest, it won't fool the ones who know you and love you. Nobody at Blue Ribbon will pull wisecracks—they'll realize that Philip Gale couldn't possibly make a pass at you. I"—his voice shook with earnestness—"I trust you, Glad; I know you won't change. I know that you'll come back to me—just as you went away."

Glad was torn between a desire to kiss Bill and a second desire to slap him. She stifled the dual desires simultaneously.

"Well," she said, and the weariness in her tone was so real that it ached, "if that's the case, I'd better change my dress and let you take me out somewhere and—and get it over with. . . . You'll have to bring me home early because I'll have to do a bit of—of packing. . . ."

Will Gladys succumb to the spell of Hollywood, in spite of her reluctance to go there? In a land of beautiful glittering women, will her legs compensate for her plainness? Follow her next week when she arrives in the movie capital and plunges into a strange and exciting new life.



F. Stephen McArthur was one of the four young anti-Reds thrown out—

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

DO you suppose if Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt had known that—

1. The credo of the American Youth Congress, which she so graciously endorsed, was simply a rewrite of Communistic doctrines; and that—
2. Under Communist influence, the boys and girls of the Youth Congress adopted a platform that could hardly have been Redder; and that—
3. Certain of these young people have two names, one for the Congress and the other the real name—

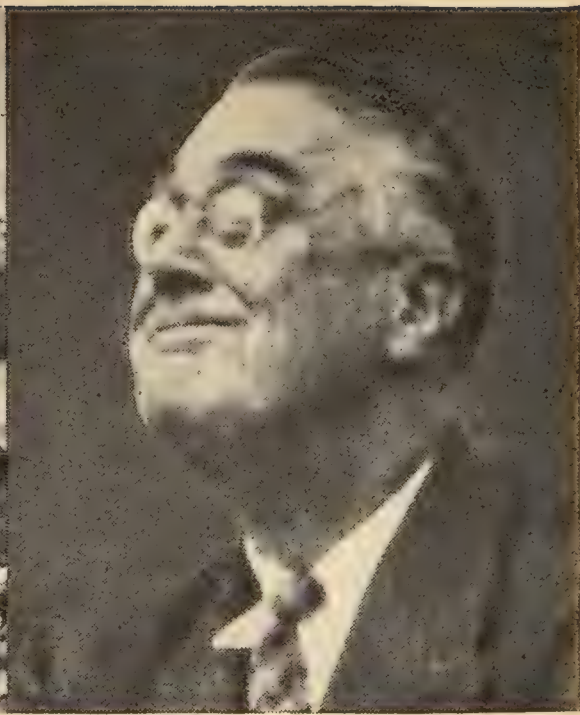
Do you suppose she would have invited Congress delegates to sleep in the White House and to be her special guests?

Some of these delegates were and are known to be Communist fellow travelers or sympathizers. And there are people who wonder out loud nowadays just how many Red rooms there are in the White House, and whether the Blue Room has turned purple.

We have no wish to embarrass Mrs. Roosevelt, and we are sorry if her revelations have caused any unpleasantness in the White House. But we do wish our First Lady had not only the flowery emanations of the A. Y. C. but also the Communistic literature that inspired them.

It might have interested her to note the striking resemblance, for instance, between statements in the pamphlet written by Max Weiss, an organizer of the Young Communist League, entitled *In a Soviet America—Happy Days for American Youth*, and statements in the Declaration of the Rights of American Youth promulgated by the Congress. It speaks for itself in the excerpts from both that will be found at the end of this article.

And it might have amazed the President's wife to see how like twins are the Communist Party program and the American Youth Congress program. Planks taken from the platform submitted by the Communist



Youth Congress delegates to whom, the next day, the President told plain truths from the White House's south portico. Is that Mrs. Roosevelt (in circle) listening to him? He was kindly, but he called twaddle twaddle (right).

Why We Know the Youth Congress Is Pro-Stalin

Its young critics confront the First Lady with their evidence about the Moscow tinge

BY ARCHIE ROOSEVELT and MURRAY PLAVNER

Party to the Fourth Youth Congress, and the corresponding planks from the platform adopted by the Congress at that convention will be found side by side on the next page.

We figured that if Mrs. Roosevelt didn't know the truth it was time she learned it. All America must know now that the American Youth Congress is not American at all; that it is pro-Russian.

We met in the Willard Hotel in Washington, D. C., on last February 9—and planned our campaign deliberately. When the Citizenship Institute of the A. Y. C. met on that evening we were ready.

We had two resolutions to present. One demanded that the Youth Congress condemn Communism as well as other isms, and that it expel from its ranks the members of the Young Communist League and the other Communist Front organizations listed by the Dies Committee. The second asked that it condemn Russia's invasion of Finland.

We knew we would not be allowed to introduce either of these resolutions. Our sole purpose in trying to was to smoke out publicly the Red leadership of the A. Y. C.

Everything went according to plan. We offered the resolutions. We were duly declared out of order. We were ejected.

We didn't do anything the next day. We expected President Roosevelt would do all that was necessary. He did. We were there. We were the ones who cheered him, the four of us who framed the resolutions.

There were four thousand or more members of the American Youth Congress present. He spoke to them from the south portico of the White House. They'd been standing in the rain for an hour or more, and they didn't like it. They didn't like the things the President said, either. They didn't like anything. They groaned. They booed. Or they listened in sullen silence.

The President of the United States didn't like the attitude of these fine upstanding young American boys and girls. He told them they had a legal and constitutional right to call themselves Communists if they wanted to, but they had no right to subvert the government or the Constitution of the United States. He had learned that the New York chapter of the Congress had condemned American aid to Finland on the ground that it might force the United States into an "imperialistic" war. This, he said, was "unadulterated twaddle."

He asked them not to pass any resolutions. He realized, perhaps, that if those proposed by us should be rejected by vote, the public would get a clearer picture of the A. Y. C. and

would wonder why Mrs. Roosevelt had been so kind to its leaders.

It wasn't really a verbal spanking, as some of the newspapers declared. It was a gallant effort to take Mrs. Roosevelt "off the spot."

The next day she told the Congress she sympathized with the Finns.

The Congress didn't, and still doesn't. Its sympathies are all for dear old Uncle Joe Stalin.

On the day Mrs. Roosevelt spoke, Sunday, February 11, we distributed copies of our Finnish resolution to a crowd in front of the Labor Building. There was a "comrade" there selling the ultra-Red Daily Worker. He had no trouble. We did. Our resolution was torn up and thrown into the gutter by nearly everybody present.

One of our quartet, F. Stephen McArthur, Jr., leader of the Kearney, New Jersey, Young Democrats, was manhandled and thrown out of the building Sunday night when he attempted to bring up again the resolution condemning Communism—the resolution to "Americanize the American Youth Congress."

We sat tight, the three of us not yet thrown out, including Oscar Kanny of the American Jewish Congress. We waited until Mrs. Roosevelt appeared on the platform, then sent up this paper for her to read:

The President has stated that the sympathy of 98 per cent of the nation is with Finland. Don't you think that if this Congress is truly representative of American youth, it should be willing to pass a resolution condemning the Russian invasion of Finland, since it has in the past gone on record against aggression in Ethiopia, China, Spain, and Czechoslovakia?

It was then Mrs. Roosevelt expressed her sympathy for the Finnish people.

She conceded that her young friends should not pass any resolution in which they did not believe, but she counseled them to develop the habit

of listening to both sides of an argument. She knew all the reasons given by friends of Russia for the attack on Finland, she said, but she insisted they were not good reasons.

She must have begun to see now that the A. Y. C. was a deeper Red than she had noticed; but she did not withdraw her support. How could she when some of the leaders of the A. Y. C. were her guests?

Among these guests were:

Abbot Simon, legislative director of the Youth Congress, who in a speech before the Washington conference demanded that the delegates reserve decision on the Russian army's entry into Finland.

Rose Trojano, of the Industrial Girls' Y. W. C. A., the wife of Waldo McNutt, who was expelled or resigned from the Socialist Party on the accusation that he followed the Communist Party line, and who, while serving as chairman of the A. Y. C., worked for the American League Against War and Fascism.

William Hinckley, who at one time represented New America, an organization whose avowed purpose is "struggle for revolutionary change" and the opposing of "reforms which prolong the profit system."

Joseph Cadden, executive secretary of the A. Y. C., former member of the

executive committee of the American Student Union, a Communist Front group, a leading member of the American League for Peace and Democracy, and a contributor to an official Communist publication, Champion of Youth.

The A. Y. C. was controlled by Communists from the start. Any one who thinks it wasn't has only to refresh his memory concerning the known proceedings of its First Congress, held at New York University in 1934, and those of its subsequent Congresses down to and including the Fifth, held in New York last July. At that fifth one, a small group of delegates offered a resolution asking condemnation of Communism. It was beaten by 713 votes to 23, after Gil Green and Carl Ross of the Young Communist League had explained the "danger" of such a resolution.

This brought headlines in the newspapers. The leaders of the A. Y. C. saw they had made a mistake. So they passed a resolution which condemned "all dictatorships, whether they be Nazi, Fascist, or Communist." But the Daily Worker explained to its readers that the boys and girls were really true to Russia, pointing out that there was no such thing as "Communist dictatorship."

The A. Y. C. must have been

shocked at such world events as the Hitler-Stalin pact, the invasion of Poland, and the unprovoked attack on Finland. But it tried to bear up.

A round-table group at the Student Union convention in Madison, Wisconsin, passed a resolution in January, 1940, condoning the Russian invasion of Finland. A resolution condemning the invasion was defeated by the whole convention, 322 to 29. The Student Union is, next to the Young Communist League, the most important body in the A. Y. C.

Shortly after the Finnish resolution was passed, the New York City Council of the A. Y. C. met and voted 1,000 to 5 against the granting of loans to Finland. It also called the President's stand on the Finnish situation "an attempt to force America into an imperialist war."

Yes, we're sorry to have caused embarrassment; but we're glad we've torn the mask off the A. Y. C. We'd like to destroy the Red influence in the youth movement and build a real American youth organization—one that would take in the student groups, the various boys' clubs, the Young Republicans, the Young Democrats, the religious groups and all the other units that have boycotted the A. Y. C.

THE END

HOW SOME YOUTH CONGRESS UTTERANCES COMPARE WITH AVOWEDLY RED ONES

Excerpts from the Declaration of Rights of American Youth, promulgated by the A. Y. C.—

We look at this country of ours. We love it dearly; we are its flesh and marrow. We have roamed its roads; we have camped in its mountains and forests; we have smelled its rich earth; we have tended its fields and dug its earthly treasures. We have toiled in it. Because we know it so well, we know that it could be a haven of peace, security and abundance for all.

Because we love it so dearly, we demand that it be turned over to the working and farming people of America.

Because we know it so well, we know that it could be a haven . . . for all. Our country with its natural resources and mighty industries can more than provide a life of security and comfort for all.

In song and legend America has been exalted as a land of the free, a haven for the oppressed. But today we are not provided with this security, are not permitted to enjoy its comforts.

From the Fourth Youth Congress Program, as adopted—

Federal scholarships for

Excerpts from the extreme leftist pamphlet, In a Soviet America—Happy Days for American Youth—

We love this country of ours. We built it. We spanned its rivers with mighty bridges, reared its cities into the very skies, dug its mines into the deepest earth, paved its roads from coast to coast, tilled its fields, tended its machines, hoisted its girders, laid its tracks, manned its ships. It is our handiwork. Why should we not love it? Who has a better right to?

Because we love our country so dearly we are unwilling to stand idle while a ruthless group of capitalist pirates spoils and destroys both it and its people.

We love our country not only, and not so much for what it is now, as for what it could be. We who built it know that it could become a land of plenty for all; we who now suffer in it know that we could be happy in it.

Not so many years ago, America was touted high and wide as the land of Opportunity. Immigrants poured in from the old countries of Europe. Today, opportunity no longer beckons.

From the program the Communist Party submitted to the Fourth Youth Congress—

We give our full support

needy youth, as provided in American Youth Act.

Federal apprenticeship program with adequate wage and hour provisions and vocational training and guidance, as outlined in American Youth Act.

Guaranteeing of collective bargaining for all groups, including NYA and WPA workers, and of labor's right to strike and organize.

Comprehensive federal program of soil conservation, flood control, land reclamation and regional power developments.

Federal land purchase and credit systems to aid tenant farmers and sharecroppers.

Federal minimum wage and maximum hour laws.

Maximum penalty for persons participating in lynching.

Federal aid to states for increased educational opportunities.

Support for the Spanish people in their efforts against invaders.

to the American Youth Act which would guarantee the youth the right to educational and school facilities.

We support apprenticeship vocational training and guidance on trade union standards.

In defense of rights of labor to organize, strike and bargain collectively.

We urge the establishment of an extensive program of drought and flood control.

We are for securing the future of rural America by providing for loans at low interest to tenant farmers . . . for tax exemption to small farm and home owners.

The Communist Party supports the wage and hours bill.

The Communist Party supports anti-lynch legislation.

The Communist Party supports the bills for federal aid to education.

The Communist Party calls for all aid to the heroic Spanish people . . . in a war of defense against invasion.

YOU CAN'T CRAM STARS DOWN THE PUBLIC'S THROAT

BY JIMMIE FIDLER

**Bright hopes fail; dim ones flame—
A Hollywood reporter tells you why**

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

IT is Hollywood's modest contention that motion-picture master minds, by some mysterious hocus-pocus, can create a star overnight and then, by salvos of publicity, batter Joe Public and his missus into worshipful admission of the player's genius.

If there is a daffy ward for ideas, open the door and put that one in quick!

As old as the industry itself, the procedure is (as usual) considered colossal, and (as usual) it doesn't work. The reason, obviously simple, is just this: You and you, *not* the producers, rule the roost in Hollywood. You make stars—but just try to convince studio heads of that fact.

Corner any top-flight film executive, and he will tell you in shouted confidence that he has the God-given touch of spotting sure-fire embryonic talent. Press him further and he will admit that it is his duty to know what the public wants. Well, after watching this screwy business for more than twenty years, my advice is to take such utterings with a grain of salt weighing about a pound and a half.

All producers are gamblers. By the very nature of their profession, they have to be. Sometimes they guess right, but much more often they guess wrong.

Undoubtedly they try to provide you with a movie menu that is palatable. But, like good food, the proof is in the eating, and if you don't like their Russian dressing after it has been ballyhooed to the skies, you are suckers if you don't stand up in open meeting and say so. The public doesn't mind parting with their quarters and dimes—if they are taken away from them in a pleasant manner.

The cardinal sin committed year in, year out, is that of trying to force "discoveries" on the customers instead of letting the public sit at the table and play the game too. After all, the salesman who talks you into buying a cheesy suit of clothes is automatically scratching a steady

customer off his list. It is the same in selling motion pictures. If this is doubted, ask those beautiful blondes in their gilded box-office cages. They handle the take, and they know the answer.

One peculiar but very pleasant trait of human beings is that of finding things out for themselves. How many times, when reading a book, have you run across a sentence that fairly leaped out of the page? Get it? The sentence struck your fancy because it agreed with your thoughts or taste. How many times have you sat in a motion-picture theater and mumbled to yourself: "Wonder who that pretty gal is? She has something! She ought to be given better roles. Golly, I'd like to see her again!"

If you leave a theater in that frame of mind, it is a cinch you will go out of your way to see that personality when she is listed in future billings. You will watch for her—and if enough other people watch, she will be a star.

I have a barometer in my office which tells me nothing about the weather, but it does tell me the way the wind blows when considering the careers of film players. This barometer is the bag of letters dumped on my desk by the postman each morning. They are written by real screen lovers and come from all parts of the continent. About fifty per cent of them read something like this: "Can you tell me the name of the dark handsome chap who played the part of Billie Burke's son in *Hock Shop*? I thought he was swell! What picture will he be in next?" An analysis of those letters is important. Major studios receive ten times as many inquiries about their players as I do, but whether anybody studies them or not is a question I cannot answer. My guess is nobody does.

The phony baloney, or advance ballyhoo, before an actor or actress



merits it is the thing that burns up the average fan. And for flagrant examples of such nonsense let's duck into the Here-today-gone-tomorrow Department and take a gander at the records. Let me see. Oh, yes—

Not so very long ago the world was worrying along all right when suddenly it was attacked by a barrage of "pieces in the paper" telling of the beauty, wit, charm, ability, grace, carriage, manners, and graciousness of a European actress. The lady was going to make her first Hollywood picture. Her name was Anna Sten. While the picture was being filmed the public was bombarded with so much publicity about Miss Sten that we common fellers believed that here indeed was the goddess capable of giving us goose pimples. The picture was released. I wonder what Anna is doing now?

A girl with brains is Frances Farmer, who exercised them plenty at the University of Washington. She won a contest for students, and the prize was a trip to Russia. The attendant publicity brought her into the eagle-eyed vision of talent scouts. Upon her return from Russia she was—yep, placed under a movie contract. With very little training, she was given good roles and hailed to the skies. Today Miss Farmer is out of movies. But she is not finished. Instead, she is learning how to act on the stage—something which should have been suggested long before she was foisted on groggy but game motion-picture audiences.

Joggle your memory just a trifle

and I'm sure you will recall the grand and glorious things we were asked to believe about the following: Eleanore Whitney, Maxine Doyle, Fernand Gravet, Pinky Tomlin, Simone Simon, Kathleen Burke (the panther girl), Toby Wing, June Travis, Dixie Dunbar, Gypsy Rose Lee who, with a nod in the direction of Mr. Hays, was introduced as Louise Hovick, and—Help! This list is getting out of control. These, and plenty more, were built up with ballyhoo blasts that echoed around the world. Yet we failed to take them to our hearts, and today other newcomers are primping in their old dressing rooms.

The boys who pick the future stars usually manage to look silly in the matter of pushing their luminaries ahead too quickly. Even Darryl F. Zanuck, who runs production for Twentieth Century-Fox and runs it splendidly, stubbed his toe in the case of Arleen Whelan.

As a manicurist, Miss Whelan was holding the hands of the boys when she caught the eye of an alert director, Bruce "Lucky" Humberstone. One week later she was holding a contract in her own hands. Zanuck dictated a memo to the publicity lads: "Build her." Arleen was henceforth built by some of the best press constructionists in the business.

In her first role she did pretty well. A little better in the second. Then, by golly, they slapped her into a series of emotion-demanding parts which staggered her like a feint from Joe Louis. There is still hope for pretty Arleen because Zanuck is now taking steps to groom her more slowly.

For tops in overselling, though, take the sorry case of Ann Sheridan. She caught a handrail on the band wagon a few years ago when Paramount staged a "Search for Beauty" contest. Brought to Hollywood, she was placed on the studio roster and spent most of her time posing as sex appeal in swimming suits. Looked luscious, too! But after a few bits on the screen, Paramount dropped her. For a year she sat it out. Then she was signed by Warner Brothers. The public was profoundly unconcerned. Walter Wanger borrowed her for Winter Carnival (a frost) and Ann got a chilly reception. Then her luck changed! She happened to be handy when some one was needed to assume the "oomph" title—and presto, the campaign to hypo Ann with allure was under way!

RIGHT now the bewildered public has sheepishly placed Miss Sheridan under a microscope, trying to find out why it had overlooked all the scintillating qualities press agents now say Ann possesses. The public will be supercritical when looking at her next picture. Miss Sheridan had better make that screen crackle—else Annie won't be "oomphing" any more!

You want an example as to how it should be done? All right. Listen:

When David O. Selznick paid fifty grand for the motion-picture rights to

Gone with the Wind, he started a world-wide controversy. Who would play Scarlett O'Hara? Every Hollywood actress under the age of fifty chased D. O. S. into the seclusion of his own cellar in their frantic efforts to grab the plum. While writer after writer took cracks at the difficult script, the screen tests went merrily on. So did the publicity. If interest began to wane, new angles were dished up. After every one in Hollywood had been interviewed except Shirley Temple (and many began to think Selznick was waiting for her to



"I'm new here—where's first base?"

grow up), the producer began huddling with his barber about those gray hairs above the ears.

Thoroughly desperate, he looked in another direction and took one of the longest chances in the history of the movies. He tested a little-known English actress by the name of Vivien Leigh. After thorough deliberation, she was given the role. Selznick then reinforced the lock on his cellar door, bolted himself in, and told his startled publicity department to break the news with both barrels.

Joe Public blinked his eyes, shook his head, and read the announcement again. Then followed a concentrated flood of comment and abuse. The howls of derision must have been heard in Siberia. The general tone of the remarks was: "Well, I told you so! That's Hollywood for you! That guy is losing his mind!"

But Selznick was smart. He knew he was on the spot, so he said nothing. Warily he sneaked into the sunlight and summoned his press chief.

"You and your staff need a rest," he said. "While we make the picture, you go fishing. Not one photograph, not one line of copy is to be released until I give the signal. Have a good time."

Thus Miss Leigh did her chores without benefit of still cameras or interviews. Whatever publicity she received did not come from Selznick. Not until the motion picture was ready for release were the press guns

fired, because Selznick knew that the build-up of a new personality before the public had a chance to make up its mind would have been fatal. A misplaced flutter of an eyelid on the part of Vivien Leigh and audiences would have turned on her in a raging fury.

The night before the world premiere Selznick said: "It's entirely my baby. I think I'm right. But it is up to the public now."

HIS reasoning was good and, fortunately, audiences have taken to Miss Leigh. Careful handling and a couple of contrasting roles and she may become one of our first stars—because she was not overballyhooed in advance.

Another youngster who is being groomed intelligently is Lana Turner. Warner Brothers missed seeing that Lana had "something" when they had her under contract. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executives think she is a good bet. But instead of being rushed to the top with circusy exploitation, she is marching on steadily without too much undeserved fanfare.

Let me give you another example of how us fellers knew what we wanted—and got it!

Out at their Burbank plant, the Brothers Warner scheduled a picture which was ultimately released under the title Four Daughters. Three real-life sisters were on tap for the title role and Gale Page was hired to fill out the quartet. Next, a leading man was marked in—Jeffrey Lynn. Now, young Lynn was expected to set the world on fire because he was tall and handsome and had a beautiful set of teeth. In justice to Jeffrey, he came through in great style. But when the picture was previewed, audiences sat up with a start as their attention focused on another, unknown player in a strange unorthodox characterization.

"Who's that?" they asked.

"Guy by the name of Garfield from the New York stage," was the reply. "Jules Garfield."

Reviewers raved about him, and before long theater managers found themselves corralled by patrons who politely but firmly said: "We like Lynn, but we're mad about Garfield. Give us more of him."

Such remarks are relayed to Hollywood in jig time, and before a week had passed, every one in movieland, with the possible exception of Gene Autry's cook, was claiming the distinction of having "discovered" the player who is now known as John Garfield. But the undeniable fact still remains—you discovered him.

Go down the list of favorites who reign as top-flighters over a long period of time and you will realize that Joe Public and his missus put not one but all of them there. More important, they *keep* them there!

So remember this: If you like a comer, let go a hooray that will be heard in Hollywood. If the big shots in pictures try to cram the old pap down your throats—well, they can't make you swallow it, can they?

THE END

A warm and vibrant story of burning memories and
tortured hours—and love that hung in the balance



ILLUSTRATED BY
W. FRANKLIN BARNES

"Sorry, lady. But I've got
some bad news. Your hus-
band smashed into a tree."

BRAMBLES AGAINST HER HEART

BY MARGARET LEE
RUNBECK

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

HOT steam, yesterday's soup, and the memory of ether made the hospital air seem like a stifling muffler. Grimly accurate, the sign over the door said WAITING ROOM. Jane and the tall dark boy seemed to be waiting all night, while the others, weeping or wooden-faced, came and went. Thousands of men like this boy must have waited for life to be spanked into an infant body, and others had waited for death, old, tired, perverse death which would not come . . . or young, fierce, piratical death, to be fought off as they were fighting it off up in Tommy's room.

Beyond the firmament of her own trouble, Jane saw the boy, an alien planet revolving in its own orbit of torture. But he was without meaning. Nothing had meaning tonight, except Tommy, who ten hours ago was so strong and sassy and young, and now was a quiet heap on an operating table.

Sometimes, disjointedly, the boy spoke to her. They were neighbors in a way: she and Tommy lived at the fashionable top of Crescent Hill, and these people lived at the bottom.

"I don't see how people stand this," he said. "It just goes on and on."

"Nothing to do but stand it," Jane

said. "You should have played poker with the boys. After all, you can't help much here."

"They just take her in there, and that's the end of her," he said. "Nobody seems to know where she is. 'Doing very well, Mr. Martin.' I'll give 'em another hour, and then I'm going up and see for myself."

"Go have another smoke. They'll let you know. They let all the others know, you remember."

She could hear her voice speaking, but it wasn't herself. It was an anonymous role, far down in the cast of characters: "Stranger, expressing sympathy." At the head of the cast, in the order of their appearance, were

"Jane Maxwell, waiting to hear if her husband has been killed." "Tommy Maxwell, young lawyer, in an accident."

Her real self had no part in this play. Her real self was drawn into a tight knot of fear, a pin point of dazzling terror in the center of her stunned brain. Yet she seemed to have lived her lifetime in this place. All the years before—her childhood, Wellesley, her marriage—were dreams had while she sat here, waiting.

Mother was on a train, coming; Tommy's father was taking a plane from the Coast. But none of them could help. They would all talk to her, trying to reconstruct the facts to fit the appearance, and she must help them for sanity's sake. She tried to begin rearranging it now, as she watched the monstrous tallow hours slide down the slow candle of the night.

Nobody would ever be able to guess, or to help, when it was all over. Nobody would ever be able to talk to her about it. Because nobody really knew them, and nobody ever could guess that terrible thing that lay between them, that question blazing beside the fact of the accident.

BUT he was such a careful driver," people would say. "Even at eighty, Tommy knew what he was doing." People would say that, not knowing what it did to her. Dear God, she *had* to know. . . .

People would retell her life and Tommy's, and she must try to believe it.

"Just two happy children," mother would say. "Well, nothing can ever take the memory from you, darling."

Time was twisted out of shape in this room, like a face reflected in the bulge of a bottle. The impudent, lovable face of Tommy Maxwell, with one lock of orange hair falling over his forehead; the green eyes, almost three-cornered, like a jack-o'-lantern's mischievous eyes; the white teeth, one slightly crooked; his brisk daytime voice and the purring midnight one. . . . His mad, gay love-making; the ridiculous names he signed to telegrams when he had to be away. The time he brought home the live turkey for Thanksgiving, and they had to feed it their dinner. The deformed rickety footstool he had made for her with his own impetuous hands, clumsy and dear as a child's hands.

"But what is it, darling?"

"It's a valentine disguised as a footstool. Maybe it needs a little bracing."

"It does wobble a bit, but it's lovely. I can hold it on my lap."

"It's just that its knees buckle at the sight of you. Mine do sometimes, beautiful."

The outrageous first drafts of the letters he submitted when he was supposed to write to her family. "Connubial Communiqué No. 203. Reporting bride probably descended from New England witch. Definitely

modest, in a brazen way. Weather perfect, with storms raging."

Storms raging. . . . That shifted the memory to a new distortion. The terrible one she couldn't face. She wouldn't think of it; she would look at the people now in this waiting room; she would think about them. Their eyes were blank doors, through which the moment couldn't enter. Their bodies were locked houses, barricaded against grief. They had the indrawn angry look of

QUESTIONS



1—The actress grew older—and more beautiful. When this picture was taken she was new to the American screen, and her director, Mauritz Stiller, was putting her through her paces in *The Temptress*. Maybe it's temptation she's registering here, but, with a recent exception, tragedy has been her forte for years. Who is she?

2—The Republicans have the elephant, the Democrats the mule, but what party has the kangaroo as a political symbol?

3—Where did a flower once cause a financial panic?

4—What three vowels, doubled, make words known to all crossword puzzle fans?

5—Who are the conductors of the Boston, Minneapolis, and Chicago symphony orchestras?

6—What is the official weight of a baseball bat?

7—Which Presidents of the United States had the middle names of Birchard, Simpson, and Clark?

8—It is baksheesh in the Near East and cumshaw in the Orient, but what is it in America?

9—Is a carpenter's square a square, a triangle, or an angle?

10—What persons rate a twenty-one-gun salute from the United States army?

11—Is the sacred pallium, recently bestowed on the Most Rev. Francis J. Spellman by the Pope, a hat, a robe, or a neckpiece?

12—What gems were named after an American gem expert, an American financier, and a czar of Russia?

13—Until recently Sun Beau held the record for race-track earnings, but what horse has passed his mark?

14—The gauss, from which the degaussing girdle of the Queen Elizabeth gets its name, is the term for what unit?

15—Is Lapland a country or a region?

16—Beale Street, Bond Street, and the Bund are located in what cities?

17—How many widows of ex-Presidents are there to take advantage of the new mailing privileges accorded them?

18—What saint sat on top of a pillar for thirty years?

19—Claremore, Oklahoma, Van Buren, Arkansas, and Greenpoint, New York City, have gained renown as the home towns of what movie stars?

20—Who is said to be the author of the statement—referring to John Barrymore's experiences in the San Francisco earthquake—that "it took an act of God to get Jack out of bed and the United States army to make him work"?

(Answers will be found on page 22)

bodies whose minds are clenched to reject an event. You could see them concentrating on details, usually uncolored, but now dramatic with the spotlight of catastrophe upon them. Afterward this night would become only a sentence in a dreary anecdote. That woman over there would say, "I was getting dinner, I remember, and Joe came in, and I thought it was funny he'd forgotten his hat."

This boy would say, "So I was just getting ready to lock up, and the missus says . . ."

And she herself, if she ever told this tale . . .

She was alone in the house. Never mind why. She was alone, and she had her suitcase on the bed. She heard the doorbell, and she thought, Just let him ring, the rascal. She wished she'd turned out the light in the hall, so he would think she had gone.

The bell rang again. No key, as usual. Noisily as he went out, at least he came back. Sometimes it took hours, and sometimes he only reached the front steps. But he always came back, and they would stand there in the foyer, close and contrite, and sometimes they wouldn't say a word. . . .

But it wasn't ringing his sentence of short impatient syllables. (Four rings had meant "I love you, Jane.") This was a long blast, like a landlord.

SHE went across the foyer and opened the door, all dignity and righteousness. But it wasn't Tommy. It was a policeman.

"Does Thomas Carberry Maxwell live here?"

"Why, yes, officer."

"Are you Mrs. Maxwell?"

"Why, yes."

"Sorry, lady. But I've got some bad news. There's been an accident. I'm afraid your husband smashed into a tree. He's at the Riggs General Hospital. Maybe you'd better let me take you down . . . I've a police car here."

"Is he . . . is he . . ."

"Now, take it easy, lady."

But that would be no story she'd ever be telling, with the gruesome relish of past trouble. That was something she would never be able to think about, even by herself. Even if Tommy lived. And if he died . . . if he never came out of the coma, she too would never quite emerge from this horror of steam and soup and ether.

That one unanswered mutilated question which lay beside the fact of his being smashed up would be all that was left of their life together. She would be doubly widowed, losing both him and the memory of him, because she could never dare remember.

What did people *do*? In time they made over the facts into something unrecognizable and acceptable. She must try to do that. . . .

After all, it had been no different from any of the other magnificent exuberant quarrels. It was only that it had ended differently. That it had ended.

Nobody, seeing them so civilized and genial . . . such amiable, fortunate people . . . would ever have suspected them of the primitive debauchery of quarrel. Such rages as only one's very beloved can unleash. The strange part of it was that they both had imagined themselves very

(Continued on page 20)

WONDERFUL in '34... *Even Finer Today*

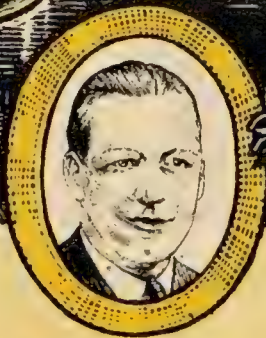
TASTE Seagram's TODAY and see for yourself how much smoother and finer these "luxury liquors" have become in the past five years. To insure continuous improvements in taste and quality, Seagram has

invested millions of dollars in scientific research, finer equipment, finer materials, finer whiskies. Today, Seagram's whiskies are more delicious than ever! Say Seagram's and be sure—at your favorite bar or store.

Since
1857

Seagram's

SMOOTHER AND FINER
AS THE YEARS ROLL BY



"Yes, More Delicate Now" **CLEMENT CLEVELAND III**

"I have noticed that 'Seagram's V.O.' today," says socialite Clement Cleveland III, "is more delicate, more delicious than ever. I have never tasted a finer, more superb Canadian Whisky."



"Tastes Milder to Me" **GEORGE JESSEL**

The beloved comedian of stage and radio, George Jessel, has this to say on the subject of fine whiskey: "Your present 5 Crown is an even smoother and finer drink than the wonderful whiskey you made in '34."



"Finer than Ever" **AL DONAHUE**

Al Donahue, musical maestro, compared Seagram's 7 Crowns of today and '34 (when Crowns became America's biggest sellers following Repeal). He said: "Your present Seagram's is milder, smoother!"

"SEAGRAM'S V.O." Canadian. Rare old Blended Canadian Whisky. 86.8 Proof. This whisky is 6 years old.

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old, 27½% straight whiskies, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old, 40% straight whiskies, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Executive Offices: New York.

(Continued from page 18)

calm people, until they were married to each other. Certainly she had got along with every one; she had known how to get her way in gentle little victories. And Tommy said that nothing at all ever annoyed him.

He was notoriously good-natured. They called him Happy at Princeton; just too darn lazy to be annoyed, he said in rueful explanation. His equanimity was a surfboard which rode over all vicissitudes. He had been born civilized, and had stayed that way. Until he married Jane. But he had saved up all his glorious unreasonableness for her, a corsage of brambles to pin against her heart. It scarred them both, and yet, somehow, it kept them excitingly entangled.

"I don't know why I stay," Tommy said. "I guess it's because sooner or later I'll have to beat you."

"Why *you* stay! I love that! I've had my bag packed a dozen times. But I'm sorry for you. It doesn't seem possible that such a savage could just go on. It intrigues me, it's so incredible."

They were both ashamed of it all. Most of the time they pretended it never happened. Sometimes in their lucid, calmed moments, when the benevolent tide of love left the beaches swept and simple in the drowsy glow, they talked about it.

"There's one thing I'll always be true to you about, precious," Tommy said humbly.

"Yes, I know. You'll never quarrel with any other woman."

"You really understand?"

"I think I do. It's just that you . . ."

"It's just that I never cared enough before. I never cared at all. But you . . . you rip off the half soles of hell. You do things that tear me out by the roots. You violate principles. It's your blissful unreasonableness, and your . . . I want to . . ."

"Yes, I know. . . . Now don't get mad again!"

GET mad just thinking of it," he said, sitting up and glaring at her in the moonlight.

"Hush-hush," she said sleepily. "I'm wrong, and I always will be, dearest. I take all the blame for all the fights we're ever going to have. Only let's go to sleep now, so we can be in trim for tomorrow's battle."

"I don't know why I adore you," he said, sliding down to her shoulder. "But I do. Why couldn't I have picked me a sweet-tempered little yes gal? I need some one I can just yawn through eternity with."

They talked it out like this; or they kissed it out without words; and, either way, it finally was all right. Until the next fight, anyway.

Outside in the corridor, the distraught new father was having an argument with an interne. They were trying to persuade him to go home. They had tried to persuade her earlier; they'd given up now.

He came back in the room and sat down sullenly beside her.

"And what good would it do me to go home?" he said, as though she had participated in the argument. "'Go on home, Mr. Martin. We'll telephone you in the morning.'"

"There is nothing you can do," Jane said sensibly, ignoring her own presence here.

"I'm staying," he said stubbornly, and took out his wallet and nervously counted his money again. Such tired-looking money, as if it had been saved for a long time. Twenty-eight dollars, and a girl's picture stuck in the flap. A blurred girl, who probably didn't look much like the woman upstairs.

"You do a lot of thinking," the



"Envy."

boy said, "sitting here. You get to wondering."

"Yes," Jane said. "That's probably why they want you to go home."

"It's a funny world. You go along, just kind of taking it for granted. Then something like this happens. And you get to wondering."

"This must be your first baby," Jane said kindly, since philosophy seemed to lead nowhere.

"I'm not going to talk like the funnies, and say 'Yes, and my last. I can't stand this strain,' he said grimly. "But it does make a guy think. Life is something you take for granted. But somebody has to pay for it. Mothers and fathers both . . . and if that youngster of mine ever just takes it for granted . . ."

"He will," Jane said. "We're supposed to."

"They keep telling you there's no danger," he said in a miserable undertone. "What do *you* think?"

"I think a lot of babies have been born," Jane said. "There are things much worse."

He said, "Something right terrible happened to her just before it started. That's liable to upset the business. I think that's why it takes so long . . ."

He took out his clean handkerchief and mopped his forehead. Just the

way expectant fathers do in the funnies, but he didn't notice that. "She's a little bit of a thing. Game as the dickens, too. She's had to stand plenty from me."

"She probably thinks it is worth it."

He looked around wretchedly, but he couldn't evade the necessity for confession. "I nag at her," he muttered. "She's kind of happy-go-lucky. She forgets to take care of things. Forgets to empty the wastebaskets and send out the laundry. Stuff like that. My Lord, what do those things matter? If she gets out of this . . ."

His face knotted into a snarl of remorse. "Why, once, before we had an electric refrigerator, she let the ice pan run over, and it spoiled the ceiling on the flat downstairs. I ragged at her until she cried," he said in a husky whisper. "She just stood there and let me give it to her, and finally I looked at her and she was crying. What difference does a ceiling make?" he cried. "I'd like to get in there and tell her."

"I know," Jane said. "Maybe we should have thought of telling them earlier."

WHY hadn't she told Tommy, for instance? In a vague way she understood the fighting, so that it really never hurt her quite as much as it hurt him. Without getting it clearly said in words, she thought she understood. Suppose Tommy never had understood. Why hadn't she explained it to him the way she had explained it to herself? Before something like this . . .

They loved each other so much they seemed to need a kind of violence. They lived in understatement; everybody did nowadays. So these explosions of anger, these fireworks, were really just their way of writing their love in flame across their sky. That's what she used to tell herself.

And yet, they never were in the midst of one of those inspiredly original fights of theirs when it didn't seem that *this* was something different. This, in fact, was the end. This proved that all the rest of it, the mirific, perfect interludes when they spoke in honeyed undertones, or didn't need to speak at all, had been only mirage. Had been only need conjuring up delusive answering.

In a kind of satanic algebra, the quarrels canceled the kisses. Simultaneous simple equation, it was called in algebra; a minus quarrel to balance the plus kiss. Somehow she had believed that when they were old, a well nourished quieted couple fed on a lifetime of love, they would have all the equations solved. They would think of these blizzardly quarrels only as the climate of their youngness, something to remember and laugh about together.

They had thrown away days, being sure of years. And now, suddenly, the years were only a dark precipice ahead.

They said such reckless things. She

had known that she didn't mean the ones she said. All the time she was packing her bag, she could see herself, beyond the lens of her anger, unpacking it. She could see Tommy unpacking it for her, as he sometimes did, while she wept relievedly. She could hear him saying, "Next time, I'm going to make you go. I'm going to send you out in the snowstorm. I'm going to publish it in the legal notices, 'My wife has left my bed and board, and don't anybody pay any attention to her.'"

She always knew how the quarrels would end . . . how everything would always end for them. In each other's arms, closer than ever. But Tommy must have meant what he said. After all, Tommy had a stern mouth . . . and he was impetuous . . . he *had* left home when he was fifteen, and his family had nearly gone out of their minds looking for him. He always meant what he said . . . about everything but her.

But this time he must have meant even that.

It had begun, like any quarrel, over something trivial. But, like all quarrels, the occasion was only a pantomime representing perpetual issue.

It started at luncheon at the country club. She had given Tommy plenty of rope, and he had hung himself elaborately in an invitation. Expecting her to get him out of it. Expecting her to be the kill-joy, the righteous wife, so Mimi Carpenter could say she was just jealous.

But she had fooled him. She had been sweet to the Carpenters. She had simply beamed, off the edge of her teeth.

"Why, certainly, dear," she had said to Mimi. "Do come for next week-end. I love to see Tommy enjoying himself. I always say 'Give 'em their good clean fun in the home.'"

It had been very neat, but of course she intended to help him out of it at the last minute. She knew Tommy, really; and she knew Mimi Carpenter.

BUT Tommy hadn't taken it as a joke on himself. He had got mad about it. Embarrassed first, then mad. Mad at himself, really, which naturally turned into being mad at her.

"You know I can't bear that onion-faced husband of hers," he said, "or Mimi Carpenter either, except with a gang."

"Then you shouldn't have asked them."

"I didn't ask them. She got me in a spot. She started by inviting us, and the next thing I knew, it had turned around. I thought a wife was some one you could depend on. I thought a lot of things."

"I can see that, my fine buccaneer."

Gradually they had got into it deeper and deeper. The Carpenters faded out of the scene, and it became something entirely between themselves, a huge sticky flypaper entangling every thought that came near. Past grievances, of course . . . all the unfinished business of weeks. All the paragraphs which had ended in kisses suddenly leaped into print again, at the very comma where they'd been interrupted.

Things that had no possible connection with this . . . Jane's helplessness about being late, Tommy's habit of giving things away and then expecting Jane to reclaim them . . . Jane's checkbook, Tommy's suave sarcasm to old Wellesley girls, the time he had invited mother to play golf and had forgotten all about it, Jane's touchiness about *his* mother.

On and on throughout the afternoon. The things followed them home in the early evening, a nasty third party. She thought possibly that when he unlocked their own front door, he might turn around and take her in his arms. She might say . . .

But he hadn't. He had opened the door and tossed up his hat insultingly to land on the bust her sister had sculpted (about which he was always ignorantly irreverent), and he had said, "Ho-hum, just a happy little couple in their own little nest."

And somehow, unexpectedly, that had hurt her. She could forgive him saying profane things about her. . . . But this was their *house*! This was their very marriage.

He said, "Sometimes I feel like unswallowing violently when I open that door."

Then she surprised even herself. She turned around

A 3-Act Hit...



ACT 1

(Evening. Library of home.)
Man, played by you, enters with highball. It is first time he has ever tasted Paul Jones.

MAN (half aloud): "Say-y-y! This Paul Jones sure points up a drink. It's really DRY...not a drop of sweetness! Take a bow, old man . . . I think you've got a hit on your hands."



ACT 2

(Later, same evening.) Enter Man's friend, a connoisseur. Host offers him drink of Paul Jones. He examines color . . . sniffs bouquet . . . slowly sips.

GUEST (with sigh of enjoyment): "Ah-h-h-h! What whiskey, my friend...what superb DRYNESS and zest! Paul Jones certainly gets my applause."



ACT 3

(Several evenings later.) Man is serving cocktails made with Paul Jones.

1ST GUEST: "Swell Manhattan!"

2ND GUEST: "Take a curtain call, old boy, and tell us the secret."

MAN: "You'll have to ask the Paul Jones people *that* one... and also ask them *how* in the world they do it at the new low price!"



(APPLAUSE)



Paul Jones
IT'S DRY... AND WHAT A BUY!

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

and looked at him, and without a word she struck him across his face.

For a second their eyes signaled wildly to each other for rescue, lovers held apart in alien territory. Then she saw his eyes narrow, and she thought he was going to slap her in return. But he only stood there swaying, white with rage.

"Why, you little . . ."

"I want you to get out of this house," she said in a voice so low and angry that she wasn't sure herself just what it had said. "I want you to get out of here, and I hope you don't come back."

Now his eyes were so green and furious and tight that no look of hers could possibly penetrate them. His hands, outspread as though they would seize her and shake her teeth loose, were quivering.

"Fine!" he said. "That's absolutely fine. That's what I've been waiting for. I thought you'd never get around to it. That makes it unanimous now. I've had enough and plenty. I'm getting out . . . a long way out. And you can just wait for me to come back."

He turned around and slammed the door, and she heard him running down the stone steps. For a minute she stood there, waiting, and the words, the angry, ugly words which he had flung up in the air, came settling down around her like leaves stripped off in a gale. "You can just wait for me to come back." They were the last words he said . . . they were the last words . . .

WHEN had all that happened? She had been waiting through agonizing timelessness . . . all her lifetime, it seemed, imprisoned in this room with a sign over the door.

Nothing else that could happen to her all the rest of her life would ever be quite big enough to cover the gaping terribleness of that unspeakable question. He was such a good driver . . . even at eighty. How could he slam into a tree? Unless he had intended to . . . unless, as he had said, he never wanted to come back.

The boy was talking on, explaining something to her, and she was probably nodding and saying something. He was looking at her with that naked expression people sometimes show to strangers.

"It would be my fault, in a way," he was saying. "You see, she knew how scared I was about it. I tried to keep her from knowing, but she saw through me."

"That's all right," Jane said. "You just happen to love her."

"Well, anyway, she used to say, 'Honey, I'm going to slip off there by myself when the time comes. I don't want you worrying.' That's what she used to say."

"She must be sweet."

"She used to say, 'Having babies is woman's work. You go play marbles somewhere, and we'll call you up when it's over.' I guess she kind of fibbed to me about when he was ex-

pected. I thought it wasn't going to be for awhile yet."

"It's difficult to know exactly."

"Well, she got me out of the house about eight. I thought it was just that I made her nervous, kind of, sitting around. So I started to go to the movies, and then I got to thinking. So I came back . . . All this is why I'm so worried," he said, and now that he was talking about it, it seemed he couldn't get the words out quickly enough. "You see, like I told you, something terrible happened to her. Just before it started. That's



MARGARET
LEE RUNBECK

once a reporter and a director of a summer camp for girls, now writes advertising copy and fiction. Her greatest prides are her English sheep dog, her garden, and her Swedish smorgasbord, prepared by instinct, she having had a Scandinavian grandfather.

why I'm worrying. I'm so afraid."

"Something terrible?"

"Well, she went out to get the car, after I left, and you know I told you she was kind of careless. Well, she had an empty gas tank she'd forgotten to tell me about. You see, we live at the foot of Crescent Hill, and she had just rolled down to our garage. When she got in the car, and it wouldn't start, she didn't know what to do. . . . I guess by this time the pains were starting."

Perspiration was glittering on his forehead now, and you could see that he too could feel those pains in his own worried body. "She kind of

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 18

- 1—Greta Garbo.
- 2—Gracie Allen's Surprise Party.
- 3—In Holland, when the tulip market collapsed in the seventeenth century.
- 4—Aa, meaning lava; ee, Scotch for eye; and oo, a Hawaiian bird.
- 5—Boston, Sergei Koussevitzky; Minneapolis, Dimitri Mitropoulos; and Chicago, Frederick Stock.
- 6—It has no official weight, but it must be made of hard wood, with diameter not exceeding two and three quarters inches and length not exceeding forty-two inches.
- 7—Rutherford Birchard Hayes, Ulysses Simpson Grant, and Herbert Clark Hoover.
- 8—A tip.
- 9—An angle.
- 10—The President, ex-Presidents, rulers or heads of foreign governments, and members of a reigning royal family.
- 11—A neckpiece made of a circular band of white wool with pendants of the material front and back.
- 12—Kunzite, after George F. Kunz, gem expert; morganite, after J. P. Morgan, financier; and alexandrite, after Alexander II of Russia.
- 13—Seabiscuit.
- 14—The unit of intensity of the magnetic field.
- 15—A region, in Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Russia.
- 16—Memphis; London; Shanghai.
- 17—Six: Mrs. T. J. Preston, formerly Mrs. Grover Cleveland; Mrs. Benjamin Harrison; Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt; Mrs. Woodrow Wilson; Mrs. William Howard Taft; Mrs. Calvin Coolidge.
- 18—St. Simeon Stylites.
- 19—Claremore, Will Rogers; Van Buren, Bob Burns; Greenpoint, Mae West.
- 20—

J. Drew

staggered out in the road. I guess she was going to try to thumb somebody to take her to the hospital."

"The poor child."

"And just then I came back. Like I told you. I saw her, and I knew right away. . . . And then this car was coming. Pretty fast, and I don't know . . . I guess we were both out in the road. Anyway, for a minute I thought he was going to hit her, and I ran. But he turned . . . he couldn't stop, you see. And he tore over to the side of the road. And he hit a tree."

"He hit a tree?"

"She knew it, too. It was about the last thing she knew. Anyway, we got her here. I went back afterwards, to see what happened to that guy. . . . He was hurt, they told me. He's somewhere in this hospital. He'd have hit her, sure, if he hadn't turned out when he did."

SO now she knew. The tightness of her very body seemed to unclench. The sun was suddenly shining horizontally in the window, and the vigilant lamp in the waiting room looked pale and weary. Jane thought, Most of the suffering in the world is caused by the blundering of people who wouldn't hurt a flea. They kill other people by their childish carelessness. . . .

The boy's face, earnest and tired, had a look of goodness and humbleness on it, infinitely touching. They blunder, Jane thought; then, just as unknowingly, they perform miracles.

He said, "I guess I owe that guy something. . . . Maybe I can do something for him . . . afterwards."

"You've already done something for him," she said. "You've done something nobody else on earth could do."

He looked at her in bewilderment, and then, forgetting her, he scrambled to his feet, for a nurse was at the door.

"It's my baby. . . . They're all right, aren't they?"

"Are you still here?" the nurse said good-naturedly. "I thought they got rid of you hours ago."

"Is my baby . . . is Mrs. Martin . . ."

"They're both asleep," she said. "I guess somebody telephoned your house, and nobody answered."

Jane got up onto her feet. She was strong now. Even if Tommy were dead, she could bear it. She knew now, and even if he were dead, she could find him some way . . . she could have him again the way he used to be.

"It's Mrs. Maxwell, isn't it?" the nurse said kindly.

"Yes. I've been waiting."

She couldn't tell from the face, so kind, so used to showing nothing. But the nurse put out her hand.

"You come with me, Mrs. Maxwell. He's asking for you. He's going to be all right. But he wants to tell you something."

THE END



The guests smiled. They knew that the delicacy had been intended for the Austrians.

MANNERHEIM

Hero of Finland

BY EMIL LUDWIG

Author of Napoleon, Lincoln, Roosevelt, etc.

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

A synopsis of the preceding installment of this biography will be found on the next page.

**PART TWO—WHITE GUARDS
VS. RED**

DURING the years immediately preceding the Great War, this man in the middle forties had continued to make progress in the two fields between which his labors and emotions were divided. For a time his participation in the sessions of the Finnish House of Nobles was the one activity which could harm him at the Russian court. Nevertheless, he was promoted again after the great

Asiatic expedition, and lifted to exceptionally high rank for a man so young. He became commander of the Uhlan Guards in personal attendance on the Czar. In 1911 he was again promoted, to a major-generalship in the imperial suite.

The outbreak of the war, therefore, found him in the full service of Russia, acting as brigadier in Warsaw.

Right at the beginning he emerged for the first time as a commander in the field. Ignoring the orders of the Russian army chiefs, he refused to confine himself to the defensive when attacked by the Austrians near Krasnik; took the offensive with a third of his troops, and outflanked the enemy. The success of this classic move, famous since Cannae, led him

The brilliant biography of the marshal who lost a war but gave a stirring battle-saga to history

to repeat it again later on in Finland.

For this act of insubordination he was rewarded with the Cross of St. George, one of the highest Russian decorations, and years afterward was honorably mentioned in the book of his adversary, General Ludendorff.

A Polish castle occupied by the Austrians was to be brought under the fire of the Russian artillery. Mannerheim, who had once hunted on this estate as the guest of the marquis, spared the building. The enemy having drawn off—Mannerheim recounted later—the Polish nobleman, who one day before had been entertaining the Austrians, invited the Russian commander and his officers to dinner. When the Polish national dish *bigoz*, which takes several days to prepare, was brought in, the guests smiled. They knew that the delicacy had originally been intended for the Austrians.

As long as Russia retained the Czar at whose coronation he had assisted as a young lieutenant, the Finnish officer remained loyal to the Russian service. The news of the Czar's fall must have had a shattering effect on him. With the Czar he lost his protector, to whom he had given thirty years, most of them in personal service. At the same time there came to him the greatest opportunity to serve his fatherland, perhaps achieve its liberation. As a nobleman his views were monarchistic, and with the fall of his emperor he was free to resign from the army and return to his homeland, there to join his friends in the struggle for liberty.

AS a Finn, Mannerheim had retained a certain feeling of freedom; it was a feeling common to a great many Baltic noblemen, who had preferred to serve with the German rather than the Russian armies, so that more than once brother confronted brother on the field of battle. It did not cost him much of a struggle to resolve the inner conflict.

But at this decisive moment in his life Mannerheim's fate was similar to Bolivar's: he was all for liberation, but he emerges as the chief figure only in the second act of the drama. At that time, in the spring of 1917, he was corps commander on the southwest front; that is, within the Rumanian border. He could not make up his mind—so he told his friend Donner afterward—whether to stay on or abandon his post. There were no reliable reports from Finland. But was it not natural to assume that the bourgeois government of the Russian democrat Kerenski would at once restore to Finland the rights and liberties repressed by the Czar? Was he not astonished that his compatriots did not immediately confront the new weak government of Russia with a demand for autonomy? Or was it the Socialist majority in the Finnish Parliament which caused him to linger?

As a matter of fact, the key to this riddle lies elsewhere. In every phase of his career Mannerheim had been

anti-German in his views. His culture was of the West—more specifically, French; spiritually, his family and his friends belonged to the worlds of London and Paris. With one of his daughters he spoke and still speaks almost exclusively in French. Not even as a military man had he ever learned anything from the Germans; he seems to have entertained for the German army that mixture of respect and distrust which it awakens everywhere. During the war he was long on friendly terms with the French general Rampart, who was attached to his corps.

He was thoroughly aware of the

IN LIBERTY LAST WEEK

Emil Ludwig reminded a forgetful world that Mannerheim, so recently his country's leader in its heroic resistance to invasion by Stalin's Russia, was in 1918 its liberator, and pointed out that he had then brought to that task qualifications—fine generalship, consummate horsemanship, the daring of the adventurer, and the tranquillity of the scholar—all of which had appeared in one or another of his ancestors, who in the seventeenth century had emigrated from Holland to Sweden.

In 1790 his great-grandfather joined in a movement to free Finland from Sweden and, after its failure, settled in Finland, which the Russian Czar Alexander I was soon to win from the Swedes. The Marshal's grandfather not only governed a Finnish province but distinguished himself as a naturalist. His father as a young man dabbled in literature and in politics; later he turned to business and made a notable success in it.

The Marshal himself was born in 1867. At twenty he entered the Officers' Training School in the Russian city that was then St. Petersburg. He became a social favorite at the court, and he was one of two young officers chosen to march in places of high honor in the coronation procession of Czar Nicholas II. In the Russo-Japanese War he voluntarily went to the front as a member of the general staff. A horse was shot under him and he was wounded by the same bullet.

After the war, as Czarist Russia's oppression of Finland grew heavier, he found a refuge from mental conflict between his loyalties to his own country and to the Czar's military service in a two-year expedition on horseback across Asia. Much of the time he was alone, except for natives, in dangerous country. In Tibet he visited the Dalai Lama. To Russia he brought back a mass of valuable topographical data; to Finland's national museum, a wealth of material.

pro-German sentiment which the war had awakened among the Finns, and it was this that delayed his return to Finland. For him Germany and her allies were the enemy, whether he consulted his Russian uniform or his Finnish heart. Now he felt himself responsible for the divisions which he commanded. As a matter of fact, a Rumanian historian asserted afterward that had it not been for Mannerheim, Rumania would have fallen much more easily to the Germans.

It is only in the light of this feeling of responsibility, coupled with his anti-German sentiments, that we can explain Mannerheim's continuance in the Russian service after the fall of the Czar.

An unforeseen incident heightened

the tension. At the officers' mess one of the officers swore at the new government and demanded the return of the Czar. Mannerheim was absent at the moment. The musicians reported the incident to the troops, who arrested the officer. What was Mannerheim to do? The officer had insulted the legal government; the soldiers had mutinied. Mannerheim sent for a commissar, who punished the soldiers and amnestied them the same day. Curiously enough, the officer seems to have got off scot-free. But, as Mannerheim explained later, the incident taught him that between his views and those of the new regime there was an unbridable gulf.

MEANWHILE his mind was fixed on his homeland. The new government of Russia had restored internal autonomy to Finland, and the country was free to pass its own laws. There was also talk at that time, in the summer of 1917, of a military dictatorship, and in private circles his name was frequently mentioned. The older people, however, considered him too Russian to be the right candidate. A second incident was needed, occurring likewise near the Rumanian frontier, to force a decision on him.

"In this situation," he told one of his friends, "I could not do anything either for Russia or for Finland. The decision came as the result of an accident. I was trying to break in a new horse when I was thrown and twisted a leg. I was carried home and the doctor said I would have to remain in bed two months. A stupid business, I thought; still, I can issue orders from my bed. But as I lay awake that night another idea came to me. I said to myself, You've been waiting for an opportunity all this time. Here it is. The next morning I had my bed carried to staff headquarters; there I declared to the assembled officers: 'I am going to Odessa. Gentlemen, I thank you for your faithful service.'

"But, general, you are going to return?"

"No," I said; "I shall not return."

"Then I had myself carried to the train, took the doctor along with me, and set out for Odessa. There I received a telegram from the chief of staff: 'The General Staff has removed you from your post for reasons of political differences. You can, however, appeal from this decision to the Supreme Command.' Thereupon I replied: 'I have already removed myself from my post. I renounce any sort of command in Russia.'"

Still in general's uniform, and with his limb only partially restored, Mannerheim made his way through all sorts of dangers to St. Petersburg. He arrived immediately after the second revolution, that of November, which brought the Bolsheviks to power. What is important to note is that his resignation was handed in to the old bourgeois government. The courtier and nobleman must have looked at the so-called Red government with downright horror.

Throughout the long journey he had received hardly any reports. In St. Petersburg he was greeted by that which had been his dream for weeks on end: the proclamation of Finland's liberation, and the recognition of Finland by the new Russian government.

Thus history made the decision for him before he himself had actively intervened. A hot-tempered officer and an unruly horse had hastened the decision, but even without the fall he would now have hastened toward Finland.

Mannerheim, who for thirty years had been a Russian officer wearing a Russian uniform, found himself overnight, at the age of fifty, back in the country of his boyhood, like a returning prince in a fairy tale. For his conscience it was enough that he had made the great decision on that morning when he had had his bed carried to staff headquarters, and, outside Russian and Finnish territory, sick, unable to move, had resigned his post. From the external and practical point of view, however, he had been carried into the new freedom by the course of events.

His first step as a liberated Finn was to obtain one document from the Finnish Minister and to deposit another with the Russian general staff. He had served in the Russian army as a Finnish citizen, a fact which was attested in his passport. Inasmuch as Finland was now a sovereign state, he could no longer serve Russia.

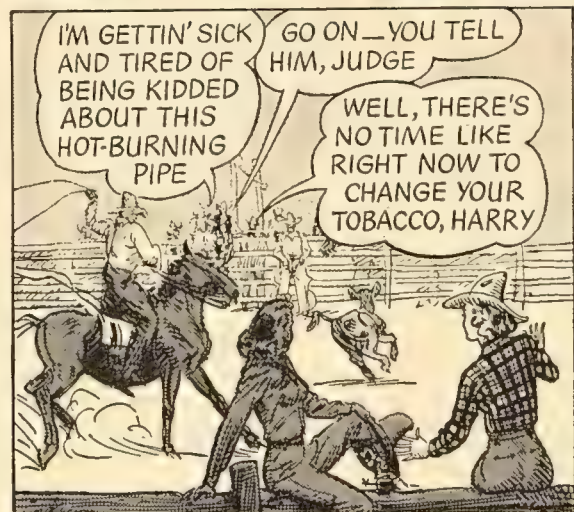
On Christmas Eve, 1917, Mannerheim, still walking with a slight limp, arrived in Helsinki as a free Finnish citizen. The civilian clothes he wore symbolized the transformation.

THERE the resemblance to the ending of a fairy tale ended, for the rejoicing that is supposed to accompany such a return did not greet Mannerheim's ears, nor was it heard anywhere else in the country. Instead of order, he found confusion; instead of enthusiasm, terror. Freedom had indeed been proclaimed for Finland, but it was guaranteed by no power. Two opposing tendencies were at war, struggling against each other within a single "War Committee" and "Actions Committee."

When Lenin proclaimed the independence of Finland, he did so to demonstrate his principles; but he did it in the hope that the country would elect a soviet government to work hand in hand with the Russians. The Finnish Socialists were a powerful body, and though it was true that at the last elections they had lost their absolute majority, they still controlled one half of the country's votes and one half of the members of Parliament. The split between the Socialists and Communists was yet to come, and Lenin could therefore look forward to the institution of a government resembling his own.

Against such a consummation Mannerheim was bound, by his origin and by the whole course of his life, to struggle with all his being. He would therefore have come to an immediate

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



IN RECENT LABORATORY
"SMOKING BOWL" TESTS,
PRINCE ALBERT BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF
THE 30 OTHER OF THE
LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS
TESTED - **COOLEST OF ALL!**



Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

GET IN ON THE SMOKE-JOY ROUND-UP—

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

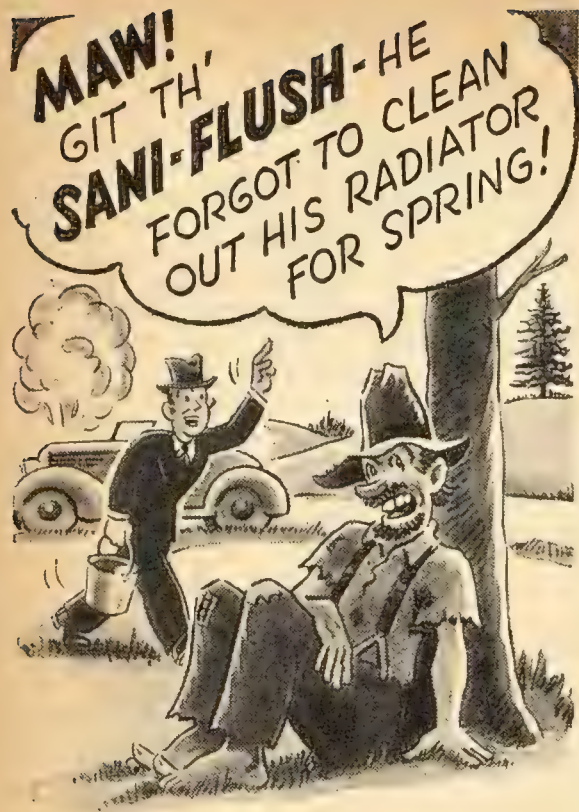
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

IT'S A JOY TO ROLL 'EM, TOO, WITH EASY-HANDLING PRINCE ALBERT. EVERY SMOKE WRAPS UP SLICK, NEAT, FIRM!

COOL-BURNING PRINCE ALBERT LETS THROUGH RICH TASTE AND BODY - IT'S NO-BITE TREATED - EXTRA MILD!

P.A. IS SMOOTHER, MELLOWER - AND THAT CRIMP CUT PACKS A LOT BETTER - DRAWS EASIER

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO



IT'S SPRING! Don't wait for the hiss and boil of an overheated radiator. Remove anti-freeze and clean out the rust, scale, sludge and sediment that have accumulated in the cooling system all winter. You can do the job yourself—quickly and thoroughly. Just use 10c worth of Sani-Flush (25c for the largest truck or tractor).

If you prefer, ask your service station to do the job for you. Insist on Sani-Flush. It cannot injure motor or fittings. You'll find Sani-Flush in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. See directions on the can. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush **Safe**
CLEANS OUT RADIATORS NOT CAUSTIC

When You Feel *Fagged Out*
Be Wise — TAKE
Alka-Seltzer

Everybody gets "fagged out" occasionally. It may be at the end of a hard tedious day—or in the morning after a restless night. When this happens to you, relax and take Alka-Seltzer and see how quickly it picks you up.

Always keep a supply in your home and where you work—be prepared to get quick relief from muscular fatigue. Ask your druggist for Alka-Seltzer.

understanding with the Citizens' War Council at Helsinki if it had not shared the sentiments of the local government in favor of Germany, which at that time seemed to be the victor on the eastern front.

The basis of these sentiments was a complex one. As a matter of fact, a group known as the "old Finns," which comprised the propertied class in particular, had been in favor of co-operation with Russia, hoping thereby to obtain rights and concessions for Finland. This group had gone so far as to suggest the reconstitution of the Finnish army, which had been disbanded by the Russian government in 1901, in order to have it fight for the Russian Empire in the World War. A few young people, too, had volunteered in the Russian army. But the Russian government continued to apply to Finland—and that right down into the war—a policy so blind that it actually had a popular Finnish judge and politician, Svinhufvud, arrested in his own courtroom and exiled to Siberia.

THE reversal of sentiment which ensued gave the advantage to Germany and Sweden, primarily because both of those countries were anti-Russian. Two hundred Finnish students went to Germany to enlist in her armies. They were to be trained as chasseurs, and in order to cover the breach of neutrality they did their training in Boy Scout uniforms! But here too the Finns met with a rebuff. An order was issued over the signature of Wilhelm II by which the young Finns were pledged to give their full devotion to Germany, but in return for which they were not offered the most elementary rights, neither those of citizenship nor of the regular pension or other provisions for veterans. The lower their fortunes sank, the higher rose the arrogance and demands of the German rulers—in perfect anticipation of the Nazi style. The young Finns, whose number had meanwhile grown to 2,000, were organized into the Royal Prussian Chasseur Battalion, wore the green uniform of that body, but still remained without rights of any kind.

However, they were assured that they would not be used against any other of Germany's foes than the Russians. They fought against the latter on the eastern front.

Meanwhile, within Finland itself a body of volunteers had been formed to protect the population against the excesses of the disbanded Russian garrisons. As pro-German sentiment had grown in Finland, Russia's repressive measures had become harsher. Then the pro-German activists began to receive help from Germany which took the form of small shipments of arms, ammunition, and radio sets, accompanied by a few returning chasseurs. But since all this was looked upon as reactionary, the Citizen Guards were countered in 1917 by a Red Workers Guard.

Even before the liberation of Finland had been achieved, the struggle

was already transformed into a class war, the workers siding with the new Russia, the bourgeoisie with the old Germany. At this moment the exiled Svinhufvud returned from Siberia. The German-Russian pact of Brest-Litovsk paralyzed German help to Finland, or whatever help Germany had ever intended to give. We are, in other words, confronted with one more instance of a little people fighting for its freedom and becoming the football of politics for two mighty neighbors, which betray it in turn.



Mannerheim when the country he had liberated made him field marshal.

It was in the midst of this chaos that Mannerheim landed again in Finland. Anti-German as his sentiments were, they were no less anti-Socialist; and yet it cannot be denied that even the Socialists desired Finland's freedom in their own way.

To make confusion worse confounded, Mannerheim discovered on his arrival that another general was in charge. Charpentier, a member of a Finnish family of French origin, was in command of the Citizen Guards, but even among his own supporters he did not rate as a strong man. Mannerheim, however, was not offered the command immediately because of his declared sympathies with the Allies; he was only invited to sit

in at the sessions of the committee. But after a few days he made this declaration, early in January, 1918:

"The way things are being done, it is impossible for me to have a hand in them. I have attended three sessions. At every one of them the opposition could have had us arrested, and then everything would have been lost. The committee in its present form is incapable of getting anywhere. Action must be taken at once. An army staff must be formed as the preliminary to the formation of any army. All this must be carried out in some secure locality. If withdrawal to the west is impossible, we are done for."

These words were revolutionary in their effect. When, the day following, General Charpentier made other proposals, Mannerheim rose and said:

"Unfortunately, these proposals are the very opposite of the ones I consider right."

Therewith he left the hall. The crisis was on. He felt strong enough to risk his position in the work for the sake of obtaining the leadership. Chaos broke out in the session. No one could fail to recognize who was the born leader. Charpentier was offered another position as a sort of war minister. Charpentier too threatened withdrawal.

New conferences. Mannerheim is accepted. Charpentier steps out. Mannerheim, offered the leadership, asks for two days in which to think it over. Then he proceeds with his

general staff in the making to the town of Vaasa, which lies westward in a quiet locality, not even waiting for written confirmation of his appointment. Vaasa is opposite the Swedish border, midway between north and south, and in the southern part of the province of Ostrobothnia.

The south being occupied by the enemy, the general could only organize in the northwest and proceed with the creation of what had been missing till now—namely, an army. A few months before he had been commander of several Russian divisions forming part of an army of millions; he had been fighting for an alien people, the Rumanians; confronting him had been the hordes of the Germans wearing the double-eagled helmets; on his own side it had been the Russian hymn, God Save the Czar, which sounded as the troops poured into battle. He had been surrounded by Russian tradition, Russian officers, a monarchical world.

And then, overnight, the magnificent structure had collapsed. There was a hot-tempered Russian officer who said something against the new government; there was a wild horse which threw its rider. Reports had come from the old homeland—and Russia's general had been caught up in a blaze of hope. Now he sat in a little northern town with twenty officers, the church across the way was without cupola or incense, everything about him was cool and sober; and, finally, that which was missing

added the most extraordinary note: there was no army! There were a few hundred men who had to be gathered together.

And with all that, he found everything homier, more natural, closer to his heart. He was at home; he was speaking his mother tongue; there lay before him a simple goal which was as real as it was ideal—the goal which his forefathers had set themselves a hundred years ago: liberation from a foreign power! But this time it was not to be a change of masters. It was to be the independence which had been achieved by many other little European nations.

Mannerheim knew the world; he knew people, history, governments, courts, and the masses. Could he ever have been the witness of a swifter and more violent nemesis than that which overtook the pretentious outward glory of the Czar's when all within had become empty and decayed—he who had for so many years modeled his life on that semblance of power? Fate was generous to him in offering him the opportunity, on the very day of the great change, to demonstrate its completeness before his fellow countrymen, and before his own inner self, by actions rather than words.

"If the Finnish bourgeoisie buys weapons with which to fight the workers, we shall make an alliance with the Finnish workers!" This was the threat which Lenin leveled at the Finnish government, and immediately after him Stalin addressed these

I LOVE MY HUSBAND

FAR TOO MUCH

TO RISK GETTING DRY,
LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

HOW YOU, TOO, CAN KEEP YOUR COMPLEXION LOVELY
WITH THIS SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!

AFTER ALL, ANN, HOW CAN A WIFE EXPECT TO BE ALLURING TO HER HUSBAND IF SHE LETS HER COMPLEXION GET DRY, LIFELESS, OLD-LOOKING? THAT'S WHY I USE ONLY PALMOLIVE SOAP!

BUT WHY IS PALMOLIVE DIFFERENT, SUE?

THAT SOUNDS TO ME LIKE AN AWFULLY GOOD REASON FOR USING ONLY PALMOLIVE. I'M GOING TO GET SOME RIGHT AWAY AND LET PALMOLIVE HELP KEEP MY COMPLEXION LOVELY, TOO!

BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! PALMOLIVE CLEANSSES SO THOROUGHLY, YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH... COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

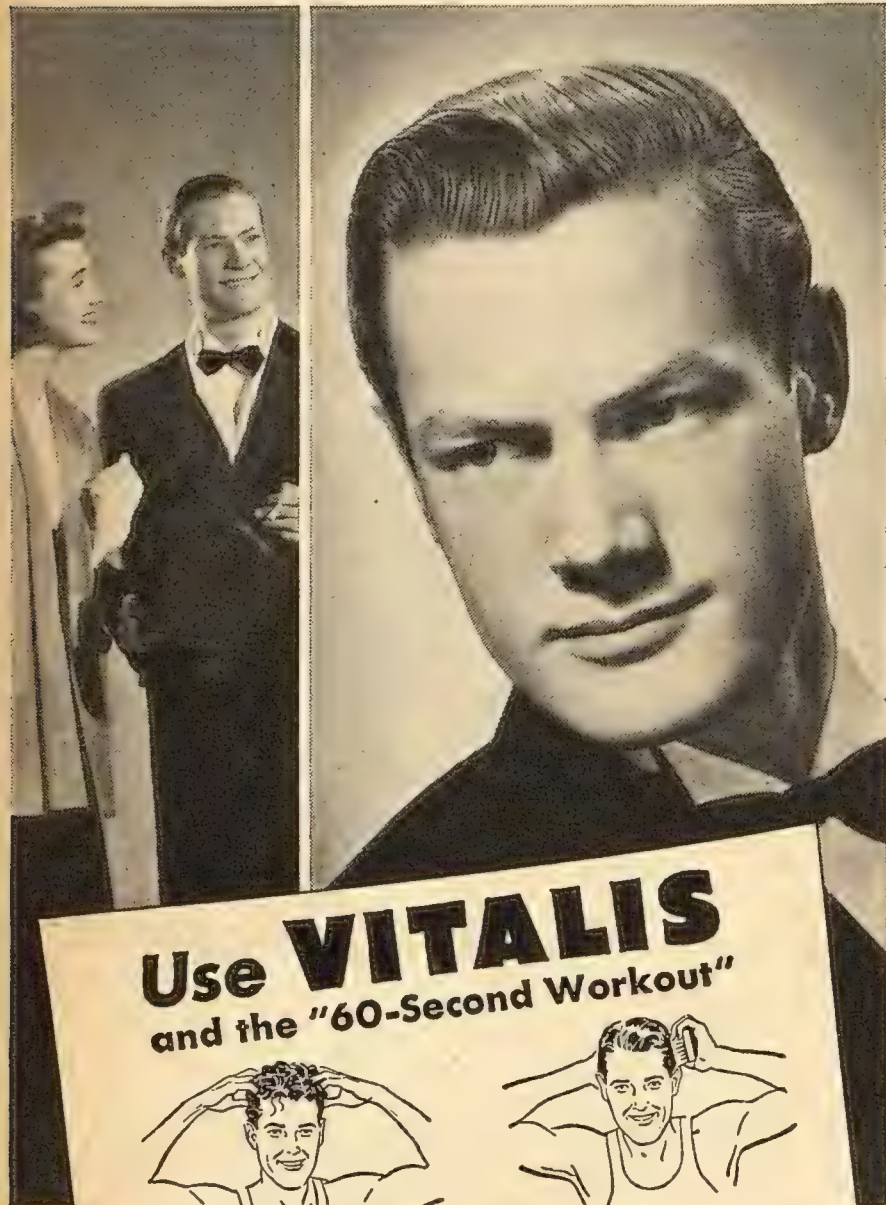
PALMOLIVE

MADE WITH *Olive Oil*
TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH

Socially and in Business

Good-looking Hair

helps you to Success!



Use VITALIS

and the "60-Second Workout"



1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!



2 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

HANDSOME hair alone won't put you over. Brains and initiative and backbone are still the best assets for success. But good-looking hair helps—and you can help yourself to good-looking hair with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout".

Apply Vitalis briskly on your scalp. Feel the pleasant tingle as circulation speeds up. Your tight scalp becomes more supple. Then the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement the natural scalp oil—overcome dryness—give your hair a rich lustre. See how Vitalis routs loose dandruff—helps prevent

excessive falling hair. Your hair is easy to comb—stays put—has no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Get Vitalis at your druggist's today. Start now to keep your hair handsome and attractive with Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout"!

Ask Your Barber

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis comes only in sanitary, individual Sealtubes. Next time you go to the barber's insist on Vitalis Sealtubes.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

words to the Finns: "If you need our help, we shall be ready to stretch out to you the hand of brotherhood." The words have an amazing ring twenty-two years later. A gift of ten thousand rifles was offered to the Finnish workers in their struggle against the White Guards.

These designations of "White Guards" and "Red Guards," which by their double meaning were to result in so much confused thinking, were obviously intended at the beginning to suggest the contrast between angels and devils. But they were all the more curious in that both sides, fighting in the Finnish ice and snow in white caps and coats, looked white; and both of them, when they lay in their blood, were red. The extraordinary war which "Whites" and "Reds" fought with each other lasted only a few months, from January to May, 1918, and it was the less a struggle between "good" people and "bad" people in that it was mostly a civil war in which the propertied class and the bourgeoisie produced the better organization and leadership. For this reason even the records of "White" historians are devoid of moral denunciations; on the contrary, they recognize in many passages the qualities of the Red troops.

Mannerheim, whose sympathies as a nobleman were all with the propertied class, was too experienced—and, for that matter, too gallant—to abuse his foes, who were either his own countrymen or else Russians like those whom he had commanded for years. Moreover, having been away from his own country during the World War, he belonged to no party. When his opponents called him "the Russian," he could retort that there had been a time when his own brother had had to flee from the Russians.

Nor did he have any time to spend indulging hatreds, for everything had to be built from the foundations up; for the defense of the fatherland he had nothing better than a couple of dozen officers and the promises of the Citizen Guards. He could therefore undertake no action when the Red Guards took the capital, organized a soviet, and allied themselves with the Russian garrison, which did not withdraw from the city.

NO help could be expected from the outside. While in St. Petersburg he had visited the French embassy and asked General Niessel if he could not get the French supply of arms lying unused in the northern port of Murmansk; he never obtained an answer. After all, could a member of the entente come to the support of a country which throughout the war had been pro-German? It was this sympathetic attitude toward Germany on the part of the Finns which was the initial obstacle in Mannerheim's way.

The new head of the government, too, opposed Mannerheim's view in this matter. Svinhufvud, the man with the magnificent peasant head, a jurist who tilled his own land, had been called almost like Cincinnatus from the plow to the direction of the Senate and afterward of the state. If we compare the heads of these two men, with their characteristic lines denoting energy and honesty, we perceive at once that, apart from accidental divergences, complete mutual understanding is indicated. Still, Svinhufvud was friendly to the Germans and pressed for their help, while Mannerheim was resolutely opposed to calling them in, for an inner voice warned him against their arrogance and egotism.

It is true that he placed the German-trained chasseurs (the main body of whom, numbering about 2,000, returned to Finland at the end of February, 1918) in positions of importance, but he had made up his mind to assign to subordinate posts the German and even the Swedish officers who placed themselves at his disposal. He went so far as to relieve a high Swedish officer of his command on the eastern front, though the latter had already worked out a complete plan of campaign.

Having taken over the leadership, Mannerheim had to deal not only with Finland's complex civil war but with successive threats and encroachments by her warring or merely predatory neighbors! How he was to safeguard her newly and shakily established freedom, to win his brilliant victory at Tampere, and eventually to ride into Helsinki in triumph as the liberator of his country, will be related by Emil Ludwig in Liberty next week.

THE BREWERS CLEAN THEIR HOUSE



**BY MORRIS
MARKEY**

The Main Street taverns are not the source of much trouble. The difficulties lie with outlying hideaways.

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

ABOVE the sweet wailing of the juok box there was the sudden, shocking noise of a shot—and then another shot. Men froze where they were standing or sitting, some of them with glasses half raised to their lips. There was a boy lying dead on the floor. A man stood over him, looking foolishly at the pistol he held in his hand.

There was a joint called the Riverside Inn, hard by the Tombigbee River in Mississippi. The dead boy was a student from the University of Alabama, home for the Christmas holidays, and he had met the man who killed him only a short hour before.

You can, I think, imagine the cries of indignation which went up in that community next day. A fine lad gone, a man with blood upon his hands sitting in a prison cell. And the citizens saying: "That's what beer does for us. That's what these beer joints do for us." The mother of the boy pub-

lished an appeal: "Clean up these wicked places for the sake of other boys and their mothers." And there began an immediate circulation of petitions to outlaw beer in Lowndes County—to go back to bone-dry prohibition. As much of vile moonshine as of legal beer was drunk in that joint, but beer was taking the blame.

That is what the brewers of America are up against and have been up against since 1933, when beer came back. A great many American states have local-option laws, with each county deciding for itself whether it will be totally dry, sell only beer, or license all drinks to be sold. Let any such tragedy occur as the murder of the boy along the Tombigbee and the enraged voters are called out to change their laws and stop even the sale of beer. Ten thousand of those elections have been held. And seven thousand have gone against the brewers, say available statistics.

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVE GROUT

Now, brewing is a billion-dollar industry. Its place in the economic scheme of American life is of enormous importance, as I shall presently recount. But even an important billion-dollar industry could not long survive those onslaughts from public opinion, and the brewers knew it, and they decided to do something about it.

First of all, they looked to the order of their own house. That house, they knew full well, had once been a dark and doubtful affair indeed. The brewers of America, perhaps even more than the distillers, were responsible for prohibition in the first place—because the brewers owned the saloons, had millions in saloon property. They encouraged the back room, the "family entrance." They were tangled in all the more forbidding snarls of politics. They did not greatly care what deviltries went on behind the swinging doors, as long as the beer and ale kept flowing.

But the brewers learned many a lesson from prohibition. When repeal

A serious intelligent move to meet the possible threat of another "noble experiment"

came, a younger and more realistic generation of men stepped up to the beer barons of America, quiet and thoughtful men who knew at once that a return to the old cynical abuses would bring the disaster of prohibition on them again. And they had laws to guide them, particularly that law which forbids a brewer to have a penny invested in properties retailing beer, or in their management.

The house, then, was in order. They were making a beverage which many doctors and judges have declared is not essentially intoxicating in quantities which a man may comfortably drink. They were selling it according to the law, and still public opinion was backfiring. Serious measures were indicated.

AN intensive investigation produced an explanation. In the United States there are about 400,000 establishments licensed to handle beer or whisky or both. Ninety per cent of these places were decent and pleasant and law-abiding. The remaining 40,000, scattered all over the country, were dives, sore spots which gave off an evil smell and convinced the people that beer was an evil drink.

The brewers had no responsibility for those places. But they decided to take some of the responsibility, and thereby to check the public reaction against the brewing industry as a whole. There is no doubt that this decision was selfish. The brewers wanted to save their business. Still, all of us know how many admirable services have been rendered to man by individuals or groups pursuing selfish interests.

There was formed the United Brewers Industrial Foundation, with the sole purpose of cleaning up the small percentage of jook joints and honky-tonks which were making more impression upon good people everywhere than all the decent taverns put together. A plan was worked out: One state would be taken at a time (because of the variance among state laws) and organized and cleared of its sore spots by co-operation between brewers and local authorities.

The first experiment was made in Nebraska, and the methods established there. Since then, eleven other states have been organized: Alabama, Kansas, Tennessee, North Carolina, Mississippi, Oklahoma, West Virginia, Arkansas, Missouri, Georgia, and Maine, with a modified program.

The procedure is not complicated. At the outset every brewer in the state and every wholesaler of beer and all the out-of-state brewers who ship beer in are organized into a state committee and pledged to the rules and principles of the Foundation. Then they select a state administrator, usually dubbed by the press without delay the State Beer Czar.

In all of the states organized so far, the czar has been a citizen of high repute and accomplishment. He is provided with funds to employ a staff of secret investigators. And he forthwith makes his announcement:

"The lawbreaking establishments of this state, the dives and dumps, have got to be cleaned up or closed up."

Now, the ensuing procedure has two elements. The first is educational: the effort to impress upon tavern keepers their responsibility for beer's good name, for making decent places of public bars. The second is punitive: measures to curb those proprietors who will not be reformed.

The hotel taprooms, the Main Street taverns are not, naturally, the source of much trouble. The difficulties generally lie with outlying hideaways, and to these the investigators are sent first of all. They drop in and observe.

They look for law violations: the serving of minors, the serving of bootleg booze, or the spiking of soft drinks, the practice of serving drinks to men already three sheets in the wind, and the presence of prostitutes. Then they make their reports.

The proprietor of a bad joint is plainly told to mend the manners of his tavern or be put out of business. He is told that he will be kept under observation.

The state czars work in very close co-operation with the various alcoholic control boards or other bodies charged with the licensing of taverns and bars. When the czar decides that a joint must be closed up, he lays the evidence before the control board and asks that the offender be deprived of his license. This request presents no difficulties in the many states or parts of states which license the sale of beer only, prohibiting the sale of hard liquor. For the keeper of a dive in such localities is almost invariably a bootlegger, and it is easy to convince the license administrators that he should be closed up.

In some cases, however, the issue is not so clearly drawn. Here is a tough joint that is an incessant pain to the decent folk in its neighborhood. But the case against it, for one reason or another, is not strong enough to justify the revocation of license. Well, you ask, why don't the brewers just refuse to sell beer to its proprietor?

That is a little easier said than done. Most of the states have laws prohibiting manufacturers from ganging up, so to speak, and shutting off supplies from a retailer. These are designed to protect the small merchant. But the brewers have found a way over the hurdle in most places.

FOR example, there was a joint in Nebraska that was a smell in the nostrils of its small town. It was a gathering place for drunks, and public and private opinion was that the place should be closed up. Nevertheless, investigators of the state liquor commission were having difficulties obtaining evidence which would justify license revocation.

So the brewers took a hand, a little dubiously, because this was in the nature of a test case and defeat would be a setback. They informed the

proprietor that they had unanimously agreed to cut off his supplies of beer.

He sued. He sued the czar and six beer distributors for \$7,315, claiming that his business had been ruined. The case went to trial before a jury, and it gave the czar an excellent opportunity to tell twelve men (and the public) exactly what the brewers were trying to do. The jury said, in effect, that the rigid interpretation of laws was less important than the decent, peaceful life of a community, and forthwith dismissed the suit. Thus an invaluable precedent was provided in Nebraska, and newspapers printed editorials applauding the brewers for their clean-up campaign.

A similar move, but even more emphatic, followed instantly upon the killing of the college boy in Mississippi. At the time of the tragedy the state czar had prepared evidence against nine joints, including the spot where the murder occurred, and was at the point of turning it over to the state authorities with the request for action against them. But the disaster struck beforehand. And beer became at once the villain of the piece in the minds of two counties. Regardless of what else had been drunk, beer was guilty in the public mind because that was the only beverage the place was *licensed* to sell.

Full-page advertisements were printed in the newspapers:

ANNOUNCEMENT: The Brewers and Mississippi Beer Distributors Committee, whose function and purpose is to "clean up or close up" outlets that permit offensive practices and conditions to surround the sale of beer, has this day ordered the supply of beer shut off to the Mule Barn, Little Club, White Pig, Ace High Club, Riverside Inn, Blue Moon, and the Log Cabin in Lowndes County, and the Wagon Wheel and Golden Gates in Clay County.

THIS quick and drastic move cut sharply into public thinking. The tone of talk and of editorials began to change. Newspapers said: "Wait a minute. Beer is not the trouble. An election would take beer out of decent places and put it in bootlegging joints. The beer industry is doing something to clean up the situation and it is getting results."

The petitions lost their momentum. Finally they were dropped. And this victory was won by the brewers, not through politics or the buying of politicians (the preprohibition method) but through the public conviction that the brewers were on the level in their determination to control the conditions surrounding the sale of beer.

One very illuminating incident happened. The proprietor of one of the nine joints cracked down upon wrote to the state czar: "I have been notified (by a beer distributor) that it would be impossible for them to supply me with beer until ordered to do so by your office. Wish to state that I am willing to co-operate with your

(Continued on page 32)

**"IMAGINE! HE SAID
MY CAR HAD NO
OOMPH!"**



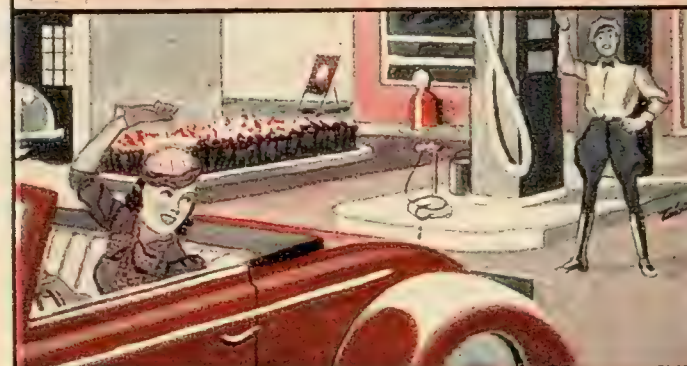
**HOW A SERVICE MAN'S ADVICE GAVE
A LAZY MOTOR AMAZING NEW LIFE**



"SOUNDS BAD, MISS!" said the man at the service station. "What sounds bad?" I retorted. "This engine," he said. "Missing—no oomph. What new Auto-Lite Plugs wouldn't do for this car!"



"AREN'T ALL SPARK PLUGS ALIKE?" I said. "No, MAM! You'd see, the minute you changed to Auto-Lites! Save money on gas, too." "Alright, smarty, put in your Auto-Lite Spark Plugs," I said.



"THANKS FOR THE OOMPH!" I shouted a few days later. The motor never had such pickup, never ran so sweetly. That man made a steady customer when he sold me new Auto-Lite Spark Plugs.

How does this new kind of spark plug make cars run so much better?

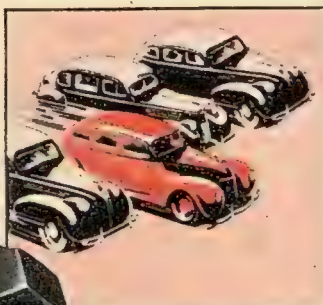
NO WONDER car owners are astonished when sluggish, peppy motors suddenly take on new life! Thousands are finding new Auto-Lite Spark Plugs end starting troubles, give flashing pickup and power and restore gasoline economy.

For the new Auto-Lite Spark Plug was expressly designed to improve car performance by stepping up the efficiency of the entire ignition system. It employs a new-type Konium electrode with a new geometric gap design that produces a more effective spark with less effort. It is protected against leakage and cracking by the wonderful new "Ziramic" insulator with its triple seal.

Try a set of new Auto-Lite Spark Plugs in your car. See why owners of all makes of cars are so enthusiastic about their performance. They cost no more than ordinary plugs.

Try a set of new Auto-Lite Spark Plugs in your car. See why owners of all makes of cars are so enthusiastic about their performance. They cost no more than ordinary plugs.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
Merchandising Division
TOLEDO, OHIO • SARNIA, ONT.



ONE OUT OF EVERY FOUR NEW CARS is now factory-equipped with Auto-Lite Spark Plugs. They have been adopted by leading car manufacturers after the most exhaustive and convincing tests.

Ignition Engineered by Ignition Engineers

Change to

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

(Continued from page 30)

orders until it is decided that my place is not under control of the gang. Regardless of what it is costing me in a business way, I appreciate what you are doing to benefit the conditions in my neighborhood."

In many localities, of course, taverns are licensed to sell both beer and whisky. The dispensing of hard liquor along with beer does not have any effect upon the brewers' procedure. A bad joint is a bad joint. If it is creating ill will in its community, beer will inevitably share the blame.

The Foundation is a permanent organization. It is not a quick drive. And it will be extended, in due course, to embrace the whole country.

In some sections education is more important than punishment. Maine is an example. Rowdy joints are not prevalent there. But the state's low age for minors—minority ceases at eighteen instead of twenty-one—makes it important that taverns be run in the most quietly respectable fashion that can be managed. Therefore the Foundation representative spends most of his time talking to the tavern keepers, suggesting improvements, impressing upon them the vital necessity of maintaining a wholesome atmosphere.

It is rather difficult to recapitulate the work of the various state organizations in a fair way. Some of them have been in operation a very short while. Perhaps it would be sound to

estimate that the whole plan has been in effect for four months—an average. In that time more than 5,000 suspect places have been investigated. Warnings have been issued to 864—and most of the warnings heeded. In 175 cases, licenses have been revoked outright. And seventy joints have had their licenses suspended or their supplies shut off by the brewers.

All of this clear-sightedness and capable enterprise on the part of the brewers is of moment to all of us—not merely because we dread the specter of moral dissolution that another era of prohibition would bring, but because the brewing business is an extremely powerful factor in the economic life of the country. There are individuals and organizations, filled with sincerity according to their particular lights, who are spending much money and great energy to destroy that business again, to outlaw beer and bring back another dry era.

Let's see what that would amount to in dollars and cents. Here are the sums involved in the brewing industry in the five and one half years, 1933-1938:

Advertising	\$100,000,000
Fuel and power.....	110,000,000
Transportation (motor and rail)	200,000,000
Building	200,000,000
Brewery labor.....	350,000,000
Agriculture	500,000,000
Manufacturing	350,000,000

Public revenue (all taxes)

\$1,800,000,000

Local business (retail trade in bars, hotels, grocery stores, etc.)

3,500,000,000

Under the item listed as Manufacturing we find that the industry has used about \$48,000,000 worth of barrels and about \$32,000,000 worth of bottles. Cans cost \$20,000,000 and crown caps alone cost \$30,000,000. Under Transportation we observe that trucks were purchased to the tune of \$15,000,000, and they burn up more than \$5,000 worth of gasoline every day. The railroads have received more than \$20,000,000 in freight charges.

More than 57,000 men are employed in breweries alone. The number that find jobs in taverns, on trucks, in offices and factories, to work for the beer business, is incalculable.

There is no need to labor the point that here is an important factor in American business. And it is obvious that, huge as it is, the brewing industry depends for its existence upon public opinion, upon the effect which beer has on morals and manners.

The brewers have set out seriously and intelligently to rid their business of uncertainty, to eliminate those things which affect the behavior of men and women adversely. I call that good American business, and these are times when we can use a lot of good American business.

THE END

IT'S THE CALL FOR BETTER SMOKING

For smoking-pleasure that is unmarred

This cigarette is proved better for your nose and throat—superiority recognized by eminent medical authorities; a statement no other cigarette can make! So...

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

Call for PHILIP MORRIS

ESTABLISHED OVER 92 YEARS

PHILIP MORRIS & Co. Ltd.

MORRIS CIGARETTES



THE *Girl* NEXT DOOR

BY ERIC HATCH

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART EIGHT—CONCLUSION

ISABELLE had seen Cynthia's face go dead white that afternoon when Bradley's horse had gone down—had seen the look in her eyes. She had made up her mind then and there what she would do. In her tousled memory

she recalled Cynthia once telling her that Bob McCail had told her something about something he'd found in Florence's wrecked car. While the others were dressing for dinner that evening, she had gone to Bob's garage, and then she had done some telephoning. She took a deep breath. She didn't know it, but she needed no dragonlike smoke blowing through the nose to make her look assured. The tigress-defending-her-young look radiated from her. It was much more frightening than mere smoke blowing.

"Florence," she said, "this eve-

The photographers and newsreel men were glad Cynthia'd shown up in time.

ning I spoke on the telephone with a Mr. Grant. He remembers you very well—and Mr. Farney."

"I don't know any Mr. Grant," said Florence.

"He runs an inn. It's a little this side of Montauk Point." Isabelle sighed. She had nearly completed the course, and she was tired. "Florence, Bradley is very deeply in love with Cynthia. I believe he would do anything in the world that would make it possible for him to marry her."

She paused, letting this sink in. Florence toyed with the lipstick, eyes lowered. Fragments of John Peel filtered through the closed door.

"If you will go to Reno tomorrow," said Isabelle, "I will see that Bradley never hears of this—and you'll be able to keep your thousand-dollar-a-month alimony. Otherwise . . ."

Florence Norton was a lady. For once, she acted like one. She held out her hand.

"Thanks for giving me an even break," she said. "You didn't have to. I'll go and tell him now. Do you

Love roars home a winner!—A gay novel of romance and racing sweeps to a close

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

Here's just what you've been looking for... **SUCTION-GRIP Household Gloves that just won't slip—made of tough, long-wearing Latex**



(Below) Under microscope, CUPTEX Surface reveals thousands of actual suction cups.



"Patrician" Gloves are lined with soft, absorbent Stockinette. "Ruff-N-Reddy" and "Hercules" Gloves—smooth Latex-lined.

● Afraid of "dropping things" when you wear Household Gloves to protect your hands? Then here are just the gloves you've been looking for. Over their soft, pliant surface are thousands of tiny suction-like cups which really grip wet, soapy dishes, etc. They're comfortable, too... you hardly know you're wearing them. They slide on and off easily, without binding... and how they wear! Not only for dishwashing—but for dusting, cleaning, gardening.

A Selected **RED-SEAL VALUE**



The **SEAMLESS RUBBER** Company NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

Specialists in Fine Rubber Goods for 65 Years

mind if I make it seem like my idea?"

Isabelle shook her head. Florence stood up and walked from the room. A moment later the maid, looking scared, bounced in through the door, peered at Isabelle with relief, and said, "I was scared when I saw it was her came out. Are you hurt?"

Again Isabelle shook her head. She was thinking. Presently she spoke to her reflection in the mirror.

"Now," she said, "however am I going to make Cynthia see she won't be happy till she stops fuming and marries him!"

She said it to herself, but the maid answered.

"Oh," she said surely, "he'll have to do that."

She was, of course, absolutely right. Isabelle's bolt was shot.

It was at three in the morning that Bradley, glowing inside and out, cut in on Cynthia for the purpose of formally proposing to her. Florence Norton had that night given the best performance of a life dedicated to performances of one kind or another. Almost she had made Bradley feel that she was a fine, generous, kind, understanding woman. So Bradley went to his Cynthia shrouded in an affectionate haze. He swept her into his arms, danced her to the edge of the room, and, loosing her, said, "Cynnie—Cynnie darling. I'm free!"

Cynthia Carlton's heart dilated, shrank, dilated again. It seemed to her its pounding filled her whole chest. Her idol was free. They could be married. She could have all the things she'd envied Florence having. She could share his house and have breakfast with him, and saying good night would no longer mean parting from him. She could keep him from ever again getting drunk on brandy and trying to shoot himself with Lord Nelson's pistols. She could make up to him for the downhill years. When they were old and gray, she would sit with one of Jane's great-great-grandpuppies on her lap and watch him read the American Horse and Mule Association Bulletin. Life would be one long perfection.

As though they were alone, she started to move into his arms. Then she remembered that Bradley Norton was not her idol any longer. He was just a high-class servant who sponged a living off a rich man because he didn't have the guts to make his own way in the world. She drew away from him.

"Cynthia"—his voice shook with feeling—"will you marry me?"

Even the long dress couldn't hide her trembling. Nor could her words hide the love in her eyes, but they belied it. Quite calmly she answered him:

"No, Bradley. We decided—ages ago—that it would be like my marrying William."

Then quite suddenly she began to cry. He put his arms around her, but she pulled away. Bradley, no brighter than most men about the things that bring ladies' tears, was bewildered.

"But, Cynnie, you don't understand. My job isn't at all what you think. I'm— Besides, you love me."

She stopped him. She wasn't putting on an act out of pique now; she was sincere.

"Oh, Bradley, of course I love you. I've always loved you..."

"Well, then..."

"But don't you see? I can't marry somebody I'm not proud of. I'd hate every minute of it. I'd always be apologizing for you to myself." Her voice broke. She moved into a window recess so people wouldn't notice her crying. "I was so proud of you—when you went off with Bob and George Sykes. I didn't care about what anybody said about my going



"You may open your eyes now, John!"

with you or anything. Oh, Bradley, if there was just one thing I could be proud of you about now!"

She let him comfort her then, and only half heard him shouting into her ear in whispers that he'd tear the world apart to make her proud of him; that he'd tilt the tallest windmills in the land. She didn't believe a word of it. She thought he'd go right on living on Noble Pierce's bounty. Her tears flowed hard.

Presently Isabelle, who had been on the *qui vive* for this very scene ever since she'd left Florence, and had missed it when it happened because she'd been hovering about secluded spots where the music came softly—spots she would have picked for a proposal—entered the ballroom.

She saw at once that the thing she had hoped for hadn't come off, and, still being efficient, she went over to the window recess, patted Bradley's hand, and gently put her arm around her daughter.

"Well, chick," she said heartily, "it's been a lot of night. I'm going to take you home now and tuck you in and give you something to make you sleep." Over Cynthia's bowed head she murmured to Bradley, "She loves you, Bradley. It's something—I don't know what it is. I'll give her some sulphur and molasses tomorrow."

"Sulphur and molasses!" The way Bradley said it, it sounded like a curse. "Sulphur and molasses! She's just breaking my heart and you're going to give her sulphur and molasses! My heavens, Isabelle, haven't you any sensibilities at all?" Isabelle patted his shoulder and smiled.

"I like your calling me Isabelle," she said. "I've been rather dreading your calling me mother. So dated. Yes, Bradley, I've got lots of sensibilities, but now isn't the time for them. I'll telephone you when there's anything doing. Good night now, Bradley."

Isabelle led Cynthia away. Bradley started to follow, but Isabelle shook her head in veto. Standing in the window recess watching them go, Bradley wondered if in time he'd get used to this scene wherein he spoke to Cynthia, she broke into soul-racking sobs, Isabelle rushed to comfort her and led her weeping away, while he himself stood around all thumbs and awkward and hurt. It had been so that evening at the Carlton house, and here it was again. The words were different but the pattern was the same. He ended up in the dog-house each time. He wondered how many times it could happen and still hurt. He had an idea it would always hurt.

He wished he could get good and mad at Cynthia—so mad he'd stop loving her; but he couldn't. He even had to admit to himself that, in a way, she was right. She was wrong, of course, about there being anything degrading about his association with Noble Pierce, but it *had* come about merely because of his background and not because of anything he himself had accomplished. He thought, She thinks I am still getting out of the world what grandfather put into it, living on my heritage of breeding and background. She thinks I am still the prime louse who tried to quit when things got too tough. He clenched his fists. "Well, I'm not!" he said aloud. Then suddenly he stiffened. An idea had come to him. "I'll show her I'm not!" Tense with excitement, he started looking for Noble Pierce.

THE party was breaking up. Drunks were being wrapped into their coats like secondhand packages, good nights were echoing, the old earls and marquesses in their frames looked sleepy. In the bar the M. F. H., Fred Carlton, and the policeman in charge of parked cars were singing Drink, Puppy, Drink to Jane the terrier bitch, who had slipped into the house when the door was propped open for mass departure. She was enjoying it enormously. In the great hall Noble Pierce, prouder than he had ever been in his life, was beaming farewells and being thanked for a honey of a party. To Bradley, standing a little on one side waiting until he was free, it seemed ridiculous that anybody could have had a good time this night.

At last every one except the group

IS YOUR
"SMOKE
TASTE"
TIRED?



In between
the others...



SMOKE A KOOL

1. It gives your throat a welcome change.
2. The mild menthol is definitely refreshing.
3. You'll enjoy all your smoking more.

Once you try it, you'll find KOOLS so much easier on your throat, you'll smoke 'em all the time.

TUNE IN — Paul Sullivan
Reviews the News—CBS
—every night except Sat.



VALUABLE COUPON ON EACH PACK...FOUR EXTRA IN CARTONS
Good in the United States for dozens of luxury premiums like these



New-style Table Lamp. Parchment shade. Porcelain base, maple trim. 400 coupons.



FREE. Write for illustrated new edition B & W premium booklet, No. 17. Address the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.



Week-End Case of brown tweed, handsomely lined. 18" long. 600 coupons.

B & W COUPONS ALSO PACKED IN RALEIGH & VICEROY CIGARETTES & BIG BEN SMOKING TOBACCO

in the bar was gone. Bradley rushed up to Pierce.

"Noble," he said, "I've got to talk to you. Right now! It's terribly important."

Pierce looked at him and without surprise noticed his shaken appearance.

"Come on in here." He led the way into the small library, and before Bradley could speak said, "You got shed of Florence, and then your girl turned you down. Mrs. Carlton told me. I'm not exactly surprised, son. She's a girl of spirit and likely to stick by what she says. You feel like a set of burnt-out bearings. I guess you know anything I can do to help, I will."

Bradley's heart soared.

"You bet there's something you can do!" he said. "It sounds crazy, but it's the only way. I *know*, Noble—believe me, I've got to do it. It's the only thing I *can* do."

Pierce smiled with his hard eyes.

"You're talking," he said, "but you ain't saying anything. Suppose you tell me what it is you want."

Bradley bit his lip nervously.

"Noble," he said, "I want you to get that Pierce Company race car of yours and let me drive it in the Vanderbilt Cup next week."

"Why not?" said Pierce. "Course it's crazy, but if she'd rather marry a grease ball than a gentleman, I s'pose you've got to go back to bein' a grease ball."

Bradley sighed like a furnace, but his eyes were bright.

"Can you—can you get it here in time?"

Noble Pierce took a long while answering. He turned his back to the hot embers in the fireplace and spread his legs. He was thinking. He liked guessing right about things. He had guessed right about this.

"It can't race under the company name," he said. "It isn't perfected, so we can't take the chance. Course we couldn't take the prize money under those circumstances, either. If any."

The suspense was driving Bradley nuts. Why did the old boy have to wander so! Almost rudely he said, "Noble, can you get it here in time?"

Pierce looked at him now, and chuckled.

"You damn fool," he said, "this situation was a cinch to spot coming. I've had that car here for the past week waiting for you to ask about it. I hoped you wouldn't. Didn't want you to take the risk."

Bradley looked around as though it might be standing in the hall.

Pierce laughed.

"Where is it?"

"In a garage up the turnpike," he said. "I turned it over to a couple of guys. Maybe you know 'em. They used to call 'emselfs the Rockinghamshire Racing Team. They needed a car. A lead-foot chauffeur burnt up the last one they had."

Bradley jumped forward and wrung his hand.

"By gosh," he cried, "you're a gentleman!"

Noble Pierce sat in the living room of the Carltons' house, balancing his hat first on one knee and then on the other. He felt uncomfortable there, it was so dainty and chintzy. It seemed to him so much the sort of living room Isabelle Carlton would have that it gave him the uncomfortable feeling that he was sitting in her lap. He reached down and balanced his hat on his toe. Then the click of high heels on the steps leading down from the hall made him grab the hat and look up.

Cynthia, all dignity, bowed to him in greeting.

"You wanted to see me?"

Pierce rose, and remained standing until she sat down on the sofa, curling her feet under her. Then he sank back into Fred Carlton's armchair and for several seconds looked at her coldly until she began to fidget. People nearly always fidgeted when Noble Pierce looked at them that way. It was why he did it. It broke them down. Presently he spoke.

"Yes," he said. "I came over to ask you why you aren't at Westbury. There's a big automobile race going on there." He glanced at the watch on his wrist. "It's pretty near over now."

"I know," said Cynthia.

"Don't you care?" said Pierce.

"Frankly," said Cynthia, "not one single damn."

"If I was your daddy," said Pierce quietly, "I'd turn you across my knee, old as you are, and take down your pants and paddle you."

Cynthia went crimson. She jumped to her feet and glared at Pierce like an angry terrier.

"Oh, can't you let me alone?" she cried. "I know what you're up to. You think it would be nice if I married your fair-haired boy. You've got a car in the race, and you've got Bradley Norton over there sitting around bossing people and running things, and you and he think if you got me over, just seeing him there would remind me of—of something, and I'd hurl myself into his arms. Well, it doesn't work. Now please go and—leave me alone!"

Noble Pierce got up out of the chair. A great light had dawned on him. He'd found it hard to believe a girl as pretty as this could be so well, so cussed. Now he understood. He knew she was going to be embarrassed at what he had to say, so he looked out of the window.

"Your mother was supposed to tell you this morning," he said. "I s'pose in the excitement she just plumb forgot. That's too bad. Oftentimes, though, people do remember little things and forget important ones. First off, I want to tell you Bradley doesn't need the prize money. I've taken him into my business. He's a good man. Second, I've got to tell you this was entirely his own fool idea."

**FINEST BLADES
MONEY CAN BUY
OR YOUR MONEY BACK**

SINGLE
EDGE
BLADES
15 FOR 25¢

Marlin BLADES

FAST-SHAVING, MONEY-SAVING

Buy a big pack of twenty super-keen Marlin blades today! Try them at our risk. If they don't give you the best shaves you've ever had, regardless of price, your dealer will cheerfully refund your money!

GUARANTEED BY THE MARLIN FIREARMS COMPANY
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

TRY **Marlin** BLADES
TODAY

**TWENTY
FOR
25¢**

FREE week's supply double or single edge blades; MARLIN, 1 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

I was against it, but he insisted."

Cynthia began to have a sinking sensation and another sensation that she knew. It was a tightening around the heart.

"Go on," she said. "You're trying to tell me something."

He looked at her for a second, then out the window again.

"He was ahead when I left," he said softly. "Three laps. Golly, he was driving a beautiful race!"

Pierce heard her cry out. When he turned back to her, she was standing with her head bent. Then she looked up at him.

"Oh, Mr. Pierce," she said, "I am so ashamed!"

Noble Pierce put his arm around her, hugged her.

"We better get goin'," he said. "Means kind of a lot to a feller, the last part of a grind like that, if he knows his best girl's there backin' him up."

BRADLEY NORTON felt as though he had never known a time when he hadn't been strapped into the cockpit of that roaring, screaming, oil-slaving thunderbolt, driving that nightmare track with its unbanked S curves, its double straightaway, and the high-banked parabolic curve that you roared into wide open so you could top Rosemeyer's '37 record of a hundred and sixty-five plus miles an hour in the stretch past the big grandstand. At first, even though he'd had a week's practice, the sheer speed had frightened him. Then, gradually, as the miles passed, sensation passed with them. The S curves were just like Mountview, only easier. The Pierce Company car with its four-wheeled power was a cinch, once you caught on. On the curves you used power on the outside wheels and let the inside ones coast. It did away with most of the skidding, and meant you were going ahead when the other cars were going sideways. But you had to work the accelerators just right. Dangerous as hell otherwise. He'd been doing it just right for hours now, and he was getting tired. He'd driven so many miles. Three hundred, the race was. That was too long. Much more than ten times as long as the thirty-mile race at Mountview. Much, much longer.

Into the parabolic curve, high on the bank, both throttles wide, out of it at almost a hundred and seventy, the pits, proper fancy pits behind a three-foot concrete retaining wall, a blur. Bob McCail holding a big sign. He could just read it: "Gas." Slow, brakes for the first S turn, faster down the backstretch, fast into the second S. Not so fast this time into the parabolic, nothing ahead but track, everybody else behind until he stopped, but he had to stop for gas. He coasted behind the low wall, stopped in front of the fenced-in area where his crew waited. They sprang at him faster even than a high-pressure filling-station gang. He took his hands from the wheel and let them hang limp over the sides of the car.



PUT YOUR CAR ON THE RAINBOW TRAIL WITH

NEW CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS!

You can chase rainbows—real or otherwise—to your heart's content with a car that's fit and ready to go—and there's nothing like a new set of Champion Spark Plugs to fit your car for any adventure.

It may seem a far cry from a set of spark plugs to the urge to pick up and go, but actually a new set of Champions will so restore the "pick up and go" of your car that you'll feel like taking it out somewhere on our magnificent highway system where it—and you—can go places and do things.

Champions are the spark plugs racing champions use for two very definite reasons: First, because they make every engine a better performing engine, and second, because

they insure the maximum dependability—sound reasons for you to insist on Champions.

Champions are more than ever today's spark plugs for today's high-compression engines, particularly because their exclusive Sillment* seal prevents troublesome leakage common to ordinary spark plugs. Since even one "leaker" in a set will cause rough, uneven and wasteful engine operation, you can appreciate how important this feature is. Moreover, this new development and unique construction makes each spark plug fire with absolute uniformity in each cylinder by holding it rigidly within its heat range. Thus full, flowing power, speed and acceleration are kept at the maximum, at all times, while gas consumption is kept at the minimum.



Studebaker cars equipped with Champion Spark Plugs won all places in the Sweepstakes Class of the annual Gilmore-Yosemite Economy Run. Champion-equipped cars won 7 of the 9 first class divisions.



*Sillment is the sensational new material used to seal Champions against gas or compression leakage, at the shoulder and past the center electrode. This exclusive and patented process seals Champions against troublesome leakage common to ordinary spark plugs, and contributes largely to Champions' better performance in today's high compression engines.

"PICK UP AND GO" WITH NEW CHAMPIONS!

He was vaguely conscious of Bob McCail, grim and serious, wrenching off the wide cap of the tank, of George Sykes hurriedly checking the tires.

"Scotch, sir, or brandy?"

He shook his head to clear it; grinned through his mask of oil. William, even though dressed to the teeth in his horse-racing clothes, had a tray with glasses and bottles, and having a tray had to act like a butler.

"How many more to go?"

"Only fifty miles, sir."

"Fifty miles! I've driven ten thousand already!"

"I recommend the brandy, sir."

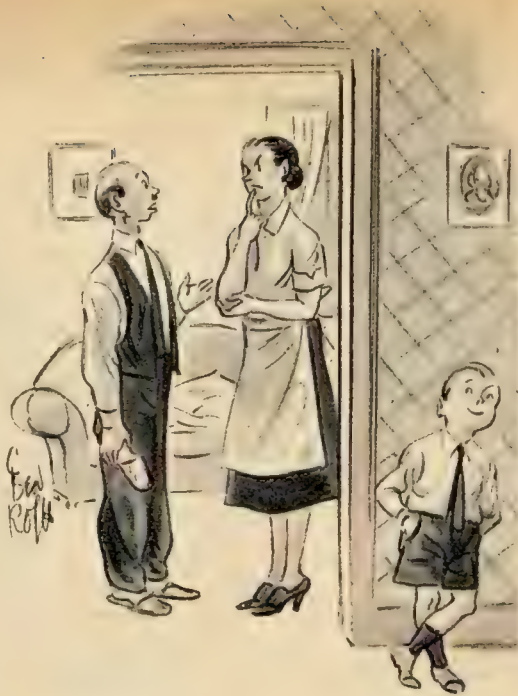
William poured some into a glass. His hand was shaking so it spilled. Bradley drank, looked at him.

"Is she here?"

William shook his head. Bob McCail called, "Ready, Brad?"

Wearily Bradley nodded, put his hands back on the wheel, felt the car roll forward. The roar began again. He was glad there would be cars ahead of him now. It would break the monotony. He was so tired that even the danger was monotonous. Why hadn't Cynthia come? Probably because she didn't love him. What a sucker he was—doing this to show her, and she didn't even come to be shown! Funny Pierce wasn't in the pits that last time. Good old Pierce—he'd be happy about winning. He was winning, too. It was easy.

A car skidded across his path, coming out of one of the curves, turned over. Damn that four-wheel power—



"When I put him over my knee, and he said, 'Please pardon my back,' I just didn't have the heart to spank him."

he couldn't skid himself clear. He shut his eyes. When he realized he was still alive and so the other car must have rolled out of his way, he opened them again. Not so easy—even now. He began to get conscious of the fact that he couldn't skid if he wanted to. It began to get under his skin. That was just because he was tired. He'd take a slow lap and relax. He had plenty of lead, anyway.

He went into the high curve at a

hundred. That was practically coasting compared to what he'd been doing. That psychology made him relax and gave his nerve a chance to come back. He felt good again as he soared down into the stretch. His eyes turned automatically toward the pits where Bob always stood with the big signaling blackboard. It was up now. That was queer—maybe he had a sour wheel. He slowed down still more, to be sure he could read. No use taking chances at this stage of the game.

Then suddenly all the weariness of the thundering miles fell away from him and the track became a wide road to be traveled swiftly for the happiness that was waiting at its end. Cynthia Carlton, teetering under its weight, was holding the blackboard, and, in letters a foot high for Bradley and some hundred thousand cheering spectators to see, had written YES.

The Rockinghamshire Racing Team broke all existing records scuttling down that last twenty miles. The horde of photographers and newsreel men that swarmed around the great car as it coasted home to its pits were awfully glad Cynthia'd shown up in time. Pictures of guys winning Indianapolis or Vanderbilt Cup races aren't any good at all unless you can get one of the guy's wife or girl friend or fiancée with grease all over her face where she's pressed it tight against his in a moment of happiness so great it is almost agony for both of them.

THE END

Judge them any way you please—

For close, clean shaves, for speed or ease

And Thin Gillettes will win hands down—

The greatest low-priced blades in town!



Protect your skin from irritation
caused by misfit blades



4 for 10c
8 for 19c

The Thin Gillette Blade Is Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

BY HARRY GRAY

CITIZENS of Rochester, New York, walk along Main Street these days with a slightly bewildered air. Frank Ernest Gannett, one of them for twenty years as business man and publisher, is now a candidate for the Republican nomination for President! Overnight there has been a rapid reappraisal of Frank in his home territory, where he never has been a candidate or taken active personal part in any political organization. He has gone steadily on his way, content to expound his principles through editorial columns of his newspapers.

But now citizens who have long regarded Gannett as a sound successful business man, whose career was bounded by his chain of newspapers, are forced to consider him in the light of a Presidential possibility.

Ask any politician on Rochester's Main Street what he thinks of Gannett's chances of getting into the White House.

"Well, Harding wasn't much of a possibility until the convention," will be the thoughtful reply. "Frank's chances are as good as any dark horse's chances."

The politically wise ones are inclined to point to Frank's achievements of rugged individualism and successful business policies rather than to any aptitude he has shown for statesmanship.

"And don't we need a business man down in Washington!" they say.

Frank Ernest let out his first lusty demand for attention back in 1876, and it worked so well he has been yelling for recognition, in one way or another, ever since.

That cry resounded only a few minutes after he was born in Bristol, New York. His healthy lungs belted in the September air of the farmhouse and heaved it out so loudly that his father and three uncles, waiting out in the front room, jumped up from their chairs.

"How much does he weigh?" they chorused.

"Twelve pounds!" was the proud answer.

"Twelve pounds? Twelve pounds!" they cheered. "Why, he'll be President!"

Such a majority vote from the staunchest citizens of Gannett Hill, of the Five Finger Lakes section of central New York, probably was not noted then by young Frank. There was no real evidence that he pondered over it until 1938.

By that time he had amassed nineteen newspapers, eighteen of which were dailies and published in 15 cities. He had made a reputation as a sound business man with wide interests—an influential man, who saw the New Deal as a menace and said so.



Above, Gannett blasts the New Deal; at right, he pitches horse-shoes in Florida.

In rapid succession he went forth to give battle to the Supreme Court packing program of the New Deal, the Executive reorganization program, the purge era, and the lending-spending program. Gannett newspapers crusaded editorially over the signature of Frank E. Gannett. Radio listeners heard him. Mr. Farley's postal facilities were taxed to carry more than 15,000,000 pieces of literature, mailed to 1,200,000 key individuals in every state, calling attention to the "ruinous policy" of Franklin D. Roosevelt. A startled

public attempted to absorb this avalanche against a vulnerable set-up. Four times the New Deal was set back. Frank E. Gannett took on new stature.

Gannett chuckles over early indications there was a call for him as candidate. His story conveys his first impressions of how the people took his anti-New Deal drives.

During a trip through New York countryside he stopped to chat with a farmer.

"What paper do you read?" Gannett inquired.

"I read the Gannett papers from Rochester," the farmer replied. "Say, if that man Gannett only knows half as much as he seems to know in his editorials he's some man!"

Thus Gannett heard the call. And looking over the situation he saw a soundness in his position. He had been Mr. Borah's friend and even mentioned as a Vice-Presidential running mate with Borah, had the New Deal's Supreme Court packing program won and become an issue for 1940. Mr. Gannett tossed his resources into the race. The publisher and business man began to function.

He since has conducted a 250,000-mile airplane campaign and his

"If I'm nominated, I'll be elected," says the man who has given the New Deal its hardest battles

1 BRIDEGROOM: "Hurray, Bob, it's over—I'm married! But what a nervous best man you were."

BEST MAN: "Maybe so, but your knees sounded like a milk horse on a cobbled street! So let's Double Our Enjoyment of the wedding toast with the whiskey with No Rough Edges!"



2 BRIDEGROOM: "I hope married life will be as smooth as this drink."

BEST MAN: "It will be. And remember—rich, mellow TEN HIGH is easy on your purse strings. That will help smooth your budget!"



**GET THAT
TEN HIGH
SMILE**

MAN, I'M
MARRIED FOR LIFE
TO TEN HIGH—
THE WHISKEY WITH
"NO ROUGH EDGES"!
IT WAS LOVE AT
FIRST SIP —AND
THE LOW PRICE
CLINCHED
IT!

90 proof
Hiram Walker
& Sons Inc.
Peoria, Ill.



STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY - STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

*Double
your enjoyment
with Ten High*

speeches have been duly recorded in the press. He was a forceful orator even in college.

Gannett has a well controlled, well modulated voice. His manner is easy. A look at his robust squarish body, perfectly co-ordinated and graceful, tells you he has never dissipated in his life. He does not drink; his tastes are simple. And he has the look of a happy man. His mouth smiles often, and his eyes join in. His smile readily becomes a chuckle. His features are not marked by the lines of one who worries. His eyes reflect more thoughts than dreams.

Frank Gannett's business man's mind has operated to simplify his platform. "Nothing is gained in criticizing the government if we do not offer something better," he says. Thus his program holds no abstract issues:

1. Barricade all paths toward dictatorship.
2. Keep out of war.
3. Restore confidence by national policies worthy of confidence.
4. Restore industrial peace.
5. Fumigate relief and drive out politics.
6. Abandon the exploded lend-lease fallacy.
7. Restore prosperity not at its outlet but at its source; the source is the farmer.

With true Republican tradition, Mr. Gannett associates with Lincoln. "In Washington's time our country faced its first great crisis; in Lincoln's, its second. Today we are in the third great crisis. . . . The whole future of America is at stake. President Roosevelt and the New Deal have left us only one choice, freedom or slavery."

Mr. Gannett pursues his way. It is the Gannett way. There is no political pattern to which his procedure can be compared. With perfect organization, responsible to his sole direction, driven by his own right hand (he carries Sandburg's Lincoln in his left), he goes forward, a true exponent of rugged individualism.

He is a personal example of success won by thrift and no other more magic formula than the copybook maxim: "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." Frank has proven this code.

The little farm on Gannett Hill, although cleared from the wilderness by his father, Charles, was what would now be called submarginal land, and produced less than a living for the family of six Gannetts.

Maria Gannett, who already had given birth to three children before Frank came along, dared to confront her pioneering husband with the hard facts. Prospects on the farm he had built were hopeless. With the robust newborn on her hip, she prompted their move to Blood's Depot, promising to help all she could with Charles' farming experiments. But Maria had given the best of her strength to bringing the twelve-pound babe into the world and was never able to help with the new farm. Thus it became necessary that little Frank's business career begin when he was nine. He carried Rochester newspapers—and even then he was all ambition and budgets.

His first letter to the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle throws some light on the business acumen of the man today:

Dear Sirs

Recd this bill Jan 8 and it is more than I can understand and sent it to you to be rectified before I pay it. All I owe you up to the first day of Jan. 1886 is \$2.54. I have met all my bills and if any other agent, who had these papers before I, have not payed you in full it is nothing to me. You have on this bill a/c rend \$4.52. What is that for etc, and you then have me credited with cash \$2.10. I would also like to know what that means. I sent you \$2.16 (including the expenses of sending) Dec. 7 and received no receipt for it except what you credited me with.

By straightening out this bill, and returning same you will greatly oblige

Yours truly,

FRANK E. GANNETT.

Mr. Gannett rapidly built business where none existed. He took an agency for rubber stamps, he found bones from skeletons of animals were salable. Slowly but surely his savings rose. Throughout his high-school period

Frank supported himself, and at the end it was no surprise to his friends that he had won a scholarship to Cornell.

He arrived at Cornell with the scholarship and eighty dollars, his sole capital for four years. Resourcefully the honor student waited on table, collected laundry, and became a correspondent for outside news-



"Operator, get me 'Established 1893.'"

papers. When he was graduated he had \$1,000 in the bank. And at this time the Presidential star hovered near him.

Through no thought of his own, he suddenly found himself in a post in the Philippine Islands.

The president of Cornell, Jacob Gould Schurman, was named head of the first Philippine Commission and he asked young Gannett to accompany him. Taft succeeded Schurman, and asked Gannett to continue as secretary. Gannett declined—although he had no other job in view. This meant giving up a sure \$3,000 a year for whatever the future might offer.

"I feel I would have gone with Taft into the White House," Gannett says today. Watching his smile, one feels that his nineteen newspapers have been sufficient compensation for the sacrifice—until now.

Frank returned to Ithaca and to his first love, journalism. Dabbling his fingers again in printer's ink, he found he loved it. He wanted to own a paper—the Elmira Gazette in particular. There was an opportunity to buy a half ownership, but the price was \$20,000, and Frank could offer the owner but \$3,000 cash.

After a week-end at the owner's home, Frank purchased the Gazette for his \$3,000. His ability to command credit was established for all time—because the remaining \$17,000 of the purchase price was paid in notes and money young Gannett borrowed with only his good character to put up as collateral!

Thus began the Gannett chain of newspapers, which soon spread into Rochester, where he bought the

Rochester Times and the Rochester Union and combined them. By then he had borrowed \$250,000!

Life began to move swiftly for Frank in many ways. He fell in love with the dark-eyed popular Caroline Werner, daughter of the late Justice William E. Werner, of New York State Court of Appeals. They were married in 1920.

His chain of newspapers grew and lengthened. The mighty links included Albany, Elmira, Ithaca, Malone, Newburgh, Ogdensburg, Olean, Utica, Hartford (Connecticut), Plainfield (New Jersey), and Danville (Illinois) within ten years.

At ease with success, Frank learned to enjoy the things money could buy. He became a gadgeteer and enjoyed driving the only steam-driven automobile in Rochester. He tried out every newfangled printing equipment which came his way. He had a beautiful home, shared by a son and daughter who taught him to like games.

Then came the New Deal, when "A business man could depend on no New Deal policy," says Mr. Gannett. "He could make no commitments."

Gannett's papers had supported some New Deal measures and opposed others until he heard that President Roosevelt planned to add six justices to the Supreme Court. Within a few hours he had under way the organization of the National Committee to Uphold Constitutional Government. Gannett fired away with his editorials charging this was dictatorship. He supplied ammunition for press, radio, personal letters to Congress and petitions. Washington became aware of Frank E. Gannett.

AS soon as the whisperings of the plan for the Executive Reorganization Bill were heard, the Gannett committee again swung into action. His papers charged the New Deal was attempting to abolish democracy by giving the President the power over every office in the government.

The Black-Minton lobby-investigating committee had a joust with Gannett then, and on their demand for his books Gannett said he would go to jail rather than submit to invasion of his constitutional rights.

Ickes decided Gannett was having too easy sledding, and, representing New Deal vengeance, attacked him in a memorable debate on the Town Meeting of the Air program in January, 1939. The question was, Do We Have a Free Press?

Ickes charged that Gannett had financed his newspapers through the power interests.

"Did Gannett tell his readers, when he wrote editorials against government ownership of power, that he was in hock to the power interests?" Ickes demanded. "If Mr. Gannett had not regarded this as a questionable connection, why was he in such a hurry to refinance after the government disclosure?"

Gannett admitted having borrowed money from the International Paper Company because he was a large

SALE

LIMITED TIME ONLY



for cleaner better looking hair!

REGULAR

~~\$1.00~~ **59¢**
SIZE

(10 OUNCES)

special spring sale

TRY THE
FINGERNAIL
TEST!



SCRATCH your scalp now if you dare! If your fingernails show ugly dandruff scales, you need 3-action Wildroot-with-Oil! 3-action because it removes loose dandruff, relieves dryness, grooms the hair. Wildroot-with-Oil is the regular Wildroot formula plus pure vegetable oils to keep hair neatly in place without building up grease on the scalp. Get Wildroot-with-Oil while this offer lasts!

WILDROOT COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y.

**WILDROOT-WITH-OIL
3-ACTION**

1. GROOMS THE HAIR
2. RELIEVES DRYNESS
3. REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

Hurry get yours today!

IMPORTANT. Wildroot regular formula, used by millions who prefer a non-oily hair preparation, also on sale everywhere! Professional Applications at your barber.

CALOX MOVIE QUIZ... No. 6



Star of "Topper" pictures and soon to appear in "Accidental Father" by Columbia

Famous for her
"HOLLYWOOD
SPARKLE"

Who
is She? *



CLUES... BY ED SULLIVAN,
Famous Movie Critic

1. Who has a younger, talented sister in the movies?
2. Whose father is a famous star of the legitimate stage?
3. Who, like many Hollywood favorites, uses Calox to help keep teeth naturally bright?

(Check your answer below. Star's name is at bottom of page*)

HOW SUSIE GOT THAT
"HOLLYWOOD SPARKLE!"



Susie: "My camera test a month away—oh, dear! Do I look all right?"

Makeup man: "Well, sis, you better do something about those teeth. They'll show up grey as a fog on the screen."



Susie: "Oh, I'll never pass the screen test with teeth as dull as mine."

Star: "Calox Tooth Powder can help you! I use it because it contains 5 cleansing agents that help keep my Hollywood Sparkle!"



Makeup man: "What a love scene, Chief! I gave that gal up at her screen test!"

Director: "What a trouper! She's coming along like a whirlwind—her smile looks like a Calox smile, too!"

TRY THIS
FINGER-NAIL TEST
—PROVE CALOX
POLISHES
SAFELY!



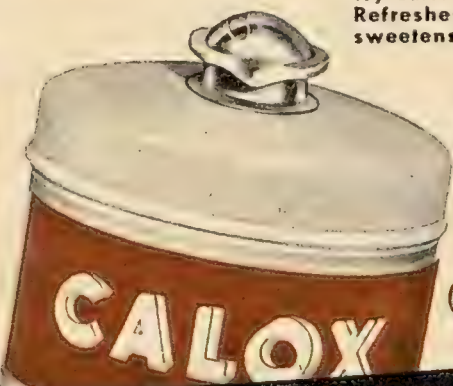
MAKE THIS simple test: pour a little Calox Tooth Powder on a nail buffer; then rub your nails briskly. Note the lustre, the high polish. Proof there are no harsh abrasives to harm the softest tooth enamel.

For Calox Tooth Powder contains not only 1 or 2, but FIVE CLEANSING AGENTS that attack ugly film and help you win that "Hollywood Sparkle"! Quick-as-a-flash the surging foam of Calox goes into action—yes, you can actually feel a new, high polish on your teeth with the tip of your tongue.

Try Calox for 30 DAYS! Let Calox prove how it can bring out the natural brightness and lustre of your teeth... improve the beauty of your smile... and help your "teeth shine like the stars"!

CALOX TOOTH POWDER

Try Calox Antiseptic—
Refreshes the mouth,
sweetens the breath.



Helps your "Teeth shine
like the stars"

*Constance Bennett

buyer of that company's newsprint.

"I challenge Mr. Ickes to find where in any of our papers the power trusts have ever demanded one line when its interests were contrary to public welfare," Gannett answered. "Thousands of other publishers are in just the same position as I am, absolutely independent. Increasingly, American newspapers are completely controlled by their own owners and the managements responsible to those owners. It is only natural that newspapers, having attained such independence, should incur the antagonism and hatred of criticized officeholders."

Gannett stated that since his conduct had been challenged and the question of ethics raised, he had re-financed and within six months this obligation had been paid.

In Rochester, the city which knows Gannett, there is one thing that stands out.

"Frank's a good business man," say Rochesterians. "Frank knows how to run a business! Maybe, if that's what we need down in Washington, Frank would be a good man."

Gannett's political critics say that he is completely reactionary—a man so thoroughly steeped in accounting and the power of the dollar that he is incapable of leadership in a time when adjustment to new conditions is necessary.

But Gannett continues with his mail, newspapers, and airplane speechmaking.

"With the best, most experienced and practical brains this country could enlist," says Mr. Gannett, "I would go to the cause of the depression in agricultural and raw-materials prices. For I have a deep conviction that we will have no permanent prosperity until the half of our people who produce the raw materials get a fair share of the national income."

"Since 1929 our farmers, miners, quarrymen, lumbermen, and producers of petroleum have had \$50,000,000,000 less income than they received in the decade before the depression. This \$50,000,000,000 of purchasing power, destroyed by a price disease, accounts for most of our troubles."

"I would lay down a national policy friendly to all honest business. I would clean out of office every Bolshevik and pink who doesn't believe in the American private-enterprise system. I would replace them with practical, experienced people."

"I'd assure business not a breathing spell but a constitutionally guaranteed square deal. And I would move at once to reduce taxes in order that business, instead of having its back broken, might recover and recreate employment. Only by a sensible and just revision of the tax structure can enterprise be stimulated and national income increased to the point where enough taxes can be collected to balance the budget and gradually pay off the mountain of debt."

"If I am nominated, I'll be elected."

THE END

When a man strays, should a wife shut her eyes? A vivid story of modern marriage and woman's guile

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

HAPPY people have no past," said Flo, dipping a cake into her tea. "I'm going grim on you, but I can't help it. It's nice to be able to remember the past, and it's better to be able to forget it. But best of all is to be able to remember the past and not be moved by it."

Tony regarded the woman she was having tea with. A lonely woman in constant torment, she considered. But then, thought Tony, why wouldn't she be? She had been in love with her husband, and she had lost him. That doesn't help happiness any.

"If your husband had been decent about it—" began Tony.

"Don't blame Bernie," said Flo. "It was my own fault. If I'd only had the sense to keep my mouth shut." She reached into her bag for a cigarette.

Tony said, "If you'd quit that tea-room philosophy and tell me why it was your fault—"

"Bernie loved me," said Flo. "I

know it now, and I knew it then. He had an affair with another woman. That's all."

"If he loved you, how could he have had an affair?" asked Tony, looking into her cup.

Flo looked at her in satiric amusement. "Any woman who is honest could answer that, but where are you going to find one?"

"It doesn't seem to make sense."

"It doesn't," said Flo. "But you can't live with a man for six years and not know whether he loves you or not. Well, I raised Cain, and we separated. I got a divorce, and that put him on the spot . . . he had to marry the girl."

"It didn't last," commented Tony. "You could get him back."

Flo shook her head. "It's easier to raise Lazarus than to revive a dead

X = THE HUSBAND

BY LYON MEARSON

"Miss Sylvain is too busy to be amusing," said Tony. "She's leaving at the end of the week."



life that two people have lived. It would have been better to have said nothing."

They were gathering their wraps and paying the check. "But even if you had kept your mouth shut about this girl, there might have been another one sometime," said Tony.

"There certainly might," said Flo. "And another one after that. I wish I'd kept my mouth shut."

WHEN Tony came down the next day to have lunch with her husband, she had to wait for him in his office for a few minutes, and she employed the time admiring his secretary's red hair, which had a peculiar greenish high light in its depths that she found fascinating. She wondered whether men found it fascinating too. They probably did. The girl's husband probably did, anyway. An efficient person; you could see by the way she had the things laid out on her desk, and by the decided and deliberate way she went about her typing. She had not been there long, and Blake had told her that this was the best secretary he had ever had.

"He'll be back in a minute, Mrs. Westmark," said the girl, pulling the letter out of the machine.

"I don't mind waiting," said Tony, reaching into her bag for a cigarette and not finding one. "It always interests me—it's like another life a man lives. . . . Oh dear, I forgot my cigarettes."

"Have one of mine," said the secretary, extending a cigarette case to Tony.

"Thanks," said Tony, taking the case and taking a cigarette from it. "What an odd cigarette case!"

It was burning-black enamel; across the top, which opened, was a facsimile of her signature in raised silver: *Doris Sylvain*.

Tony looked at it with interest. "You never got that here."

"My husband got it for me in Paris," said the girl. "We weren't married then, but before he left for Paris he had me write my name the way it would look when we were married, and when he returned he had the case."

"I don't think I ever saw one like it. Your husband must be a person of very good taste, Miss Sylvain."

Doris Sylvain's eyes lighted up. The look that a woman has for only one man, thought Tony. "He's a nice person," said Doris Sylvain. "It's lonely without him."

"Why, is he away?" asked Tony. The secretary nodded. "He travels. He'll be back Monday morning."

THE next day was Friday and Blake had to go to Philadelphia for the week-end on a business matter. He asked Tony to go with him. She never forgot that. They were talking on the phone.

"Is this the world's most beautiful moppet?" he asked, and when she replied that she undoubtedly was, he said he had to go to Philadelphia for

the week-end and he didn't suppose she wanted to go along. Tony didn't care much about going. She didn't want to stay cooped up in a hotel room while Blake was out attending to his business, and she knew no one there.

So she got his suitcase ready and he stopped over at the house to get it. When he kissed her good-by he asked her again whether she wanted to go, and for a moment she nearly said yes, but she decided that she wasn't the sort of wife who was always dragging around at her husband's heels. He said all right, and kissed her forcibly.

"There!" he said. "How's that?"

"Oh, it'll do," she said slowly, and the inside of her was all melted up, as it always was whenever he so much as touched her. When he left, he walked down the long hall and looked back once, and you could see he hated to go away and leave her.

He was coming back Monday morning.

BLAKE must have started back very early Monday morning, because he came walking in on her while she was still in bed—it was nine o'clock—and he awakened her by kissing that secret spot on the back of her neck where the nerve ends meet and where no woman can resist you.

"It's that man again," he said. "Remember me?"

She reached up for him sleepily. "Darling," she said, "I missed you like hell."

He had missed her too. You could see that. After a while he released her. "I can tell you're an honest woman," he said, "because no woman who was up to anything would wear so ugly a nightgown. How about us—you and me—having nine or ten cups of coffee together, and some large slices of golden-brown toast, burned as only you can burn them, and—"

She rose and hurried into the bathroom to clean her teeth.

LATER in the morning her brother called and said that he had to go out to Westchester for a few hours on business and could she let him use the car, and perhaps she would like to take a ride out there with him?

"A sweet-running car," said Wally as he guided it out of the garage with her sitting next to him.

"She'd better be now," said Tony. "There was something wrong with the differential, and Blake just had it repaired. What's a differential?"

Wally went into a detailed explanation, highly technical, as he skillfully avoided two trucks and a mail wagon, and she did not listen. There was a spot on the windshield in front of her and she reached into the pocket of the car for a rag to wipe it off. What she pulled out with the rag engaged her attention.

First there was a woman's cigarette case, an odd one. It was plain burning-black enamel, but across the top was a facsimile signature in raised silver, *Doris Sylvain*. Tony held it in

her hand for a few seconds, thinking of the fact that it had been brought from Paris by Blake's secretary's husband, and that you couldn't get them in America. Wally wasn't paying any attention to her. Moving by reflex action, she glanced at the sheet of paper she had pulled out with the rag and the cigarette case. It was a hotel bill: "Lakewood Grange Hotel and Garage, Lakewood, N. J." It was a bill, dated yesterday, for Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, double room and bath.

The first thing that came to her mind was that you could get to Lakewood easily if you were going to Philadelphia. She sat rigid, and Wally was still getting ahead of trucks and saving three seconds and she did not know what people do with those three seconds after they save them. And giving the name John Smith was so unoriginal. Then she said:

"Do you mind very much taking me back home, Wally? I think I've changed my mind."

He glanced at her quickly; her tone was so colorless, so lacking in her ordinary identifying marks, that it seemed to be a sound separate from that body.

"What's the matter, Tony?" he asked. "Sick?"

"No," she said.

WHEN she was home, alone, she did feel a little sick. She sat down in front of her dresser and wished the familiar bedroom wouldn't look different to her than it had ever looked. She wished she didn't feel slightly sick. She wished, of a sudden, that she was quite dead.

For a few moments she lay down on the bed, and when she lay that way, her every muscle limp against the bed, she was unable to think, which is just what she wanted at that time. She rose, because she had not lived with this long enough to want to forget it. She wanted to think, to remember.

She had no doubt of what had occurred. A little affair . . . she was always ready to believe that of a man. But not Blake. There was no need, she told herself. He loved her. She knew that. She remembered that Flo Delahaye had said that about her own husband. A woman can always tell. But if he loved her, why did he have to do this? Were men really that much different from women? If that were so, then how did it happen that Doris Sylvain could do this? Doris Sylvain was married, and she loved her husband. You could see that. Well, perhaps some women. There are moments when you catch a human being off balance maybe.

That brought her back to her life with Blake. It was simply swell. No two people could be happier together, no two people could be more satisfied with each other. They had built something up that the outside world could know nothing about. How could he have the heart to tear it down; the inclination? But did he think he was tearing it down?

Whether he thought so or not, he was. Things could never be the same between them. What a stupid way of handling things! If he had to do a thing like this, how could he have been so dumb as to let her find out about it? Fancy giving the name John Smith—Mr. and Mrs. John Smith.

Perhaps it wasn't true. Then she would be sorry she had brought the matter up. If you make an issue of a thing like this, you sometimes force a man to go much further than he had ever intended. But it was true. She knew it now. If only she had not known about it! But she did. What to do about it? She didn't know, but inside of her she was all torn to pieces. She felt unreal, as though not only could this not have happened to her but that nothing actually was happening to anybody, because nothing existed. Her soul seemed to float out of her.

After a while her soul came back to her, and with it an icy calm. Women should be able to handle problems like this. Let A be a husband, B a wife, C another woman—no, let X be a husband. . . . That was getting her nowhere. She thought of Flo Delahaye, who had made a mistake in even a simple little problem of this kind and had never been able to rub it out.

After some time Tony called up her husband's office and was told he would be out for another two hours. His secretary wanted to know whether

there was anything she could do for her. Tony was not sure.

It took half an hour for her to get down to Blake's office, and Blake, of course, was out. Doris Sylvain was there.

"It'll be quite a while before he gets back, Mrs. Westmark." And Tony was looking at Miss Sylvain as though she had never seen her before. Something in her eyes must have given her away, however, for Miss Sylvain turned to do her work suddenly, her face a mask. Tony perched herself, half leaning and half sitting, on the side of her husband's secretary's desk. She opened her purse and took out the burning-black enamel cigarette case with the signature in raised silver. She placed it on the desk and pushed it over to Miss Sylvain.

"This is yours, I think, Miss Sylvain." Her voice was steady. "It's very odd, and I don't suppose you'd want to lose it."

Miss Sylvain looked up, and her voice was just as steady, though her eyes were perhaps a bit startled.

"Thank you," she said. "I'm always mislaying it."

"Lucky you didn't leave it at the Lakewood Grange Hotel," said Tony, looking somewhere else.

"I've never been there," said Miss Sylvain, her voice level as a Western plain.

For a moment there was a silence, a flat silence, brittle and prepared for breakage. Tony's voice came through

it, thin as a blade of steel. "Very well, you haven't," said Tony. "How's your husband been lately, Miss Sylvain?"

When Miss Sylvain answered, her voice was also without emotion, but the hand that held a pencil showed white at the knuckles. "He's very well, thank you."

"He's been away, hasn't he?" asked Tony.

"Yes."

"Came back this morning, didn't he?" pursued Tony. There was no answer. "You know," said Tony, "it has often occurred to me that women whose husbands have as good a job as yours has ought not to work for a living."

Miss Sylvain smiled a little. "A woman has to do something."

"I suppose so," said Tony. "But there are plenty of women who need jobs—it's a pity to deny them the means of living. There must be other things to do."

"Just what are you trying to say, Mrs. Westmark?" the other flared up at her suddenly, animated, and her animation died down just as quickly, leaving in its place an amused obstinate pride, a stony stubbornness.

"I think," said Tony slowly, taking out a cigarette and lighting it, "that if you gave up your job and let some girl have it who needed it, it would be a nice and understanding gesture."

"I like my job," said Miss Sylvain slowly.

I "COUNT OUT" HEADACHES WITH BROMO-SELTZER!



Says
JACK DEMPSEY

Headaches aplenty in Jack's busy life . . .

Jack manages 2 popular restaurants . . . referees fights all over the country. "Sure I get headaches," he says, "but Bromo-Seltzer helps me fast."



Why BROMO-SELTZER does more for you than a simple pain reliever can

If your headaches are frequent or persistent, see your doctor. But most headaches are simple ones. They may be NERVOUS or DIGESTIVE. For these, Bromo-Seltzer does all this:

1. RELIEVES PAIN—pleasantly and fast
2. STEADIES NERVES—relaxes nervous tension
3. SETTLES STOMACH—helps set you right again

For over 50 years, millions have taken Bromo-Seltzer. Follow directions on label. At drug-stores—soda fountains. Keep it at home.





It's FATIGUE ACIDS in your MUSCLES!

Muscles are often stiff and sore after exercise because excess fatigue acids settle in the muscles. Then the muscle swells inside its sheath and aches.

Splash Absorbine Jr. over those aching muscles 3 or 4 times a day. Laboratory tests prove it speeds the blood through the tissues to carry off those acids. Millions of people depend on Absorbine Jr. to relieve muscular aches and pains because they've found it is

1. QUICK ACTING 3. PLEASANT
2. QUICK DRYING 4. ECONOMICAL TO USE

At all druggists, \$1.25 a bottle. Free sample—Write W. F. Young, Inc., 360H Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

FAMOUS also
for relieving
Athlete's Foot,
Sprains, Bruises

ABSORBINE JR.

Rollfast

Styled for beauty...made to last



NEW MODELS
NEW FEATURES

**The big steel balls
make them sturdier!**

D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. COMPANY, INC.
ROLLFAST BUILDING - NEW YORK, N. Y.

"I'm sure you do," agreed Tony. "Pleasant work, if you can get enough of it. But, nevertheless . . ."

"You're wasting your time, Mrs. Westmark," said Miss Sylvain.

"You mean, with you," said Tony, taking a deep puff and blowing it out with satisfaction through her nostrils.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, it's silly, I suppose, but I was thinking that if I wasted my time with your husband, he might develop an interest in certain phases of things . . ." said Tony, her voice trailing off quietly, like the last single notes of one of the early Beethoven sonatas.

Miss Sylvain turned slowly to look at her. "I think I wouldn't bother, if I were you," she said.

"I'm hardly listening," said Tony evenly. "You probably love your husband."

"I do," said the secretary. "And he loves me."

"I have no doubt," said Tony. "You have many lovable qualities. So if you gave up your position here . . . for the benefit of the laboring classes . . . I'm sure your husband, who loves you, would like nothing better than to take care of you."

Miss Sylvain said with a hint of acid, "A revolutionary step."

"Perhaps your husband can induce you to take it, Mrs. John Smith—excuse me, Miss Sylvain, I mean," said Tony, killing her cigarette in a tray on the desk. "You're an attractive woman, and many men might be jealous in such circumstances. Of course, I don't know whether he's the violent type—that's the extravert type, you know—but when people are that way it's better for them not to know about certain things. Take me, for instance. I don't know anything about this Lakewood business. As a matter of fact, I'll never know. I'm so dumb. Very jealous, some husbands . . . many of them are unreasonable, I think. . . ."

"YOU have no idea how busy I am," said Miss Sylvain. She turned to her work.

A moment later Blake came in, back from his business sooner than he had expected. He kissed Tony, very glad to see her. He was, too.

"Fancy meeting you here! Famous far and wide as the world's loveliest woman, and visiting me in my office! Come on down and I'll buy you a cocktail."

He looked from his wife to his secretary, and you could see that Miss Sylvain did not exist for him at this time, nor at any time when Tony was anywhere in the neighborhood. Tony could see it.

"I'd love to have a drink with you, Mr. Westmark," she said. "You say the funniest things!"

She got up to go with him. "Has Miss Sylvain been amusing you while I was gone?"

"I'm afraid Miss Sylvain is too busy to bother being amusing," said Tony. "She told me she's leaving at

the end of the week. I'm sorry to hear it."

She could see Blake stiffen for a moment, and there was a questioning look in his eye as he glanced from Tony to the expressionless face of Miss Sylvain.

"Leaving?" he asked.

"Oh, didn't you know?" put in Tony. "I'm so sorry. . . . I should have let her tell you herself. Her husband doesn't want her going out to work any more."

"Leaving?" asked Blake again. "Miss Sylvain?" he asked as she remained silent.

She turned then with a smile. "I intended to tell you today, Mr. Westmark. I hope you don't mind. . . . I'll leave things in order." The last phrase was addressed to Tony.

"That's the way it is," said Tony, taking Blake by the arm in the direction of the door. "Whenever you get things running well in life, something comes along to upset it."

"Well, I'm going to miss you, Miss Sylvain," said Blake. "I don't know where I'll get another secretary as good."

"Oh, don't worry about that," she said. "You'll get another. Won't he, Mrs. Westmark?"

She turned to her work.

THEY met Bill Bradley, the sales manager, in the hall. "Thanks for bringing the car back with most of the wheels intact," said Bill. "If you have to scrape fenders, why don't you use your own car instead of the firm's, chief?"

Blake laughed. "What's the difference?" he said. "I have to pay the repair bills, whether it's my personal car or the sales department's."

"It isn't that," said Bradley. "I just didn't want any one to think I myself drive in that screwy fashion."

While they were waiting for the elevator Blake said, "I borrowed the sales department's car to go to Philadelphia in."

"Why?" a voice issued from Tony, thin and unfamiliar.

"I loaned my car to Miss Sylvain . . . she wanted to go for a weekend with her husband," he said.

Time stood still around Tony. The flowers bloomed and the birds sang in a timeless way, and she felt as though her body possessed no weight. So it had not been Blake, after all. Then why had Miss Sylvain yielded so readily to her threat to tell her husband?

There was light all around her and inside of her head. She was about to shriek at Blake, "But her husband was away! He only got back this morning!"

"Here's the elevator, gorgeous," said Blake.

She smiled. "I'm going to want three cocktails," she said.

"That's plenty of cocktails," said Blake, "Who are you going to drink them to?"

"One to each of us, and the last to a guy named Smith," said Tony.

THE END

Calcutta

ADVENTURE

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

BY EDISON MARSHALL

PART SIX—TERROR STRIKES IN THE RAJ'S DUNGEON

(Synopsis on page 48)

BRUCE spoke on. His mind appeared perfectly clear. That Ginger was Virginia Tarlton, granddaughter of an earl, a prize he could not win, had seemed to make no difference, save to help him keep cool, detached.

Sir Eric should arrive at Warwick's apartment at exactly twelve twenty, and keep him and his guests engaged

as long as possible, Bruce said. Five police were to be posted in sight of its northeast corner window, and if the light flicked three times, they were to rush the service door.

"Right," Sir Eric said.

"Do nothing rash. If she's still alive, they mean to keep her so for a while, and we can afford to wait all night rather than make a mistake."

At ten minutes after midnight Bruce was quietly letting himself into the apartment. He heard the telephone ring, made sure that no other servant was on duty, then took a stealthy glance into the library. Seated there were the raj, his sweetheart Baroness von Thal, and the pale-colored Bengali doctor he had seen before, all three powerful ene-

ILLUSTRATED BY
R. PALLAN COLEMAN



Bruce was playing for time as he waited his chance. In the silence he heard Ginger catch her breath.

Courage flames as stark fear grips a man and girl in a web of danger and intrigue

mies. But through Bruce's maneuvering, Warwick was in an adjoining room, talking over the telephone to Sir Eric's secretary.

Salaaming humbly, Bruce approached him. "Thy servant is here, sahib," he began.

His every sense was alert for Warwick's response. It was only a quick shake of the head, as though not to disturb him now. Bruce had feared that Ginger had been forced to expose him as a spy, but now he believed that he need not use the thin knife he had in reach.

"Yes, it's at least possible that she

tal delicacies, including litchi nuts and candied ginger. What more was the raj looking for? Was he making sure that no evidence remained of a guest who had come and gone?

Bruce too began to search the room, groping with his eyes as a man gropes with his hands in the dark for known and unknown things. He looked for what was missing as well as for what was there, with his mind wide open. Then a sensation of ice and fire swept over him.

At one end of the table was a single piece of candied ginger.

Any one of the party could have

gray man's request called in his other guests.

"I merely want to meet you all, in case the worst happens, and an investigation becomes--"

Then Sir Eric's voice faded out, for Bruce was on the way through another door into the vacated library.

He knew the chance was long. He played it only because of his high faith in Ginger's resourcefulness. Sensing danger, she would not be content to leave no sign she had been here. She would try to tell him, when he came on duty at midnight, where she might be going. Bruce made for

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

DISGUISED as his native servant Khodo, who has been killed and secretly buried, Bruce MacBride (M-148 of the Criminal Investigation Department in Bengal) takes the trail of his wily foes. Sir Eric Tarlton, the C. I. D. head, feels certain that Bruce will uncover the operations of a big gunrunning combine with headquarters in Calcutta. Among others, the Raj of Kapperpore and Richard Warwick, a prominent business man of the city, appear to be involved.

Three attempts are made on Bruce's life. In the last attack he is saved through the quick wit and cool courage of Ginger Kay, the pretty Number Two secretary of Sir Eric. Bruce finds him-

self falling in love with the girl even though he thinks she prefers Philip Dudley, a distinguished and disabled World War hero.

Playing the role of Khodo, the secret agent of the C. I. D. gets a menial place in the home of Warwick, who suspects nothing. Indeed, he bribes "Khodo" to point out any of his guests that were friends of Bruce MacBride. And among them Bruce is puzzled to see Ginger Kay and Phil Dudley!

Events move swiftly. The Raj of Kapperpore borrows "Khodo" from Warwick so that he may help out at a swanky supper party. Bruce is delighted. He wants to get hold of a letter from a mysterious Mr. Adams to the

raj. But he is disturbed to see Ginger as a guest at the supper. And when Bruce does obtain the code letter in the raj's dressing room, Ginger appears, recognizes him under the Khodo make-up.

"Get out of here quick!" she cries.

Despite the tremendous risk, Bruce succeeds in eluding discovery.

Then, telling Ginger of what's afoot, Bruce induces her to become his aide. But soon after their pact the girl vanishes! Sir Eric phones this news, and also reveals that Ginger is really his stepdaughter, Lady Virginia Tarlton. Of course Bruce is astonished, but he plots with Sir Eric to be at Warwick's house that night.

came here before my party arrived, and went away," Warwick was saying. "No one would have seen her. The lift is automatic after the liftboy leaves at ten o'clock."

"I was delayed only ten minutes, lord," Bruce broke in in faltering tones. "Have mercy, heaven-born!"

Warwick cupped his hand over the receiver. "*Choup rou ar-eh jungly* [Shut up, you fool]." And, when he had hung up, "What dost thou mean by intruding when I speak to sahibs?"

"I was afraid thou wert angry at my lateness. But I will make it up. *Wah*, I will make haste!"

Soon he was bustling about Warwick's guests, refilling and icing their glasses with eager trembling hands. His very conspicuousness put them off guard. That he could make head or tail of their veiled foreign talk was beyond their imagination.

"Sir Eric's due any minute now," Warwick said in English.

"We know nothing," the Bengali doctor replied.

"You are right, Dr. Alva," said Countess von Thal. "Any suggestions to help may be boomerangs."

"I dare say we're ready," the raj remarked in his Oxford accent. His eyes made a searching sweep of the room, as might a stage manager's just before a curtain.

This stage was set as though for an after-theater party. Drinks were at hand, and on the long library table were a bowl of salted nuts and trays of cheese crackers, mints, and Orien-

tal delicacies, including litchi nuts and candied ginger. What more was the raj looking for? Was he making sure that no evidence remained of a guest who had come and gone?

"Look, Bruce! I've been in this room tonight. I've written my name on this table. Oh, please understand!"

There was no chair at this end of the table. Indeed the big cushioned chair that had usually stood there had been pushed back, a suspicious circumstance. Ginger always made for such a chair . . .

It was now twelve twenty by Warwick's wall clock. On the minute the doorbell rang. Warwick rose and started into the hall.

"I will answer it, Khodo," he said.

"Nay, sahib," Bruce clamored, rushing past him. "Sahib need not leave his chair when I am his servant! I go quickly, sahib!"

Warwick dared not order him back, for Bruce was already opening the door, and it would seem a suspicious act. With a smothered oath he dodged back into the library. Bruce bowed with all ceremony to Sir Eric, and instead of showing him into Warwick's presence, escorted him into the drawing room.

"Get them all in here and keep them as long as possible," Bruce told him in an undertone.

Bruce announced the visitor, then posted himself near the service door. Warwick greeted Sir Eric with every sign of well-bred concern, and at the

the chair that he was certain she had occupied.

Nothing was revealed when he lifted out the cushion, but when he drove his hand behind the seat, he found a crumpled sheet of paper. Concealing it under his garments, he sped to his pantry.

The note was from Ginger. To his amazement, it was written legibly and carefully with pencil on the back of a bank-deposit slip. It read:

Police, attention:

I am writing this in the bathroom. I recognize Dr. Alva as the attempted murderer of Bruce MacBride. I tried not to show I knew him but perhaps gave myself away and feel I am to be abducted. I warn you that if you alarm them I will be killed. Warwick, Kapperpore, von Thal are in it.

GINGER.

Bruce had foreseen all this. It was only added proof—but just then a cold wind blew across the back of his neck, and he sprang toward the light to signal the police. Pale-colored Dr. Alva was not a half-caste, as Ginger had first thought. He was a full-blooded native who would gladly slink barefoot into an alley when it would help him kill. Suddenly Bruce knew that he had discovered not only the would-be assassin at the wharf but Khodo's murderer.

But instead of flicking the light, he moved back into the shadows. It was the living, not the dead, whom he must serve tonight.

The letter justified the arrest of Warwick and all his party, but would that save Ginger? Not one of the four would break down and deliver her. They were too rich, high-placed, and strong. So it might be that they must still go free, while Bruce shadowed them, boring from within to lay bare their secrets.

But he could not face the ordeal. The strain would be too great. *Ginger must be free tonight!* And how could he set her free? Where in Calcutta's vast warren would Warwick's native allies most likely conceal a prisoner?

Lighting a native cheroot, Bruce cleared the decks of his mind. He trained all his guns upon the enigma.

The enemy had already taken one prisoner, Babu Dass, the Bengali secret operator, and last night he still breathed. A hiding place that had worked so well before would work again.

If Bruce could find Babu Dass, he would find Ginger.

As though reproduced on a phonograph record, he remembered the raj's words:

"He's safe enough where he is—a Dagi's end."

A Dagi was a low-caste man. His end was often a most ignoble one in the eyes of pious Hindus—burial instead of cremation by the purifying fires of the burning ghats. Bruce's mind, steeped in native psychology, seemed to leap to the truth. Babu Dass still lived, but his end was the same as a Dagi's, according to some cruel Oriental jest. It was as though he were buried alive—in some cell far underground.

Where? And now Bruce remembered the rest of the raj's remark:

"I hope the flavor of my wine is not impaired."

A drowned rat in a wine vat, tainting its flavor. Was Babu Dass captive in the raj's wine cellar?

BRUCE pinched out his cheroot. He was a man of action, now that he had decided to risk everything on this deduction. Stepping to the light over the sink, he turned it off, on, and off again.

Quite calm, he opened the service door and stood waiting. In about two minutes five men appeared, all in plain clothes save for a Deputy Superintendent of Police. The latter said:

"Right!"

"M-148," Bruce answered. "There are only two doors, this and the front door. I don't think they'll try to break, but don't let any of them get away."

"No fear."

The D. S. P. posted one man at this door, and ordered another to be ready to dash through to the front door. Then Bruce led the party into the drawing room.

Sir Eric had just risen to go, unable to prolong his visit further without arousing suspicion. He turned at Bruce's entrance, the skin over his pronounced facial bones appearing to tighten. Warwick whirled, his hand diving under his armpit, his face



This

GOOD NEWS

IS

4

YEARS OLD



Now old enough to be bonded, Glenmore Silver Label (90 proof), comes to you as an older, milder and more mellow whiskey.

**NO INCREASE
IN PRICE**

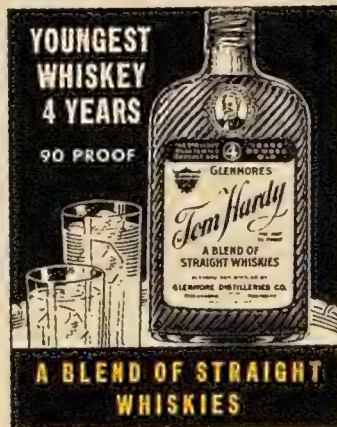
Pour

Glenmore

...you get more

Copr. 1940, Glenmore Distilleries Co., Incorporated

• OTHER GLENMORE PRODUCTS •



white, then dark with fury as he laid eyes on Bruce. The raj stood imperiously, not a trace of expression on his dusky face. Only Countess von Thal made a sound—a low cry.

But there were only these four in the room, when there should be five.

"What does this mean?" Warwick demanded, his voice trembling with rage. "Khodo—"

Bruce ignored him.

"Where's Dr. Alva?" he demanded. Although he spoke in English, he remembered to flatten his voice like a native's, out of respect for the twists and turns of the future. Sir Eric answered:

"He went into the library about five minutes ago—"

The D. S. P. spoke quickly to one of his men, who darted off through the adjoining rooms. Without another word, Bruce handed Ginger's letter to Sir Eric. The latter glanced at it, then turned with a gray face to the D. S. P.

"Arrest these three people, the raj, Warwick, and Countess von Thal."

At that moment the plain-clothes man sent in search of Dr. Alva came flying back.

"Not in the house, sir, unless he's hiding," he reported to the D. S. P. "The front lift's below, showing some one's gone down."

The officer turned to Sir Eric. "General alarm?"

"He mustn't know he's wanted," Bruce broke in. "Officer, can you search these people while we do some telephoning?"

"Rather!"

AS Bruce led his chief toward the phone, he spoke crisply: "There's not a minute to lose. Alva may be on his way to the raj's palace. Can you throw some plain-clothes men around the building?"

"At once." Sir Eric was already calling one of his bureaus.

"They must seize him in absolute quiet and secrecy. Can they do it?"

"They've got to do it, if it's the order. . . . Hello Overly What else, Bruce?"

"Find out if he's telephoned, or if there's sign of any other alarm. And I'll want an expert cracksman with the plain-clothes men—that fellow Nathoo will do."

"Right."

"I want the raj's autograph, and the best forger in the department here in twenty minutes."

"I can get the forger." Again Sir Eric telephoned.

"One thing more," Bruce said. "Get a limousine to the service entrance of this building. I don't want any one to see those prisoners."

When this was attended to, Bruce and Sir Eric returned to the drawing room. Countess von Thal looked disheveled but still aristocratic, Warwick was putting on his coat, and the raj stood with his eyes blazing like a tiger's in torchlight, his hand at his armpit.

"Nothing on the lady," the D. S. P. reported laconically. "That bunch of

stuff on the table came off Warwick. His nibs says he'll kill the first man that touches him."

Bruce picked up a poker from the cold fireplace and handed it to one of the plain-clothes men.

"If he raises a hand, hit him with that," he said.

"But I'm the Maharajah of Kapperpore! This is lese majesty. My people will revolt."

"Sir Eric, have you considered the consequences of putting this indignity on a native monarch?" Warwick demanded.

"Sir Eric, we haven't time to humor these people," Bruce broke in. He turned to the man with the poker.



"Listen, lady. I won't try to sell you a vacuum cleaner—only please let me have my shoe!"

"If either of them makes any further trouble, lay them both out cold."

The man looked to Sir Eric, who nodded. "Khodo's in charge of this case," he explained.

"Let them do what they like, raj sahib," Warwick advised.

There was no further sound until the contents of the raj's pockets were heaped on the table.

"Your Highness, I want the ring bearing your seal," Bruce said.

"My ring! I'll die first."

"Lay him out, officer," Bruce snapped.

"Here's the ring." The raj jerked it off and held it in his open palm, its huge emerald bearing his royal seal flashing wickedly. "And you'll be burned alive."

Bruce smiled dimly, then gave final instructions to the police. The prisoners were to be held incommunicado. They filed out of the room.

The loot on the table had contained neither the raj's signature nor any valuable clues. Hurrying to the library, Bruce broke open Warwick's desk with the poker. The first pigeon-hole produced a note in the raj's handwriting on his crested stationery. The writing was brief, and part of the forger's outfit is ink eradicator.

"I was going to use one of the raj's calling cards, but this is more impressive," Bruce said.

Just then they heard the lift coming up. As it might be Dr. Alva, Bruce asked Sir Eric to draw his pistol. But when the door opened, he saw a bespectacled, scholarly-looking Swiss, who was publicly known as a watchmaker, and listed in the C. I. D. as L-32.

BRUCE took him into the drawing room, gave him the sheet, and wrote in perfect Hindi on a piece of scrap paper this brief message:

Kinsmen:

Please let the bearer, Khodo, servant of our friend, see the birds in their cages. He carries to them an important message.

KAPPERPORE.

"Ja," the Swiss said. "And the hard-finish paper will be easy to clean, very goot. About ten minutes."

Bruce nodded, and then he and Sir Eric were alone in the library. The latter was the first to get his breath.

"What have you got, Bruce?" he asked quietly. "It will be ten minutes before you can act."

Bruce had been seeing visions. Briefly he related his discoveries.

"They don't sound like much," he admitted. "I may be on the wrong track. But if you'll trust me a little longer—"

"Good Lord, Bruce!"

"Does that mean—you think I'm right?"

"We're up against Oriental men and minds—that's what makes it so hard—and you know the Orient as well as any white man living."

"Thanks. I must tell you I don't put much faith in the forged order. I'll use it only as a last resort."

"What are your plans, Bruce?"

"I want to go down alone—as a native. I'll arrange signals for help when it will do any good. Ginger told us the truth—if they become alarmed, we'll not find her or Babu Dass alive. The raj has many zealots in his train, who'll never let the prisoners tell what they know."

"Yes," Sir Eric said. "Yes."

"If I don't reappear in two hours, order the attack."

"A long two hours, Bruce."

The dark Scot smiled faintly. "A lifetime."

"The raj's palace occupies the site of one of the old Mogul palaces, and there's no telling what kind of an underground labyrinth you'll find down there. The wine cellars and treasure vaults of some of the living native kings contain more than a hundred rooms."

"I know that. And this is India!"

"I grant you, you could do more alone. But have I the right to send you into such danger?"

Bruce's eyes roamed to a piece of candied ginger on the table. He heard the voice of Khodo, a dying whisper, in his inner ear: "I must go quickly, sahib. Give me leave."

"Weel," Bruce said, "it's my case."
 "Go ahead, then—with this condition: While you're below, I'll be upstairs, questioning the raj's aides on some other matter. They'll all be up, waiting for the raj, and I'll have a good reason for coming so late."

"That would help me a lot, I think."
 They returned to the drawing room. L-32 rose to greet them, taking a watchmaker's lens from his eye. "I t'ink it's all right," he said.

It was the most wonderful piece of forgery Bruce had ever seen. Quickly he produced a bit of wax he had found in Warwick's desk and put the royal seal in the proper place on the document. The old Swiss made a little choppy gesture to acknowledge Sir Eric's thanks and calmly departed.

Bruce procured the pistol and shoulder holster Warwick had worn, examined them carefully, and put them on under his garments. Half an hour later both men were in the rear of the raj's garden, in contact with the liaison officer of the police cordon.

There had been no sign of Dr. Alva and no suspicious telephone calls. The signal to attack would be a shot, or three flashes of Bruce's electric torch in any cellar window or door. These openings had already been located by Nathoo, a native ex-burglar who would not only help Bruce effect his entrance but would lie close to await signals.

GOOD luck Bruce," Sir Eric told him. Then the chief of the C. I. D. withdrew to the street, and the watchers saw his car lights flashing up the drive.

Bruce waited long enough for the news of Sir Eric's visit to create consternation throughout the palace. Then, with Nathoo leading the way, he began his cautious advance, knife and pistol within easy reach.

The wooden cover over a fuel bin was cracked quickly and almost noiselessly. As Bruce started to crawl in, Nathoo touched his shoulder.

"Let me go with thee," he whispered.

Bruce considered quickly. The clammy darkness from below washed into his face, blinding him.

"Come a little way, and hide. Thou must remain in quick reach of the others. But if I find a door I cannot open, I will call thee."

Nathoo followed him into the bin and took his post where no sudden light would reveal him. Bruce groped on alone. There were little dry rustling noises all about him. Rats or snakes, probably.

There was no other sound, no light. Bruce fought his own devils of despair, for surely if the raj's wine cellar contained such precious stock, there should be a guard at its outer door. At last, far down what seemed a narrow passage, he saw a tiny breach in the black wall, such as might be made by a match cupped in a man's hand.

Peering closer, Bruce made out a

When

"How are all the folks?"



close

"Bill and Marge got married"

friends



live

"Coming your way Sunday"

far

apart



TELEPHONE!

Why let friendship fade when it is so easily kept alive by Long Distance? Regular chats across the miles . . . the sound of familiar voices . . . homely, human bits of news . . . all these mean so much and cost so little—especially after 7 every evening and all day every Sunday.





*If cleaning house
gets wearisome
try Flavor-Town's
delicious gum*

Tired? Jittery? Take the time to refresh and rest yourself with Beech-Nut Gum. Six delicious kinds. Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum and 3 flavors of candy-coated BEECHIES: Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin. Below is the "flavor" town of Canajoharie, N. Y., famous for Beech-Nut quality and flavor.



Beech-Nut Gum



red dot that alternately dimmed and brightened. That was the guard. Except for his lighted cheroot, he waited in total darkness. Again Bruce thanked his lucky star.

Slowly and in utter silence Bruce stalked the man. In his left hand was his flashlight; in his right was his pistol. Groping with the sensitive tips of his elbows, he worked his way down the passage. Presently he could see the guard's dark bearded profile, dimly lighted at intervals by his cheroot. From this he could deduce the man's position, squatted with his back to the wall.

Bruce crept on. Now he was within eight feet. His right wrist was trembling from tension. Just then the lighted end of the cheroot became a round and perfect ruby, as the guard faced him.

But instead of crying an alarm, he snatched the cheroot from his mouth and started to leap to his feet. Only an after-image showed Bruce his target, as with one lunge he struck with his pistol barrel. The guard grunted and crumpled to the floor.

With flying hands Bruce located the door of the wine cellar, strongly padlocked. Then, kneeling beside his victim, he searched him for the key. He had hardly found it, a single key on a neck string, when this dark adventure entered its second phase.

In the wall of blackness behind and above him there appeared a narrow bright crack. It slowly widened, as a door opened, revealing a short flight of steps leading down, and a human silhouette appeared in the opening. The man was moving straight toward him. In his hand was a candle that burned with a pure blue flame in this still air, strangely and terribly beautiful.

ALL Bruce could do was grip his pistol and wait until the enemy was within ten paces. Then in the hoarse whisper that excited natives employ, and which would best conceal his voice, he asked in Punjab Hindustani:

"Who art thou?"

The man stopped in his tracks. "Gulab Singh."

This was the same Sikh who had challenged Bruce last night.

"Thou fool, blow out the candle. Dost thou not know the foe of foes is abovestairs?"

The candle flame streamed and vanished. The intruding darkness was sweet to Bruce now.

"Hai, that is what I came to tell thee," Gulab Singh answered. "How didst thou know it?"

"Have I no friends among the dancing girls? Now go quickly, and let no one even glance this way until the sahib leaves."

Gulab Singh withdrew. Bruce waited until the door opened and closed, then swiftly unlocked the door to the wine cellar. Closing it behind him, for the first time he turned on his flashlight. It was a risk, but from now on he must play desperately against time.

A room forty feet square was revealed, its stone walls lined with huge wine butts, above which were shelves where endless cobwebbed bottles glimmered dully in the torchlight. But there were no prison cells in sight, and, worse, no sign of a door or passage leading on.

Bruce paused to steel his nerves. Unless his whole theory was wrong—and every sign so far had borne it out—such a passage *must* be here. Bruce moved quickly about the room, thrusting at every wine butt. The first five he touched were full, but the sixth was empty. Quickly he rolled it aside, revealing a yard-wide ring in the stone floor.

Flicking off his light, Bruce raised the shell-like cap, to find himself at the brink of a black pit. . . . No, not utterly black, as Bruce's eyes again adjusted to the scene. At the very bottom was a faint haze, as though from a far-distant lamp.

That haze soon showed projections on the wall, forming a ladder. Thrusting his pistol into its holster, Bruce worked his way down.

HE found himself in another passage between dripping walls of stone, laid hundreds of years ago. It curved a little, and he had to advance nearly fifty paces along its slimy floor before he could discover the source of the light that had crept here. Then, far down the passage, he saw a lighted lantern hung on the wall. In its yellow glare crouched two natives.

That these were the inner guards of the raj's prisoners, Bruce did not doubt.

There was no possible way to attack them by stealth. Trusting everything to a last bold bluff, Bruce turned on his flashlight and marched boldly on.

Both men sprang up at sight of him, gripping pistols. He pretended to ignore the action, as he must ignore, for the present, the flight of steps that a sudden widening of the passage revealed. No doubt these led to some secret entrance, far from the raj's palace and beyond the cordon of police, but he must take things as they came.

"Who art thou?" one of the guards called out. Plainly no human outcry could carry from this dungeon to disturb the raj's guests, an ominous thing.

"Peace! I am Warwick's servant and have a letter from the raj."

While one of the two Sikhs guarded him, the other took the forged letter. Meanwhile Bruce's eyes ranged swiftly. In the wall of the passage were four iron doors, each with a barred window, evidently part of the old Mogul dungeons. In one of those windows appeared a pale blur.

At first Bruce was not sure. Then the sickly lanternlight found something besides gray walls to shine upon, something bright. It was a girl's hair, the color of new hemp.

Their eyes met in passing. The watchful guards saw no sign of recognition between them, and could

not dream what was in their hearts. But Bruce had found out what he needed to know. Apparently Ginger was unhurt; if free, she could run like a deer. The adventure swept on.

"Wah, canst thou not read?" Bruce demanded of the old Sikh who had taken the document. Meanwhile he appeared not to glance at the younger, more brutal-looking guard who had him covered.

"Tej Singh, it is a letter from the raj," the Sikh declared in an awed voice.

"And tell that fool to put up his gun, lest it blow up in his hands at this shame," Bruce added boldly.

"Mayhap it is forged," Tej Singh answered. His very voice, let alone his alert suspicion, revealed a formidable adversary. "Anyway, I will obey my orders, and bid that thou, Kabar Singh, do the same."

"Peace! Surely it is his royal hand." Kabar turned to Bruce. "Art thou Khodo?"

"Art thou the son of thy mother's husband, or of a donkey driver?"

"But the wax of the seal? It is red, but not red enough."

Was this the little mistake that would destroy him? But Bruce answered in angry tones.

"By my gods, am I to delay while ye match colors like a wench at the bazaar? Here be one of the prisoners, but my main business is with the other. Unlock his cell, that I may speak to him."

"Nay." It was a sharp protest

from the Sikh gunman, Tej Singh. Still Bruce must play the game. He did not even glance at the still face with its burning eyes behind the bars, only gazed ominously at his enemy.

"Can it be that the raj has traitors in his service?" he demanded.

"I say nay. Thou art the same whom Gulab Singh saw on the stairs last night, and I think thou art a spy. Kabar will not unlock the cells. He will stay and guard the prisoners, while thou goeth with me up into the palace to prove thy paper."

The light seemed to fail a little. Ginger's face receded to a pale blur. She was burning to help him, he knew, but he must fight on alone. No, not alone! Although they did not exchange a word or glance, still she was with him. His faltering courage flamed up again.

"Wilt thou leave thy post?" he demanded. "Give me the paper, and I will bring down every great lord of the palace, but oil thy knees well to beg mercy." For now that Bruce knew the lay of the land, he could lead down light-footed police who could try to disarm or pick off these two guards before they could kill the prisoners.

"Light the other lantern, Kabar." This was Tej Singh's only answer. And when Kabar's trembling fingers had complied, Tej took the lantern in his left hand. "Now march ahead of me, and make no sudden movements."

Bruce's brain was working in

powerful surges. What if he disobeyed the order and stood fast?

"I have the raj's order to speak to the prisoners," Bruce answered sullenly. "When I have done so, I will go."

"Move on or I shoot."

"There are worse deaths for those who disobey the king's command." But now Bruce was only playing for time as he waited his chance, however small or desperate it might be. In the silence he heard Ginger catch her breath.

Meanwhile Tej was moving toward him. Every step brought the pistol nearer Bruce's reach. But he stopped when he was about two steps away, still too far, and again spoke to Kabar.

"I can hold this man. Go find Gulab Singh."

Kabar had the keys to the cells. The second grew long, because in the next second Bruce must strike. Kabar was moving toward him, to pass him in the corridor.

Bruce's face contorted in an expression of terror. At the same instant he threw up his arms and pointed down the corridor behind Tej's back. "Look!"

Is this a dodge of Bruce's to gain time? He is in the tightest of places, on the hottest of spots, and how will he extricate himself? Can Ginger help in turning the tables on the enemy? What do you think will happen in next week's Liberty? A big surprise awaits!



IN PARIS, STYLE LEADS
...IN MILWAUKEE, BLATZ LEADS!



MILWAUKEE is world renowned as the home of celebrated beers. In this city of famous beers, Blatz bottle beer is preferred to all other brands. This significant fact is proved by an independent survey made by one of America's great newspapers.

You can't duplicate the mild, mellow, delicious flavor of Milwaukee's most popular bottle beer—unless you enjoy a second bottle of Blatz Old Heidelberg Beer.

BLATZ BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

89 Years of Brewing Experience

"FOR THOSE WHO WANT THE BEST"

Blatz

OLD HEIDELBERG BEER



THE sheriff looked over at his deputy, squinted one weather-creased eye, and said, "Boppy, I don't see how you can expect me to hold the stranger for old man Griscom's death. His story seems straight enough to me. He caught the half-wit red-handed, and there ain't no contradiction of that. We found the money on the half-wit, didn't we?"

"Yep, guess you're right, sheriff," said Boppy. "But I just can't believe that the half-wit would harm a hair on old Griscom's head. Besides, there's something in this business that just don't jibe. Nobody around here ever knew that Griscom had any money planted in his cabin. And if he did have money planted there, he'd certainly have more than the thirty bucks we found on the half-wit."

Playing idly with the long ears of a big sheep dog, Boppy paused for a minute and then continued, "And another thing that don't jibe is this here dog. How come a fella that's on the bum, as the stranger says he is, is toting along a fine-looking dog like this one? Mebbe the stranger just didn't get here by accident, and mebbe we'd never have known he was around here if the half-wit hadn't happened to wander up to Griscom's cabin at the wrong time."

The sheriff squinted harder at his deputy. "You mean you think the stranger knew about old Griscom's money? You mean you think he was doing the robbing? An' was surprised by the half-wit? Nope, Boppy, I can't see that. It appears to me that the half-wit is in a tough spot. Look at the way he's acting. Just keeps muttering old Griscom's name over and over."

Boppy stopped toying with the dog's ears, but the dog bent its head under the deputy's leathery hand and begged for more. "Friendly fella, ain't you?" said Boppy, reaching down a hand. The dog dutifully placed a paw in the deputy's big fist and snuggled in for more petting.

"He certainly is friendly, Boppy," the sheriff observed. "I can sort of understand a man not wanting to give him up, even if he is on the bum. . . . Well, what's got into you?"

The deputy had risen and was standing with his eyes locked on the dog's long, intelligent face. "Sheriff," he said, "mind if we bring the stranger into the office? Might as well get his statement. Reckon we can get Doc Wilson for a witness."

"Sure. It's O. K. with me, Boppy. I'll get the stranger out of his cell and you get the Doc."

The Doc and Boppy were talking earnestly when the sheriff returned with the stranger. They stopped abruptly when the pair appeared in the doorway.

"Sit down, Fenway," the sheriff said. "We're going to take down your sworn statement, and the Doc



A DOG TELLS ALL

BY STUART TWARDY

and me'll witness it. I'll take it down on the machine, so go kinda slow."

The sheriff planked himself down before a dilapidated old typewriter. The stranger folded his long, loose frame into a chair near the door, and the dog stretched itself out at his feet.

"Mighty fine dog you got there, Fenway," Boppy observed.

"Yep, sure is. Saved my life once. I was right in line for a fella's bullet when Prince here galloped up and knocked the hombre down plump and pretty." He patted the dog's head.

"Well, Fenway," the sheriff said, "might as well get on with the business on hand and then you can mosey along where you please, long as you're on hand for the trial."

Fenway quickly glanced at the faces of the other two men, shifted his eyes to the dog again and began:

"Well, like I told you, I was makin' my way north from El Centro, where I had a job loadin' sheep on them big trailer trucks. I heard tell of some fruit pickin' up San Bernardino way. The same fella told me about the fruit pickin' told me how to reach Griscom's cabin. He was an old friend of Griscom's. Said they used to prospect together. Said I could make bed for a night with the old man. Well, I found Griscom's cabin all right. When I walked up to the door it was open, and inside I saw a fella leaning over the floor near the cookstove. He

was diggin' something out of the floor.

"Then I saw the old man on the bunk, and a knife was stickin' in his chest. Then the fella on the floor must of heard me, 'cause he jumped around and started to make for me. I knew somethin' was wrong. Then Prince and me collared him. He had some money in his hand. I figured it was a robbery, so I tied him up and came into town for you. Guess that's all there is to it."

The only sound in the room was the spasmodic tapping of the typewriter. Boppy exchanged a quick glance with Doc Wilson.

The sheriff was the first to speak. "Well, here she be, men. Just read her over, Fenway, and sign her. Then me and the Doc'll witness it."

"Just a minute, sheriff," Boppy said. "I'd like to ask Fenway a question—if it's O. K. with you," he added, but he hardly waited for the sheriff's nod. Turning swiftly to the stranger, he said, "There's just one thing that's bothering me, Fenway. The Doc tells me it was impossible for anybody but a left-handed man to stab Griscom the way he was stabbed in that lower bunk."

The stranger's face was blank. "Well, I guess the half-wit must be left-handed, then, 'cause it couldn't been nobody else, I'd bet my life on it."

"Nope, Fenway, the half-wit ain't left-handed—and if it wasn't for your dog I never would have knowed that you was. Dogs don't shake hands like humans—a dog *always* lifts the paw directly in front of the hand his master uses. Your dog shakes hands with his *right* paw, Fenway!"

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional \$1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; \$500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of \$100 each for the five next best.

THAT CONN MAN

BY RICHARD MCCANN

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

FORBES FIELD was washed with the hot light of the flood lamps, but out there on the side street that bordered right field it was as dark as the inside of a glove. The front of the stadium was loud and alive with thousands of fans, shouting and shoving their way in to see Teddy Yarosz, home-town pride, and Vince Dundee battle it out for the middleweight championship of the world. But none of the crowd came down this street, and so it was as silent as a cemetery road.

But if you had been standing there, intent, you would have heard hushed footfalls and heavy breathing.

"Where's the cop?" you would have heard a shadowy figure whisper hoarsely.

"He ain't nowhere around, Billy," was the answer. "He's probably snuck in himself."

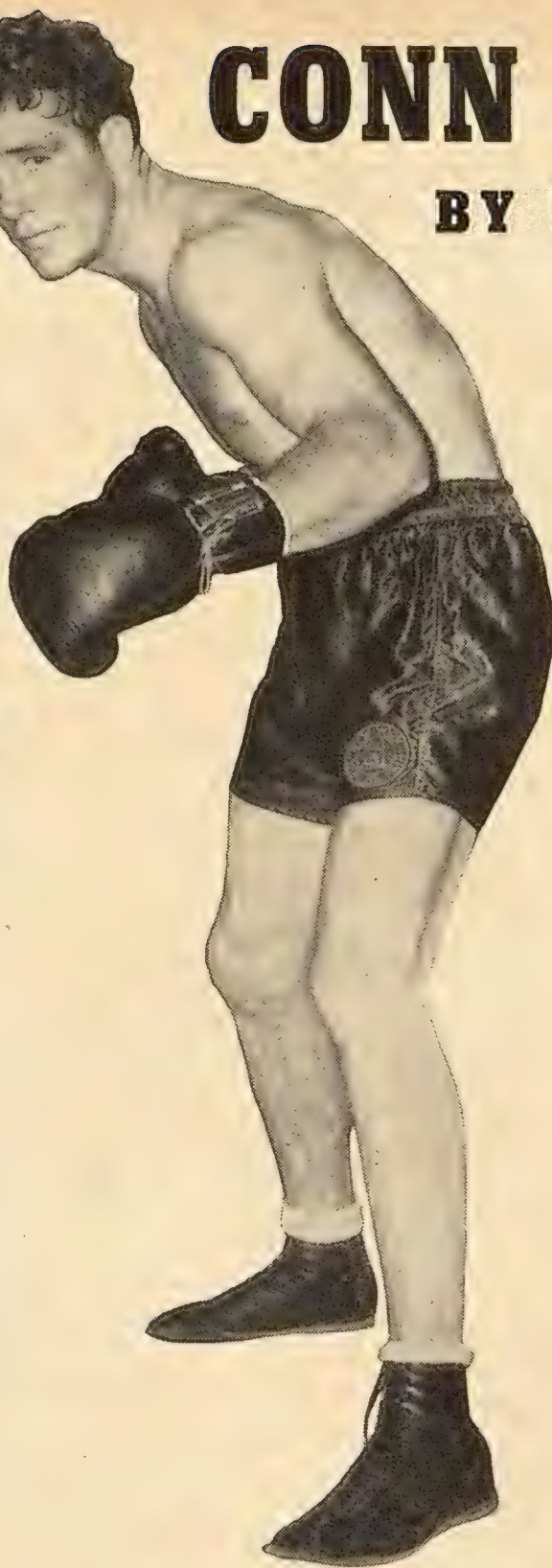
"Yeah, probably. I think it's safe. Come on, fellows—over the wall!"

Three years later one of the boys who went over the Forbes Field wall that night had met and defeated both of the stars of the show he had sneaked in to see. And five years later, that boy, grown stronger and straighter, stood in the very same ball park and had his hand raised high to the skies as "the winnah . . . and still champion!"

That boy is Billy Conn, light-heavyweight champion of the world, who has given Irish boxing fans something to cheer about.

It was a great night for the Irish when Billy whipped Melio Bettina for the title in Madison Square Garden last July 13. And it was an even greater night for the sons of the ould sod when he repeated this victory in Pittsburgh September 25. Shure, and fightin's for the Irish, isn't it?

William David Conn was born in the middle of the smudge pots of East Liberty, a suburb of Pittsburgh, on October 8, 1917. There was nothing about his classroom work at little Sacred Heart Parochial School to indicate that he was going to be the shrewd, clever ring artist he is today. Even so, Billy thought he was smart enough, because when he got to be of high-school age he passed up further education. Leave that for the sissies. Billy was going to be a tough guy. You see, he got started off all wrong. He thought it was smart to hang out in the corner poolroom and there suck in the smoky air and bat



Billy Conn

the fat around with the neighborhood toughies.

Upstairs above this poolroom there was a gymnasium for fighters. It was an old loft. It was sweaty and dusty. Billy used to go up now and then to see the fighters. He didn't think much of the exhibitions.

He liked fighting, of course, because fighting was living. But he didn't like boxing.

Billy used to laugh when one of the fighters would get knocked down.

"Set 'em up in the next alley!" he'd yell, and then he'd join the rest of the gang in laughing at his own joke. You couldn't blame him. He was only a kid. One day a little man with red hair and angry eyes tapped him on the shoulder and said: "Listen, kid. If you think it's so funny,

whyn't you try it yourself? Come on, put on the gloves right now."

Billy looked at the little man kind of cold and contemptuous. "Put on the gloves? What for? My hands ain't cold." And then he laughed again and looked around, gathering the applause from his mob.

But he put on the gloves that day because he had been sort of challenged, and a Conn was never a one to ignore a dare. He boxed with the little man with the red hair and the angry eyes. And soon these eyes changed and the anger went out of them and surprise shone in them.

. . . The kid was a natural! . . . The kid had speed . . . and timing . . . and ring sense! Why, the little man thought, he wore the gloves as though they had been born on his hands.

"What's your name, kid?" the little man asked as they peeled off the gloves.

"My . . . name's . . . Billy . . . Conn," he panted. "What . . . of . . . it?"

The little man grinned. "Mine's Johnny Ray," he said, sticking out his hand. Billy took it.

"I know," Billy said. "I know your name. I've seen you. I've heard about you. You was a fighter once, huh?"

"Yeah," said Ray. "Now I'm a manager and trainer. You're pretty fast, kid. You got the makings."

"Thanks," said Billy. "I kin lick any guy in the neighborhood."

The little man grinned again, but his eyes were dead serious. "Some day," he said—and it would have frightened him if he had realized how prophetic his words were—"some day you may be able to lick any guy your weight in the world. Whyn't you take up fighting? I'll teach you. I'll train you. You ain't doing nothing anyway."

And that's how it came about that Billy Conn laid his cue stick against the wall and started on his way to the light-heavyweight championship of the world, and a position in the boxing business second only to that of Joe Louis, whom he unquestionably is going to meet some day in the not too distant future.

Of course, don't get the idea that it was as easy as all that. When Billy first pulled on a pair of gloves in a real fight, he took a brutal beating from a bruised veteran. He went the distance—four rounds it was—but the only championship attribute he revealed that night was heart. He

A revealing look at the Fighting Irishman who seems to be pointed toward the Brown Bomber



**FOR THIS REGULAR
85¢ VALUE
JERIS
ANTISEPTIC HAIR TONIC ★ MANGE SARCOPTIC SHAMPOO**

Here's where a penny goes a long, long way! Buy a bottle of Jeris Hair Tonic, at the regular 50c price—and get a 35c bottle of Jeris Shampoo, for only ONE CENT MORE! This extraordinary opportunity to stock up on these two effective hair preparations is for a limited time only . . .

Take advantage of it, **TODAY!**

AT DRUG STORES AND BARBER SHOPS

**YOU'LL ALWAYS
BE CONSTIPATED
UNLESS—**

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. **SO USE COMMON SENSE!** Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle yet thorough* bowel movements but **ALSO** stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness **TONIGHT!** 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

Save Your Feet

Thousands relieved from pain walk freely with **HEEFNER ARCH SUPPORTS**

Write for Free Book-let



HEEFNER ARCH SUPPORT CO., . . . 12 Lewis Bldg., Salem, Virginia

showed plenty of that. You could hear it beating above the thudding of his opponent's gloves.

After it was all over and they were alone in the dressing room, Ray swabbed Conn's bloodied face and nursed his many wounds and said, almost tauntingly:

"Do you still want to be a fighter, kid?"

One of Billy's eyes was hidden behind a blob of bloody flesh, but he glared balefully at Ray with the other, and though his tongue was thick and his lips were puffed, he snarled, "Sure—and why not?"

So the pair of them went back to the gymnasium, and for two years Billy worked out daily in the sweaty, dirty loft. Billy's left jab began to pump and jolt with the forceful regularity of a steam-driven piston, and his left hook, sneaky and jarring, got deadly in its accuracy.

They were awfully poor, though, these too. Dollar bills were few and infrequent. One day Johnny managed to rustle one, and he was jiggling down the street to blow it in pleasantly when he ran into Billy.

Now, Johnny had been looking forward to spending that lone dollar. It had been a long time since he'd had all that money at one time. Pleasant anticipation and the cold—the bitter cold—kept Johnny's feet moving fast. Then he ran into Billy.

"Where the hell is your hat?" snarled Johnny. "Ya wanta get pneumonia? Go on home and get a bonnet—an' a pair of shoes with soles on 'em."

"I ain't got a hat," said Billy.

"Come along with me, you little idiot," Johnny said. "I oughta let you catch pneumonia and die from it—or maybe I ought to just take you upstairs and beat the life outa you. Come on!"

And Ray, subduing his thirst, took Billy down to the Two-Bit Bourse in Pittsburgh and bought him a cap for twenty-five cents, and then he herded the kid into a secondhand store, where they managed to find a pair of shoes that fitted for seventy-five cents.

It would be nice to report that Ray saved his money from that day on, but it wasn't until two years later that the former lightweight contender managed to suppress his convivial impulses. It took an eight-months siege in the hospital to cure him. It was during this illness that Milton Jaffee, the Pittsburgh sporting gentleman, joined up with the Ray-Conn camp. He had been thrilled by Conn often. He had watched the couple gallantly battle their way toward the top. He had the necessary money to smooth this journey. He offered it to Ray in the hospital, and Ray, of course, accepted in return for a half interest in Conn.

The combination of Conn's left jab, Ray's ring wisdom, and Jaffee's backing was unbeatable. In rapid succession he scored victories over Babe Risko, Vince Dundee, Teddy Yarosz, Oscar Rankins, Young Corbett III,

and others. But still he got very little recognition in New York. On his way up he had lost a decision to Solly Krieger, a Brooklyn toughie, and metropolitan sports writers felt that this should be wiped off the slate before Billy could get recognition as a middleweight contender.

But Solly and his manager, Hymie Caplin, were shrewd enough to realize how anxious the Ray-Conn-Jaffee combine was for a return match, and they held out for high terms. Through desperation, Ray-Conn-Jaffee, Inc., consented finally, and Billy met Solly in twelve rounds in New York. The fight didn't draw much and Solly was getting a high guaranty, and as a result Conn got absolutely nothing for the fight. In fact, it cost Jaffee fifty dollars to get the match.

SIX weeks later Billy went to Madison Square Garden and there gave Freddie Apostoli, recognized by the New York Athletic Commission as world's middleweight champion, the beating of his life. He repeated the victory a month later. And then, just to prove his first triumph over Krieger was no fluke, Billy drubbed the Brooklyn boy again. But, although he had cleaned up the middleweights, Billy was unable to claim the middleweight title because he was growing fast and was a few pounds over the limit. He decided to fight as a light-heavyweight, and it was in his very first fight as a 175-pounder that he won the division championship—an unheard-of record.

Since he has gone to New York there have been a lot of efforts to break up the Ray-Conn-Jaffee combination. But to no avail. You see, many observers mistake their violent wranglings in private and in public to be outbursts of ill feeling; but they don't know the Conns. New York's boxing crowd has seen Harry Greb and his barroom brawls; Battling Siki and his Harlem cut-ups. But never has it seen such a scrappy mob as the Conn-clave, which includes Billy's father, a Pittsburgh steam fitter; his older brother, Frank, a truck driver; his younger brother, Jackie, a preliminary fighter; and his manager, Ray. They are the fight-in'est bunch that ever struck New York's boulevard of swat. They were born to fight, and they have been true to their heritage. Whenever they gather, hot words keep the air steaming like a Turkish bath. Forever they are punching one another—and yet, let somebody else try to punch one of the Five Musketeers, and he will find the other four on top of him.

There can be no doubt, however, of Billy's affection for his kid brother after what happened the night that the Conn man belabored Gus Lesnevich, the rugged Russian, in his second successful title defense. Jackie, a pink-cheeked boy trying to follow in his brother's footsteps, was knocked out in the first round of a scheduled four-round preliminary. When Jackie, dazed and dejected, returned to the dressing room, the case-

hardened handlers began kidding him. Billy joined in the fun. The taunts drove poor Jackie to distraction. He leaped up from the rubbing table and ran over and began banging his head against the wall. A couple of handlers grabbed him and forced him back onto the rubbing table. But he continued to scream and carry on, and a Boxing Commission physician, called in to examine him, saw that he was suffering from hysteria and ordered him removed to Polyclinic Hospital across the street from Madison Square Garden.

The ringside experts knew nothing of this tragedy, and they wondered why Billy fought so slovenly in those first few rounds against Lesnevich. He had a vacant stare on his face and he didn't throw a single punch.

"All I could see," Billy explained later, "was Jackie stretched out and the tears on his face. All I could hear was him sobbing. But when I came back to the corner at the end of the third round, they told me that Jackie was all right and just needed a little rest. I felt better then." And Lesnevich felt worse, as the Conn man won practically every other round.

JACKIE, by the way, after that fight was told to retire from the ring by both the Pennsylvania and New York boxing commissions; but, even if he does, the fighting in the Conn family won't be just confined to Billy.

There's Papa Conn, for instance, from County Down, where every fence picket is a shillelagh. Papa Conn, a powerful-armed plumber, looks young enough to be Billy's brother. His idea of heaven is to hang out in one of the little smoky West Side bars near Madison Square Garden when Billy is fighting, and orate on his son's fistic ability.

Brother Frank is not in evidence as much as papa and Jackie and Billy. Frank is a burly somebody who fills the cab of a truck six days a week. He used to beat up the neighborhood bullies back in East Liberty for Billy. Now he beats them up for himself.

Billy, by the way, is not going to wind up broke when his fighting days are over. The young man hasn't forgotten those early struggles. By special arrangement, he has a Pittsburgh business man collect each of his purses and bank the money. Billy gets a weekly allowance, and can't squeeze out any more, no matter how badly he may claim he needs it.

Already he has paid \$50,000 into an annuity he bought from his close buddy, Izzy Weinstock, the former Pittsburgh backfield ace who is now selling insurance. One of Billy's idols and closest New York friend and adviser, Ruby Goldstein, induced Billy to save his money. Ruby, who won a fortune in the ring and then lost it along with his "friends," told Billy:

"Throw your fair-weather friends and not your money out the window, Billy. Remember, kid, it's not the punches on the chin that hurt in the long run—it's the pats on the back!"

THE END

"Sure I use MUM— I cannot afford to take any chances!"



"Perspiration odor has no place in any man's life," says Mr. R. U. Whitney, salesman of the Packard Motor Car Co. of New York. "It's bad business!"

HERE's how I see it," says Mr. Whitney. "I use Mum for the same reason I shower and shave every morning, just to make sure nothing comes between me and my prospects that's going to let me down. I simply won't take chances of offending with perspiration odor."

"There's just never an excuse for perspiration odor—not even ignorance! And because a man may offend and never know he's guilty—I play safe—with Mum."

* * *

That's just good, common sense, Mr. Whitney, and thousands of men are fol-

lowing it. A dab of Mum under each arm after your shower takes only 30 seconds and you definitely veto perspiration odor all day or all evening long. Keep this in mind—a bath cares for *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of odor to come.

Mum can't harm your shirts... won't irritate skin. Mum prevents underarm odor *without attempting to stop perspiration*.

Play safe. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Carry into all your contacts—business or social—the confidence you won't offend with *perspiration odor*.

MUM

takes the Odor out of Perspiration

[Customers resent Perspiration Odor—Play safe with Mum!]



That bracing morning shower takes care of *yesterday's* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor to come—makes your shower last longer.



Mum carries on where your bath leaves off. Just two quick dabs under your arms—and you're safe from perspiration odor for the day.

CROSSWORDS

By Lee Pasquin

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Moist
- 5 South American vegetable (pl.)
- 9 Was interested
- 14 On the sheltered side
- 15 Rant
- 16 Join
- 17 Song
- 18 Extent
- 19 Buffalo
- 20 Imitator
- 22 Mourn for
- 23 Heathen image
- 24 Fish
- 25 Transgressor
- 28 Title of respect
- 29 Subdued
- 33 Neat, trim
- 34 The Gloomy Dean
- 35 Always

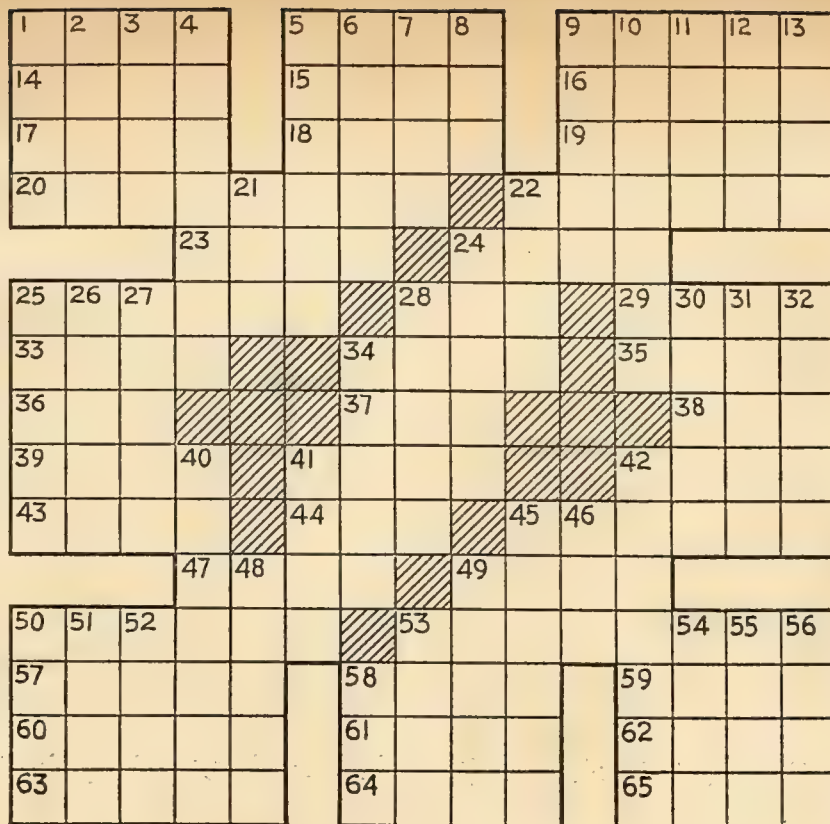
- 36 To lamb
- 37 River in Scotland
- 38 Commotion
- 39 Seaport in Arabia
- 41 Beverage
- 42 Prejudice
- 43 High tableland
- 44 Part of the head
- 45 Open grating
- 47 High
- 49 Fall drop by drop
- 50 Consequence
- 53 Line cutting a circle in half
- 57 Worship
- 58 Chase
- 59 Valley
- 60 Pertaining to the cheek
- 61 Foil
- 62 Interjection
- 63 Fish
- 64 Muddle
- 65 Penitential season

QUESTIONS FLIES
UNGUENT PELICAN
ACRID TARED RE
STET OPERA GME
HIT ARMIES CRUZ
EO CLEANS CHAFE
SNARLING CHAFFS
VAIN HOST
SHAVES DEARESTS
POLES CENSUS OE
IRON MOVIES LIT
NAN SORIG DOLT
AT BOALM LEVEE
CITADEL ASTAIRE
HOURS TASTELESS

Last week's answer

VERTICAL

- 1 Fruit
- 2 Potassium aluminum sulphate
- 3 Bill of fare
- 4 Skinning
- 5 Spellbinder
- 6 Song of joy
- 7 Assert
- 8 Ocean



- 9 A Caribbean islander
- 10 Make lively
- 11 Ascend
- 12 School in England
- 13 Dingle
- 21 Fruit drink
- 22 Entice
- 24 Wild animal
- 25 Vapor
- 26 Sultan's decree
- 27 Baseball teams
- 28 Show contempt
- 30 To be of use
- 31 Metal decoration
- 32 Irregular or uneven
- 34 Conforming to a standard of perfection
- 40 Unaffected
- 41 Article of clothing
- 42 Two-footed
- 45 Makes a harsh noise
- 46 Lip, edge
- 48 On watch
- 49 Eats
- 50 Male sheep (pl.)
- 51 Cheese
- 52 Part of a shoe
- 53 Credulous person
- 54 Story
- 55 Spirit
- 56 Remainder
- 58 Shut in

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

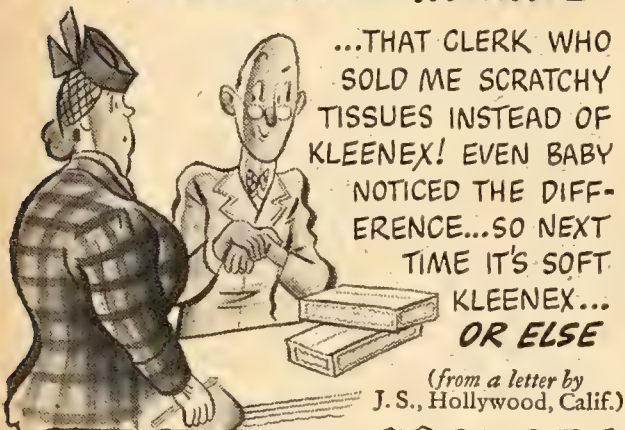
Confessions of a PRIVATE SECRETARY

I GOT A RAISE

THE DAY I SHOWED THE BOSS HOW KLEENEX SOOTHES A RAW NOSE DURING COLDS. AND NOW WE'RE BOTH BREATHING EASIER!

(from a letter by A. C., Fort Dodge, Iowa)

MERCHANT OF MENACE



...THAT CLERK WHO SOLD ME SCRATCHY TISSUES INSTEAD OF KLEENEX! EVEN BABY NOTICED THE DIFFERENCE...SO NEXT TIME IT'S SOFT KLEENEX... OR ELSE

(from a letter by J. S., Hollywood, Calif.)

IT'S IN THE BAG



...THOSE NEW PURSE-SIZE KLEENEX LIPSTICK TISSUES. SMALL AND HANDY, THEY'RE PERFECT TO SAVE HANDKERCHIEFS FROM LIPSTICK STAINS.

(from a letter by H. J. T., New York, N. Y.)

Try them—12 purse-size folders, only 20c

"Tell me Another" says **KLEENEX** and Win \$5.00
for every "Kleenex True Confession" published. Mail to KLEENEX at 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

● During colds especially, Kleenex soothes your nose, saves money, reduces handkerchief washing. Use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

Adopt the habit of using Kleenex in the Serv-a-Tissue box that ends waste and mess...now both 500-sheet and 200-sheet Kleenex come in the Serv-a-Tissue box. Keep one in every room in your home, one in your office, another in your car.

Don't put a Cold in your pocket...**USE KLEENEX!**

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHEN should I train for a job? Where? And how?"

From millions, young and old, come these three queries. To millions must go answers that touch only on the broader aspects of each individual problem. For, as you well know, each job has something about it calling for its own special time, place, and method of training. Obviously, acrobats don't train exactly as radio crooners do. Nevertheless, you find a least common denominator in all sound training. Learn it now, then apply it to your own tasks.

When train?

Just before you are about to use the training. It has been well proved that we learn fastest and best when we must soon use what we learn. Necessity is the best teacher in the School of Hard Knocks.

Learn as soon as you must—then you perform brilliantly. Learn when you have nothing much to do and see no use in what you study—then you will botch the job and soon forget what little you may have learned.

Learning must filter down into the muscles if it is to serve us well and stay with us. Study "with your head" will come to no good end unless those muscles of yours immediately practice what your lesson preaches. It's the muscles that do the heavy part of all remembering.

You finished high school, didn't you? All right! How well can you use the algebra you studied there some years ago? If you're like most high-school graduates, you can't use it at all. Hundreds of factories have to teach arithmetic and algebra all over again to young workers faced with job problems. To the learners' amazement, they catch on fast. Why? Simply because they must learn, or lose their jobs; and because they apply their new learning at once.

Many's the time I've laughed at

How to get ready for your job

BY PROFESSOR WALTER B. PITKIN

Do's and don't's to remember!—An expert's valuable pointers on training for your career

such fast learners. Here's Pat. Always a smart girl and a keen newspaper reporter, Pat lost a job because the publisher died. She hunted vainly for another job like it.

A friend told her that a radio-station manager needed a secretary who might help with programs on the side. Her chief work would be running the office, typing, and stenography. The work would begin next Monday.

It was then Thursday morning. Pat had no fear of typing, or of handling the office, or of helping on the programs. But she knew nothing of stenography. Did she lie down and moan? Not Pat. To the nearest business college she dashed and said to the principal: "Give me your best stenography teacher. I'll pay him out of my wages next week. He must start with me now and plug away until Monday morning."

She got him on the dot. He drove her forty-one hours during the next four days. Monday morning Pat took over the job. Her boss never discovered how little stenography she knew. She knew just enough to get by.

Of late Pat takes little dictation. Her program work is too good. Soon she'll be wholly on scripts. Thus she shows the way to most other women who aspire to radio careers.

You women start at the wrong place and at the wrong time. You dream of radio acting or of dramatic writing for radio. When in school, you take courses in dramatics, let us say. Four years later you ask a station manager for a job as actress or as script writer. He eyes you mournfully.

His station employs no full-time actresses or script writers. He hasn't a national chain. He's a little fellow. In his station everybody helps out at everything—and not maybe. The office boy rehearses parts and answers the telephone. His secretary toils over program schedules when she isn't

writing letters. He himself sometimes plunks the guitar and drums up advertisers, when not wondering how he will keep afloat another month. All he wants of you is anything and everything for practically nothing. But you'd better be good at the drudgeries if you want to get on the pay roll.

You've worked on drama, not on stenography? Too bad! Come around again when you can take dictation.

Do you sweep haughtily out of the office, never to return? I hope not. Better do as Pat did. Learn whatever must next be done, and learn it fast.

So here comes advice! Master the art of rapid learning. How? By forcing yourself to do whatever is worth doing. Force yourself at top speed.

Any normal person determined to learn something can do so in about one third the time the schools spend on the subject. Many experienced teachers agree that pupils

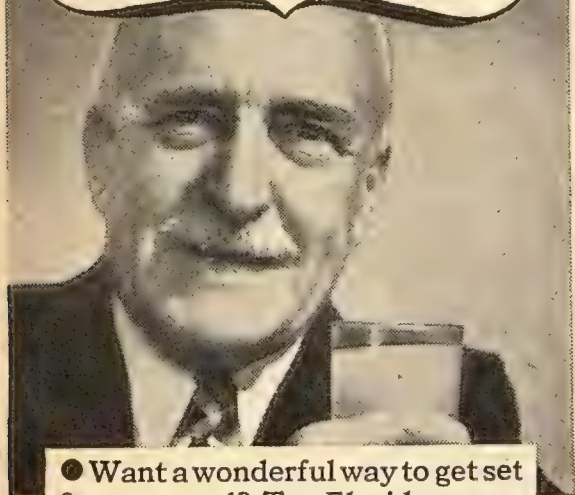
might finish twelve years of public-school work in four or five years of steady intensive drill. So too with arts and crafts and trades. I'll undertake to train you thoroughly in at least two ordinary trades, such as plumbing or plastering or house carpentry, in about one year, *provided* that you must master them fast and know that you must. If you are not under any such necessity, I guarantee nothing.

Now you may have guessed why you have such trouble studying when you're not even sure that you'll ever get a job calling for the skills you've been studying so hard.

Wishful study! Wishful thinking! Behind it all no furious drive. No chance to do! Here is your heaviest handicap. I want you to realize its seriousness. If you do, you will not grow discouraged over your poor results. *These are inevitable. They do not indicate any mental inferiority.*



**"This is the juice
for me!"**



● Want a wonderful way to get set for any meal? Try *Florida* grapefruit juice with the tangy taste that "wakes up" your mouth!

Want a grand bedtime nightcap? Try a tall, cool glass of the same—and wake up next morning feeling like a spring robin!

This juice is loaded with health-building vitamins and minerals.

FLORIDA

CANNED

GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKE LAND, FLORIDA

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

**No "Rough Stuff"
for Me! I USE**

**TWENTY GRAND
Razor Blades**

I shave with a Twenty Grand Blade in the morning... and at 3 P.M. my face feels as smooth as though I'd shaved at noon! Perfected Leather Stropping is the secret of Twenty Grands' smoother, longer-lasting shaves. And you get MORE shaves per blade. Ask for Twenty Grands at Drug and other stores in your neighborhood. Satisfaction or money back.

WORLD'S PRODUCTS CO., Spencer, Ind.



**5
Leather Stropped
BLADES FOR
10¢**



What's the practical lesson to draw from this? Create the crisis. Create the necessity that drives you on. Put yourself on the spot. Invite responsibilities. Stick your neck out. Get into trouble from which you can extricate yourself only by learning something fast and well.

I'm serious. *I recommend trouble. I approve of your promising to do things you cannot do. It's the best educational method I have ever found.* It compels you to exert yourself to the utmost to avoid ruin and disgrace.

Try three impossible things every day. Pretty soon you'll amaze even Alice in Wonderland. Did you ever use hammer and saw? No? Very well. Take a job as a carpenter's helper. Or, if you can't manage that, start out to repair a broken door or any other wooden contraption.

Look around you, on days when you cannot be out hunting a job. What work can you find to do? Do you live in an apartment? Perhaps the superintendent will let you help paint floors or clean windows. He may even encourage you to toil over the furnace. Do you live in a house? How about repairing the roof or mending a leaky faucet?

No matter where you are or what you do, no matter whether you are fifteen or fifty, you'll find plenty of tasks at hand which are beyond you. Lick them all. Then you'll lick the world.

WHERE shall I train for a job? On the spot! Wherever the job is.

If you can't train there, then do the next best thing. Train under somebody who works on that very job. He may be a cabinetmaker who drills you evenings out in his woodshed. He has his own tools and workbench. They're nearly as good as those in the piano factory where he works.

Any job worth studying is made up of many skills, all of which fit the shop or office as well as the working conditions of weather, light, dust, and what not. To do the job, you must perform all the tasks under all these conditions.

How impossible to learn the whole job in a classroom, or through books, or by homework! I wouldn't go so far as to say that these methods are worthless. For some kinds of work they are excellent, as far as they go. But they seldom go very far. Some important part of every job cannot be torn loose from the shop or office.

You wouldn't expect to be an accomplished aviator after a year of ground work during which you never flew a plane but have learned to perfection everything in the books about planes and about flying? To fly well, you must fly.

Take a simpler case. You'd like to become an automobile mechanic and

run your own garage some day. So you resolve to learn how to knock down, assemble, repair, and tune up an auto engine. You buy an engine, clean it, bring it home, set it on a table in the attic and go to work. You practice at removing the crankcase and adjusting the crankshaft bearings. You work with the right tools. You work under a good electric light. You work at your most natural speed. So far, so good. After a dozen repetitions you do the job well.

Are you now well trained to remove all crankcases and adjust all crankshaft bearings? Alas, no! You may even be badly trained in some respects.

On the job, you do something quite different. A car breaks down, on a rainy night, seven miles from the garage. You rush to it, push a rubber sheet under it, crawl beneath the engine, still hot and adrip with dirty oil or road mud, study the crankcase with a dim flashlight, manipulate a wrench with one hand while you turn your face away to

avoid the dirty drip from overhead, and somehow get the crankcase off.

Every position and every movement you make differs greatly from those you make on your neat engine at home. The task is new and painful. To remove a crankcase without looking at it is not at all like any task done with clear vision. Working on greasy parts differs strangely from working on clean parts. Working on your back isn't much like working in a chair.

But even your engine is much better than any book or model or learned lecture as a way of learning. At least you can use your eyes and ears and muscles on it directly. Hence you develop some valuable skills which stick in the memory. From the engine you get at least the feel of the thing. That's part of the feel of the shop and the feel of the whole job.

I'd go so far as to recommend that you pay a garageman to let you act as his apprentice for a year, rather than spend the same amount of cash on your own engine and tools for home use. Home study, away from the real job and shop, is a makeshift. True, it's better than booklore—but not nearly up to the real job and shop.

Nobody has ever hit on a better way of mastering a job than the way of the apprentice. All my life I've urged it, even on teachers. Train for your job as apprentice under an honest master who has your interest at heart, and you'll forge ahead fast. Save up money to buy an apprenticeship. Don't waste money on college. Buy the chance to become a master printer, a master accountant, or a master of whatever you choose. It's worth the price ten times over.

Once you are an apprentice, you are on the inside. And half the battle is won. For the insider always has the jump on the outsider. He can detect trends in a business long before the



cleverest outsider can. He can prepare himself and be ready when new jobs open up. I've known elevator boys and clerks to learn and act on important developments in the motion-picture business, in the oil industry, and in the newspaper business months before learned experts aired their first tips in trade papers. And why not? When the first vice-president snorts at the third assistant manager that So-and-So is on his way out because the company will soon be closing his department, whose big ears are around to pick up the vibrations? Whose, pray, but little Willie's, he who runs the elevator?

Then, too, events move too fast for the studious outsider. Watch trends as he may ever so keenly, he is still handicapped by the lag between the time of his noticing a trend and the time he gets around to the place and time of a job opening. Opportunities are first seen by those closest to them. And the walls of an office are thicker than a fortress when it comes to hiding new jobs from outsiders.

But the gravest obstacle to the outsider remains to be mentioned. It is the preference employers show—and ought to show—for workers already familiar with the shop and office and already proving themselves competent and loyal. Such insiders have the hang of things. They get along with their bosses and with one another. They have the feel of the shop. They don't have to be broken in. Then, too, it improves the morale of the organization to promote employees up through the ranks. How often has an employer paid dearly for the introduction of a rank outsider into his office! A wet blanket falls upon everybody. So the boss thought nobody here was good enough for that job? Too bad!

Half of every job is teamwork. The insider has qualified for it. Why shouldn't he get preference when new trends add new jobs?

Don't misunderstand me. I'm not saying that you waste your time studying vocational trends. Far from it. The more clearly you see which way an industry or a trade or a profession is moving, the better for you. But your advantage does not arise from the help you get in landing a job as an outsider. *It comes after you have a job and are on the inside looking out.*

While seeking a job as an outsider, hope for little aid from even the most thorough study of trends. After you are on the inside, expect much from such information. On this point I'll have more to say in a later article.

HOW train for a job?

Your personal question I cannot answer, of course. I don't know you. I don't know the job you seek. The exact method of training for each of the 25,000 kinds of jobs in America is more or less different from each other one. So too with you. You have personal peculiarities and personal problems which must affect the way



WOMEN MEN WANT *Know the secret of a* **"Come-Closer" Smile**



PERENNIAL HONEYMOONERS:

- Her lovely "come-closer" smile makes his heart skip a beat. She knows the secret of Pepsodent with IRIUM for dazzling naturally brilliant teeth.

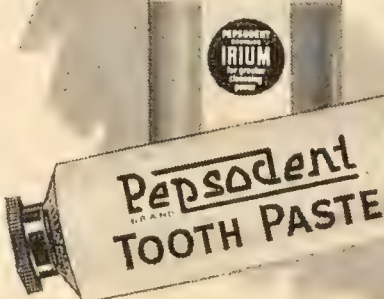
THEY STEP UP SMILE-APPEAL . . . KEEP
TEETH BRIGHTER-LOOKING . . . BY A
TWICE-DAILY BRUSHING WITH PEPSODENT

Want a "come-closer" smile? Join the landslide to Pepsodent with IRIUM. IRIUM (Purified Alkyl Sulfate) puts a *plus* in Pepsodent—gives new zip and zeal to its cleansing action. Dingy surface-stains brush away, teeth sparkle with their full *natural* brilliance. Choose either Pepsodent Tooth Paste or Pepsodent Tooth Powder. Both give you the brilliant results of IRIUM—both have been awarded the Seal of Acceptance of the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association, an organization of 43,000 dentists.



MISTAKEN FOR HER OWN DAUGHTER:

- Because her flashing smile brings back the gay, laughing girl of 20 years before. Pepsodent with IRIUM helps remove dingy surface-stains, puts sunshine in your smile.



Insist on
Pepsodent
with **IRIUM**



43,000 DENTISTS
stand back of this
Seal . . . your assurance
that Pepsodent is
Safe... Effective...
Truthfully Advertised.

you seek to qualify for your lifework. So I'll stick to our good old least common denominator. I'll sum up and rate several ways of training which you probably have considered from time to time.

The very best method is closed to most of us. Be born in and grow up in a family which controls its own business, craft, or factory; in a family which simply *must* make a success of its property; in a family where the parents realize the necessity of teaching their children everything about the property and its problems; in a family which discusses these problems frankly around the dinner table and brings every member into the business as early as possible. Plainly, such a family cannot be very rich, nor can the business be an easy success. Otherwise necessity would not drive anybody to master the day's work.

The second best method is also rarely open. Grow up in a family closely connected with such a business as I have just described. The father may be superintendent of a mill, or an office manager, or second vice-president of a bank. He must be in a position to teach his children the whole business. And he must feel driven to do this because the business needs the best possible attention.

The third best method may be oftener followed. You buy a small interest in a business, and then work as an apprentice in it, knowing that your investment will be lost unless you make good.

The fourth best method is the ordinary apprentice's. Not having money enough to buy a small interest in the business, you buy only your own training. Being poor, you feel the urgent need of making every dime count. So you study hard and fast. If you are exceptionally clever, you spend Aunt Maisie's present of college tuition on such an apprenticeship.

The fifth best method is to get any inferior job within the business, so

Want to know how to get a job? Then read Professor Pitkin's fourth article next week.

that you are at least an insider; and while handling this job—which may be anything—you devote every spare minute to an intensive study of the shop, of its managers, of its entire personnel, of its business ways, of its customers, and of whatever else you find in it. You become your own reporter, taking thorough notes and reviewing these regularly till you know everything backward and forward.

The sixth best method is to pay an insider to teach you all he can about his own special skill and to pass on to you all the knowledge he may have about the business. This is on the assumption that you have not yet been able to get even a humble job on the inside.

The seventh best method is to run around with people who work where

you want to work some day; talk with them about everything connected with the business; watch them work; study every least detail of their tasks; keep full notes of all you see and hear, and thus become as well informed as any outsider can be. If any good books can be found about parts of the business, you read these also.

The eighth best method is to take courses in a trade, technical, art, or scientific school whose teachers work in the field you wish to enter and whose equipment includes at least a considerable part of the tools, instruments, and machines actually used in the field.

The ninth best method is to take courses in an ordinary school using mostly academic teachers and textbooks and offering little or no shop practice or its equivalent.

The tenth best method is to read some books and do your best to practice by yourself whatever exercises they prescribe, without any guidance from experienced teachers.

The eleventh best method is to read a book and do nothing about its advice.

The twelfth best method is to do nothing but wait for something to turn up.

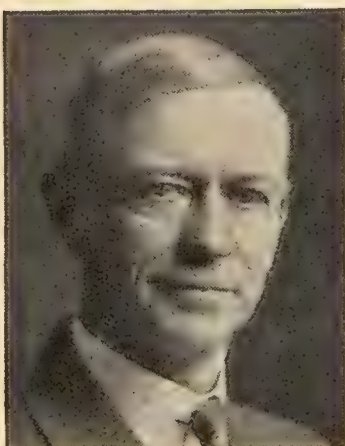
The thirteenth best method is to join the Communist Party and hope that it will some day force the government to give you whatever job you want. But thirteen is, this time, an unlucky number.

THE END

Do You Bathe Internally?

Thousands of enlightened Americans do take Internal Baths, and attribute their vigor and eagerness for the duties of the day to this simple water way of ridding the system of delayed waste.

A Doctor's Opinion of INTERNAL BATHING



"I have been a user and prescriber of the J.B.L. Cascade for about twenty-eight years and now I wish I could convince everybody just what Internal Bathing means in the maintenance and preserving of good health."

A. L. DANIEL, M. D.
518 Altman Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

They realize that nobody is really clean whose bowel is a receptacle for a foul and putrefying mass of "delayed" material. As long as waste is allowed to linger in the colon we will be frequent victims of that half-sick, half-alive feeling. Certainly, there can be small expectation of efficiency, vitality and that feeling of well-being if one is afflicted with constipation.

It would be folly to disregard what proper living would do in the development of normal intestinal action. But until right living is universal, other means must be found to stimulate the fecal stream. It is unnecessary to make the intestinal tract a slave to laxatives or cathartics in order to cleanse thoroughly the large intestine.

What is more sensible than to use nature's greatest cleansing agent—pure warm water—to wash away delayed waste? No loss of time, uncertainty of action or social embarrassment follows the Internal Bath. You achieve

immediate results. Non-habit forming, its use tends to restore the rhythmic action of normal elimination.

Do not confuse an Internal Bath with the enema. They are no more alike than a kite and an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

Investigate the merits of Internal Bathing through the use of the J. B. L. Cascade. You may find its drugless relief a godsend. It's all explained in an authoritative 24-page booklet, "Why We Should Bathe Internally." This helpful booklet is free. You may have a copy by filling in coupon below NOW.

-----TEAR OFF AND MAIL AT ONCE-----

TYRRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, INC.
152 West 65th Street, Dept. L427
New York, N. Y.

Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated book on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally".

Name

Street

City..... State.....

How Well Do You Know America's Vacationland?

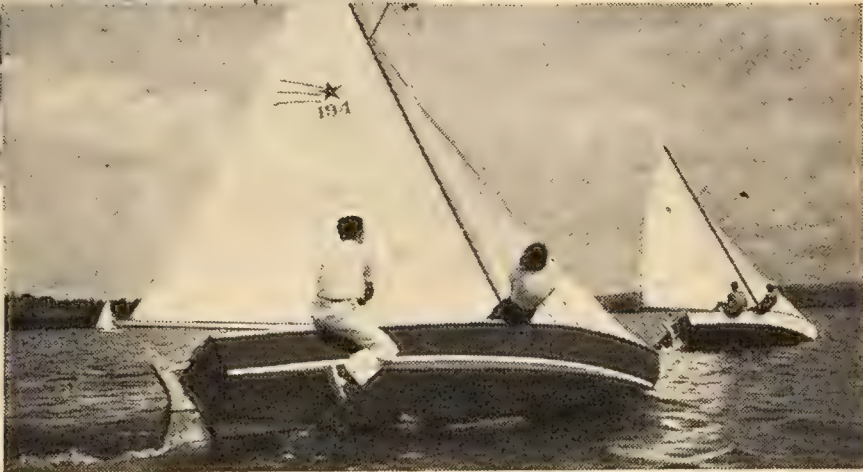


North Carolina News Bureau photo.

**\$2,000
IN CASH
PRIZES**

STUDYING maps and vacation literature to check up your solutions in Liberty's test of vacationland knowledge is almost as good as a vacation itself. Memories of places you've already visited, anticipations of places you've marked for future exploration and enjoyment, plans for the vacation that is almost here—even if you finish outside the money, you'll have had a grand time. And your chance to win one of the major awards is still excellent—if you get into the game without further delay. The Rules give complete instructions on how to win. Start your entry now, if it is not already under way.

Then, to get reprints of the first six coupons in this series, enclose ten cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing, sending your request to the address in Rule 6. All such late-entry orders must reach us on or before May 7.



New York Bureau State Pub. photo.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks ending in the issue dated May 18, 1940, Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names. Each of these jumbles can be unscrambled into the name of a well known vacation resort, area, or a popular transportation route used by vacationists. Example: NOTADAY—DAYTONA. In the interests of clarity and brevity, River, Lake, Mountains, and Island will be omitted from jumbles in this contest. Example: MANITOU LIN ISLAND would appear in this contest simply as MANITOU LIN.
2. To compete, use the official coupons and list the solution for each jumbled name in the space provided.
3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words explaining "Where, in North America, I would best like to spend a vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.
4. Entries will be rated on correctness of solutions and clearness and

convincingness of accompanying statement. The entry with the largest number of correct solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement will be judged the best and will receive a \$500 First Prize. The five next best entries will be awarded \$100 each. The 200 entries next in order of excellence will be awarded \$5 each. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All entries must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. All winning entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

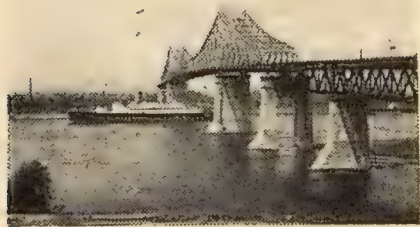
7. All entries must be received on or before Friday, May 17, 1940, the closing date of this contest.



Canadian Nat. Rys. photo.



Virginia Cons. Comm. photo.



Canadian Pacific Ry. photo.



Oregon State Highway photo.



Greyhound Bus Lines photo.

NO. 7—USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON

Jumble	Solution
1. TAKALAP	
2. LEGBADER	
3. LACENH	
4. ROFOTELE	
5. TURPSBLAGT	
6. ACEGONOVER	
7. HARDCOLDRO	
8. NOONGOANT	
9. NYUHEILSREDNOG	
10. NILSCORDSPORGOA	

The Blue, the Gray, and Nevada Gold

Three new pictures span space and time in offerings about the Civil War, a shanty family, and an age-old curse

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY

3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD

1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★½ VIRGINIA CITY

THE PLAYERS: Errol Flynn, Miriam Hopkins, Randolph Scott, Humphrey Bogart, Frank McHugh, Alan Hale, Guinn Williams, John Littel, Douglass Dumbrille, Moroni Olsen, Russell Hicks, Dickie Jones, Frank Wilcox, Russell Simpson, Victor Kilian, Charles Middleton. Screen play by Robert Buckner. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 121 minutes.

THIS yarn of the closing days of the Civil War covers a lot of territory. Supposedly having its basis in historic fact, it pictures rich pioneers of rowdy Virginia City, sympathizers with the Confederacy, trying to ship over five million dollars in gold ingots to Richmond by covered-wagon caravan to help the lost cause of the South. On one side is a dashing Union intelligence officer, lately escaped from Libbey Prison. He is sent to thwart the plot. On the other is a reckless Confederate officer, bent upon getting the gold convoy through. The pretty pawn is a Dixie girl, ardent Southern sympathizer dancing in the notorious Sazerac Café in order that she can pick up information and sway opinion. In no time she's torn between love and duty.

The story swings from Libbey Prison in Richmond, across the plains to the Nevada town which has grown up overnight after the discovery of the Comstock lode. Then it starts south through desert wastes, with the gold caravan beset by Union soldiers, by starvation and thirst, by marauders headed by John Murrell, highwayman and Public Enemy No. 1 of his day. The panorama overlooks nothing, from Jefferson Davis sending his emissary to get the gold, to Abraham Lincoln pardoning his officer for weakening in favor of the Rebel heroine. Actually the film has more mileage than a seventy-year-old commuter.

Errol Flynn makes the Irish-born Yankee officer handsome and debonair. Randolph Scott is stalwart and resolute as the Confederate. Miriam Hopkins' heroine is more intelligent than the pattern usually calls for, even when she does a modified cancan for the bewhiskered Sazerac patrons. And, for good measure, there's Hum-



Miriam Hopkins, a dancer in the notorious Sazerac Café, is a pawn in the hazardous game played by North and South in Virginia City.

phrey Bogart as the bad man of the Southwest, and Alan Hale and Guinn Williams as the Yankee's dumb pals.

VITAL STATISTICS: Want to know how they made gold dust? Sprayed fine sand with gold paint. They had to figure how many gold ingots would total five million dollars. Gold was \$20.67 an ounce in 1864; average ingot shipped out of Virginia City was valued at \$14,000. Figures down to 357.14 ingots. . . . Author Robert Buckner says he heard of the gold adventure from Frederick Anthony Lovell, 101-year-old Confederate veteran who served as expedition scout for part of the trek and who now lives in Los Angeles. Caravan was attacked by Unionists in New Mexico and wiped out. Only two escaped. But no gold ever was found. The five million still waits somewhere, hidden through the years. . . . Warners sent a company of 189 to Flagstone, Arizona, where the desert and mountain exteriors were shot for four weeks. The historic Mormon Station, first settlement in Nevada, was reconstructed in Tappan Wash near Cameron, a typical trading post was built at Schnebley Hill, on the rim of Oak Creek Canyon. Beautiful rock formations were pictured around the Painted Desert in northern Arizona. The six-horse stagecoach, mired in midstream, was shot in Oak Creek Canyon itself, some thirty miles south of Flagstaff. This is the scene where Flynn carried Miriam from the coach and love dawns. . . . John Murray Murrell once really lived. At the peak of his career he had 1,200 followers. Chief hide-out a swamp on west bank of the Mississippi. . . . Living Lily, that undress barroom picture with the expanding and contracting—er—diaphragm, is modified from a real one of old Virginia City. Production note on the script said: "Drape sufficiently to please Mr. Hays." . . . Imagine the surprise of seven of Billy Rose's Aquacade swimmers, feminine, when their car suffered a flat tire close by the Navaho Indian Reservation in northern Arizona last fall! Up rode two Lochinvars who turned out to be Flynn and Scott—and they changed the tire. Gals still dazed. . . . The old buildings still stand in Virginia City with their original iron shutters, the town is active, some of the old bars still are doing business. Shutters were safeguards against pioneer shooting forays. Old opera house still remains.

★ ★ ★ PRIMROSE PATH

THE PLAYERS: Ginger Rogers, Joel McCrea, Marjorie Rambeau, Henry Travers, Miles Mander, Queenie Vassar, Joan Carroll, Vivienne Osborne, Carmen Morales. Screen play by Allan Scott and

Gregory La Cava from the stage play by Robert L. Buckner and Walter Hart. Directed by Gregory La Cava. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 93 minutes.

VICTORIA LINCOLN'S novel of a New England seacoast shanty town, February Hill, has come a considerable distance. First it was a stage play, now it is a movie. Each time it has undergone changes. Even the characters bear different names. But, oddly enough, some of the grimy honesty, a measure of its seamy realism have come through.

Now it is the story of an illiterate friendless girl trying, after her fashion, to break the ties that bind her to a sordid unsavory home by marrying a flip young man who serves hamburgers and weak soup, operates the gas pumps at a lunchroom-gasoline station hard by the canneries. When he realizes her pathetic lies about herself and her background, when he sees her home for what it is, he turns upon her and walks out.

The characters come through the cleaning and dyeing process with sur-

prising strength. The girl's mother is far from what she should be, what with making frequent trips in shabby finery with miscellaneous men to distant parts. Her father is a frustrated weakling, a sodden drunkard, trying to forget his college dreams in liquor. Grandma is a bitter, raucous, mercenary old harriidan who sneers at life, and there is a kid sister, a brash tough little brat.

All this is labeled "a romantic drama." Actually it is a realistic cross section of bitter reality. Ginger Rogers is amazingly good as the strange inarticulate girl fumbling to escape, Joel McCrea makes the wise-cracking lunch-counter Romeo decidedly real. Marjorie Rambeau, too, is excellent as the mother of flabby virtue, and Queenie Vassar turns the waspish old grandmother into a neat cameo of evil.

Not for little Willie.

VITAL STATISTICS: When they shot those gas-station scenes at Monterey Bay, California, they wanted to keep sea gulls in constant motion in the background. How to do it? Property man Gene Rossi spotted six Mexican boys in holes on the beach. The lads tossed small sardines in the air all day long. Used 10,000 sardines. . . . Ginger's original fan—John L. Cass—was the sound chief on Primrose Path. Back in 1929 he recorded Miss Rogers' voice for the first time, when she made an experimental two-reeler for RKO. Ginger sang, but the director didn't care for her. Cass, however, was excited. "She had everything," he says. "She was star dust—and how!" Ginger is deglamorized in a wardrobe that totaled \$18.73. Biggest item, a dress that cost \$2.50. Wears pigtails, little make-up, has her hair, usually gold-bright, darkened. . . . Marjorie Rambeau was a Broadway star for years. Biggest hits were *Kick In* and *Cheating Cheaters*. . . . Queenie Vassar, wife of Joe Cawthorn, makes her film debut here as tough grandma. Was a cute lovely star of the gay nineties in operetta and the varieties. . . . Gregory La Cava has three directorial oddities. He courts suggestions for dialogue and business from his players, he insists upon shooting the scenes of his pictures in their natural order of events, he always has a pianist hidden away to play "mood music" between scenes. . . . In the film they fail to mention daddy's scholastic background. In the novel he was a Harvard man. Now it's all indefinite.

★ ★ ★ THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES

THE PLAYERS: George Sanders, Margaret Lindsay, Vincent Price, Nan Grey, Dick Foran, Cecil Kellaway, Alan Napier, Gilbert Emery, Miles Mander, Edgar Norton, Charles Trowbridge. Screen play by Lester Cole, adaptation by Harold Greene, based on Nathaniel Hawthorne's novel. Directed by Joe May. Produced by Universal. Running time, 85 minutes.

BACK in 1851 Nathaniel Hawthorne, the Salem-born New England novelist who introduced the tragic note into American literature, wrote this story of a dour household dominated by an age-old curse. The house itself was wrested by the original Pyncheon from a man condemned to death for witchcraft, the dying man having put a curse upon the place with his last breath. Now the year is 1828, the Pyncheons have slipped to near bankruptcy and bitterness rends the family. When the old father falls dead during a family quarrel, one greedy son accuses the other of murder. So Clifford Pyncheon goes to prison for life. But the father's will unexpectedly leaves the house to a cousin, the girl that Clifford would have married. So the evil brother is ousted and the girl goes on alone, living in the lonely creepy old place. Behind the closed shutters Hepzibah, tight-lipped and bitter, waits through the years for the man she loves.

This isn't exactly as Hawthorne wrote it. Hepzibah and Clifford were sister and brother then, and the bad Jeffrey was an uncle. But I am no one to cavil at changes. The result is what counts. And this turns out to be an interesting dramatic study in Puritan conscience, the atmosphere of old Salem is skillfully re-created, the dialogue is curiously stilted and flavorsome, the direction of Joe May is admirable.

The best performance in the picture is Margaret Lindsay's Hepzibah. Miss Lindsay does a minor Bette Davis, ages twenty years primly and effectively as the recluse waiting her imprisoned lover, is surprisingly sincere and real.

VITAL STATISTICS: The reputed House of the Seven Gables, built in 1668, still stands on Turner Street in Salem, is a museum for Hawthorne relics. . . . Jack Otterson, Universal's art director, journeyed to Salem, made photographs, procured house plans and rebuilt the structure on the studio lot, along with other portions of the historic town. If you're candid-camera-minded, you'll be interested in the daguerreotype outfit, guaranteed genuine. . . . Director Joe May was born in Vienna, studied at the University of Berlin, was an amateur racing driver, turned to making pictures. First film shot in 1911. Instead of saying "Cut!" at the end of a scene, May always uses a "thank you." Which is a Hollywood oddity. . . . Miles Mander spent a \$350,000 inheritance, farmed sheep in New Zealand, studied singing in Germany, raced automobiles in France and planes in England, was shell-shocked in the first World War, promoted prize fights, wrote books and plays, rose from extra to screen favorite in England. As a film director he discovered Freddie Bartholomew and Merle Oberon. . . . Took six make-up men to affix the sideburns, Dundrearys, mutton chops,



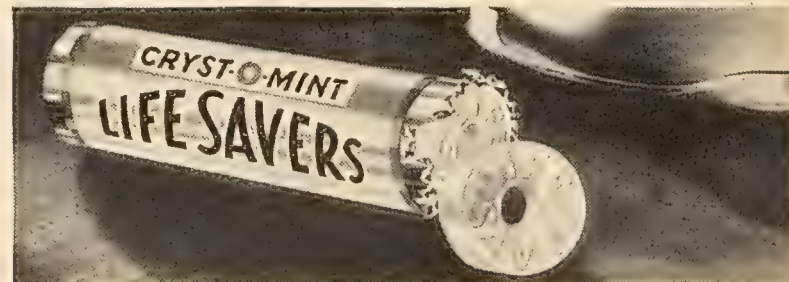
One bad thing about many a good little girl is her breath. Make yours sweet as new-mown hay with delicious CRYST-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS.



If you're in the market for something extra special, try BUTTER-RUM LIFE SAVERS. For a new flavor treat, nothing else touches 'em.



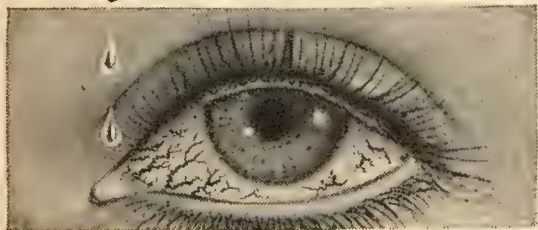
A man should have a coat on his back, but not on his tongue. After one of those big evenings, freshen your mouth with CRYST-O-MINT.



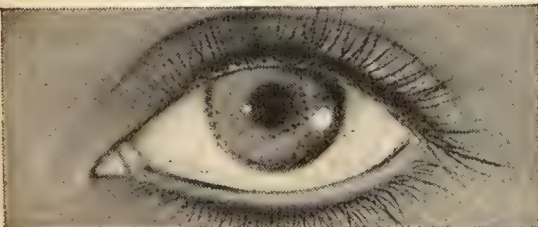
Everybody's breath offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours. 13 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere. 5¢.



Clear, Soothe TIRED* EYES IN SECONDS!



Only **TWO DROPS** of this eye specialist's formula are needed to **SOOTHE** and **REFRESH** dull, tired eyes... Its special **EXCLUSIVE** ingredient quickly **CLEARs** eyes red and inflamed *(from late hours, fatigue, driving, overindulgence, etc.).



Thousands prefer stainless, sanitary, safe **EYE-GENE**, because it is quickly **EFFECTIVE** in making **EYES FEEL GOOD**. **WASH** your eyes with **EYE-GENE** today. On sale at drug, department and ten-cent stores.

USE



EYE-GENE

"I have tried other remedies but always go back to **SALICON** as it agrees with me the best. I can't get along without it."

Mrs. L. S., Dorchester, Mass.

RELIEVE PAIN

Caused by rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia, head colds, headaches, or bad days, with **FAST ACTING**

Salicon Tablets 25c

**NO ACETANILID
NO ACETPHENETIDIN
NO OTHER HARSH DRUGS**

Each advertisement appearing in **Liberty** has been scrutinized carefully. We believe every product or service so presented can be relied upon to live up to all statements made in the advertisement.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS

(SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)
Use **DERMOIL**

MAKE THE ONE
**SPOT
TEST**



Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly, embarrassing scaly skin disease **Psoriasis**. Apply non-staining **Dermoil**. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. **Dermoil** is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent **FREE** to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write today for your test bottle. Print name plainly. Results may surprise you. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists from coast to coast. Lake Laboratories, Box 547 Northwestern Station, Dept. 124, Detroit, Mich.

**SEND FOR
GENEROUS
TRIAL SIZE
FREE**

grogans, and other fancy facial foliage to the 150 extras and bit players. There was a hirsute era, and I mean hirsute.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Rebecca, Pinocchio, Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet, The Grapes of Wrath, Abe Lincoln in Illinois, Gone with the Wind, Gulliver's Travels, That They May Live, Ninotchka, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, Babes in Arms, Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, Rulers of the Sea, The Real Glory.

★★★½—The Fight for Life, My Son, My Son, Road to Singapore, Young Tom Edison, Northwest Passage, His Girl Friday, Of Mice and Men, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, The Great Victor Herbert, The Light that Failed, We Are Not Alone, First Love, Intermezzo: A Love Story, Eternally Yours, Disputed Passage.

★★★—Too Many Husbands, Strange Cargo, Dr. Cyclops, Buck Benny Rides Again, Seventeen, The Shop Around the Corner, The Fighting 69th, The Blue Bird, Slightly Honorable, The Earl of Chicago, Everything Happens at Night, Remember the Night, Destry Rides Again, Geronimo, Four Wives, Tower of London, That's Right, You're Wrong, Drums Along the Mohawk, The Roaring Twenties, Hollywood Cavalcade, Espionage Agent, Thunder Afloat, Honeymoon in Bali.



"Yes, but whom do I hit with the bottle?"

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

★ ★ ★ **THE GREAT NATURALISTS
EXPLORE SOUTH AMERICA** by Paul R. Cutright. The Macmillan Company.

There is a wealth of animal treasure in its pages for naturalist and layman alike. Mr. Cutright gives you many fascinating facts about the strange creatures of South America and also a glimpse into the dim prehistoric beginnings of many present-day jungle beasts—why some have persisted and why others had to perish.—Paul Annixter.

DE-LISH-US

MACARONI- AND-CHEESE

*Cooking time
7 minutes*



NOW 25% MORE CHEESE; SIMPLER RECIPE

A Good Mystery Is Better When It's True

Read **True Detective Mysteries**—America's Outstanding Fact Detective Magazine.

Each month **True Detective Mysteries** features fifteen or more absorbing cases gathered straight from the police files by special writers in all parts of the country. If you like mystery stories you will get a double thrill from reading these accounts of real detectives as they pick up the trail of real criminals.

The big May issue of **True Detective Mysteries** is particularly rich in thrilling fact detective stories, among them, **Stolen**—an Empire; the story of Jim Reavis, biggest swindler of all time; **Bunco Extravaganza**; **The Pinkertons and the Musical Clue**; **Sonata of Death**; **Mask of the Magic Handkerchief**; **Mid-day Tryst and the Key of Doom**; **Hell's Pastor and the Murdering Disciple**; **Kansas City Gun Rule** revealing how T-Men trapped Boss Pendergast; **Scorpions of Death**; telling the real story behind Philadelphia's poison ring and a dozen other gripping stories and departments.

THE LINE-UP. Permit us to call your attention particularly to the **Line-Up** Department which appears each month in **True Detective Mysteries**. In each issue the pictures, descriptions, marks, measurements and other material necessary to identification of eight wanted persons are printed. Already 159 fugitives from justice have been identified and captured through this service. Over \$17,000 in rewards have been paid, mostly to private citizens. Many thousands of persons study the **Line-Up** Department every month and then watch out for wanted persons. Why not join them? A patriotic service to law and order.

Get your copy of this great detective magazine today. On sale at all newsstands.

May Issue **TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES** Out Now

ARISTOCRAT OF ST. LOUIS

The New **HOTEL Jefferson**

800 MODERN ROOMS FROM \$3.00

OPERA star Lily Pons keeps a cat, a French bull terrier, a Skye terrier, an English sheep dog, and nineteen pet birds, including some rare ones from South America. At tea with her recently, I asked how her tailed and tufted friends react to music. . . . "When I practice," she said, "the cat and the three dogs gather near me and seem to enjoy it as long as I sing quietly in a slow tempo. But if the song becomes loud or fast they get up and stalk away, clearly showing their disapproval. . . . All the birds try to drown me out. They make so much noise I have to cover up their cages before I can hear my own voice."

The cat's name is Mene, the Skye's is Panouche, the sheep dog's is Pouf, and the name of the French terrier is Piano. Mene, Pouf, and Panouche share the same bed; won't let Piano sleep with them because he snuffles. . . . When Lily Pons works in the garden, her cat, a beige beauty, drapes himself limp around her neck like a fur piece. In her absence he similarly adorns the rugged neck of her gardener—which doesn't look so appropriate. By-passers stop and stare.

Outdoors in her garden, Lily Pons sings old-fashioned songs, American and French, such as Mother, Tell Me, or Jeune Fillette. Also sings while she's cooking and while she's bathing. Her kitchen favorites are swing numbers, lively and up-to-date. In her bath she rehearses difficult parts from operatic arias. "The acoustics are wonderful," she says. "They make every note sound perfect. No auditorium is as flattering to the voice as a tiled bathroom with steam rising warmly from the tub."

NOTE: A throat specialist tells me that steam acts on our vocal cords as a natural lubricant. That's why so many of us—even opera stars—love to sing in the bathroom.

☆ *Charm*, as a word, has been discredited almost beyond redemption by cheap usage. Carelessly we say this or that thing is charming—a new dress, a new tune, a new friend. Yet the word still has power if properly applied. What sort of person do you visualize when you read the following: "A perfectly delightful creature . . . Obvious charm . . . the peculiar quality which distinguishes it . . . the tranquillity it diffuses. . . . One has only to be



READING TIME • 4 MINUTES

with" (that person) "to feel at peace"?

Ten to one you'll guess *that person* to be a charming woman. And you will be wrong.

The passage that I've quoted is Jules Romains' description of the great French military leader, General Joffre.

I quote this to argue the point that *charm* need not be a cheap word.

☆ Because it's so good in the springtime, this *Chicken-Asparagus Float* is known as a courtship special in Holland. Dutch girls prepare it when their best beaux are invited for Sunday-evening supper. . . . Joint a 4-pound chicken as for frying. Lay pieces in pan with 1 small onion, 1 bay leaf, a few sprigs of parsley and celery leaves, salt, pepper, and just enough water to cover. Simmer gently till tender—about 1 hour. Strain,

and keep the liquor. Brown 1 tablespoon flour in 1 tablespoon melted butter; add liquor from chicken, then ½ teaspoon nutmeg, pinch of grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, and the chicken meat cut in 1-inch cubes.

In deep dish arrange fresh asparagus, cooked and well drained. Sprinkle with browned bread crumbs. Over the asparagus pour chicken and sauce.

Serve very hot with crisp fried potatoes.

☆ Lady plumbers are writing in to prove their existence. Several weeks ago I declared I never had heard of any.

Well, I've heard of some now—dozens of 'em—and am still hearing. So far I can report authoritatively that we have lady plumbers in at least nine states, and that quite a few belong to the National Association of Master Plumbers.

☆ Want to know how to behave in a harem? The Hoffman twins, Ruth and Helen, tell you how in their new book, *Our Arabian Nights* (published by Carrick & Evans). The twins—they're American girls—have been living in Bagdad. We Married an Englishman was their previous book.

☆ Cooking may turn your hair gray—but not the work or worry of it. Lack of certain vitamins in *cooked* food has been traced as a cause of grayness through new research by two scientific women, Dr. Agnes Morgan and Mrs. Helen Simms. They experimented with animals—and I don't mean husbands!



"Allow me to introduce, madame—the new Mrs. Schmalzberger."

SALES MANAGER GENERAL OF THE U. S. A.?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—This country's greatest internal need at present is work for vast numbers of people in private employment. Accomplish this quickly and painlessly by simply increasing the nation's volume of sales. There is no other way to have all of the people working.

But how? This is the problem: Employers will not hire help until they need it. They will not need it until business becomes active. So make business become active.

How? By increasing the volume of sales throughout the nation.

But how to increase sales? This is the problem baffling



producers, distributors, and millions of others.

What can we do to increase sales of American products at legitimate prices to the domestic and foreign markets?

We can do what has never been done before. We can add just one more man to the President's Cabinet: the Sales Manager General of the United States in charge of the Sales Department of the United States.

And what could he do? And what would his department be like? And how big would it be? How much would it cost? And what could it do?

The Sales Manager General would be a patriot. He would be on furlough from a thousand-dollars-a-week job in the public interest. He would be a veteran big-time sales manager whose sole duty would be to stimulate the sale of American products of factory, farm, and mine, wholesale and retail in this country and export to foreign countries. He

would tell the retailer where to get long lists of salable goods. He would help the retailer with selling suggestions. He would tell the distributor where to find the producer. He would urge the producer to seek markets.

The Sales Manager General would need and should have no police powers. He would use no clubs, lend no money, issue no licenses, charge no fees, and collect no fines. He would at all times offer suggestions leading to more sales.

He would point out markets, especially the many neglected domestic markets. He would want names and addresses in advertisements and on products so that retailers could always get these products.

He would reach down, take business by the hand, give it a quick upward lift and stand it on its feet. He would work for all producers, distributors, and retailers in the same manner as a sales manager works for a privately owned business.

His department would perhaps need no more than twenty-five people including assistants, stenographers, typists, and clerks. His department would give business a glow of hope and cheer and ambition and a quick and permanent big increase.

The government would profit hugely. Relief would dry up and wither away. There would be collections on larger incomes and more of them, and on the increased volume of sales of many things now taxed. Post-office revenues would mount. Transportation would increase. Luxuries would sell. Better business generally could easily lead to the elimination of emergency taxes, which would mean still more sales.

You want prosperity. You must sell continually and in volume to get it. There is no other way. The Sales Manager General of the United States will quickly help you to more business, jobs, more jobs and better jobs.—*Grover C. Sanson.*

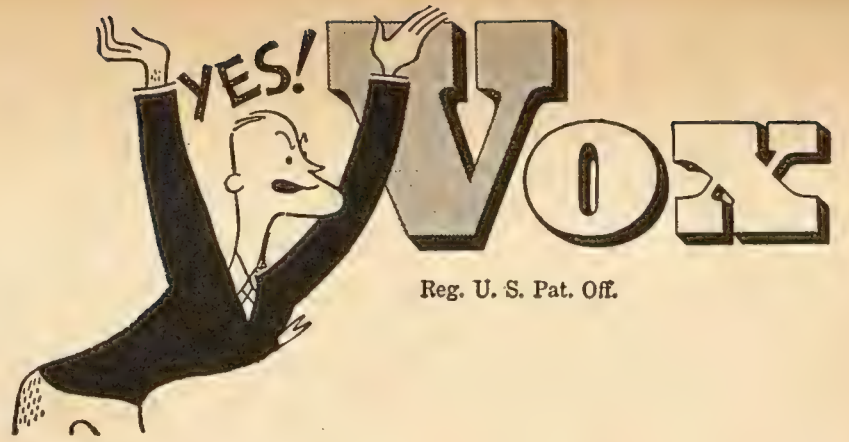
NO POSTMISTRESS

WAVELAND, MISS.—Please inform your artist, F. A. Babcock, that Uncle Sam does not have a postmistress in any post office, as he illustrated on the February 24 Liberty cover.

Any person who is head of a post office, whether they be

male or female, is a postmaster and not postmistress.—*C. K. Herlihy.*

¶ Says Frances Siegewein of Hanford, California: "In January 13 Twenty Questions the number of elements was given as 92. Professor Enrico Fermi of the University of Rome discovered element 93 in 1938."



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PARDON, CHANCELLOR!

LEBANON, TENN.—In March 9 Liberty there is an article written by Walter Karig in the course of which very derogatory, almost insulting words are used in reference to Cumberland University. On page 30 Mr. Karig says: "Then followed ten months in Cumberland University's hit-and-run Law School."

Would you be offended were some rival magazine to allude to Liberty as "a hit-and-run periodical" worthy merely to be mentally associated with that semicriminal type of autoist who after recklessly running down some unwary pedestrian refuses to stand by for succor? To the truly cultured and civilized, perspective is a matter of profound concern; so I ask you and Mr. Karig to consider whether a law school ninety-two years old, second in prestige only to the Law School of the University of Virginia among Southern legal institutions, should be stigmatized as a "hit-and-run" institution merely because until recent years it met the needs of thousands of indigent students by affording them an intensive one-year course of study? Should such words be used in reference to an institution that has graduated a Secretary of State; two United States Supreme Court Justices; sixteen federal judges; eighteen United States district attorneys; forty state Supreme Court judges; one hundred sixty District Court judges; thirty United States senators; sixty-odd members of Congress; sixteen state governors?

If again you have occasion to allude to Cumberland's Law School, I shall be grateful if your columns will accord the institution the dignified allusion its career justifies.—*L. L. Rice, Chancellor.*

¶ Liberty regrets the allusion and assures the Chancellor there was no intention to so offend.—*Vox Pop Editor.*

CURIOSITY, FAT AND LEAN

TACOMA, WASH.—Phooey! I say to authors who write such trashy stuff as Money and the Woman, by James M. Cain. The hero of the tale, a weak, spineless creature who jeopardizes his own position and that of his associates because of his silly infatuation for a sexy redheaded woman, married and mother of two children, at that! "Don't single men and women ever fall in love these days? Or would it hurt the readers' morals to know about such things?"

But what really "rides" me is the last paragraph. So the cars slowed down so "the fat women could rubber in"! We know that only the thin, emaciated bean poles are beautiful and full of sex appeal, but don't tell me they have no curiosity. Surely they are not *that* perfect specimens of womanhood!—*Fair, Fat, and Forty.*



¶ "When or where are we going to see a return to the real man-sized mustache?" cries Eleanor Ott of Memphis, Tennessee.

COME OUT OF HILLS, BEV!

LOUISVILLE, KY.—I'd like to throw Beverly Hills a four-star hook for those footnotes to history called movie reviews. Seldom do I see a review until the picture has long since abandoned our city. Cautiously I open Liberty each week, half expecting to see comments on the new pictures, The Great Train Robbery and Birth of a Nation.

How about it, Beverly?



Come on out of the hills and give us reviews, not historical chronicles!—*Edmund Brown.*

REINCARNATION TEST

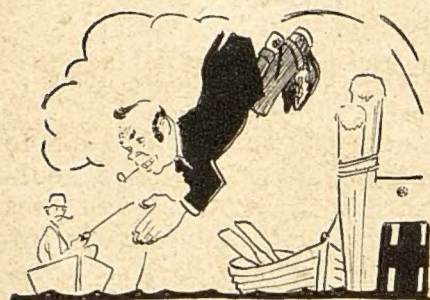
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Thousands of people in the United States believe in rebirth. Other thousands have a tendency to believe it. Why doesn't some scientist try to prove it by experiment?

If I had the facilities, I would go about it in the following manner: Starting with the fact that no two persons in the world have the same fingerprints, I would take the fingerprints of some of our famous men just before or after death, then send prints to maternity hospitals to be compared to those of infants born about the time these men died. Surely we could get some interesting results.

If I am not mistaken, we derived our idea of fingerprinting from the East, where it has been practiced for ages. This is one of the tests used by the monks of Tibet in picking out the child in whose body the old Dalai Lama is reborn. I would like to hear from somebody on the subject.—*L. Thomas DeCelles.*

SHANE'S FARGES

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Any one wishing to have a brain storm will be sure to have their



wishes granted if they just attempt one of Shane's farges.

I am a crossword puzzle fan and I pride myself that I can finish correctly almost any of

the modernistic puzzles; but when it comes to those futuristic cryptographs of Ted Shane's I do just as McGinty did in the old song—I madly tear my hair and give up in despair.

And I'm not antiquated, either; only twenty-four.—*Roscoe W. Jones.*

¶ "Once you asked for definitions of a gentleman," writes Henry D. Gordon, Jr., of Altoona, Pennsylvania. "Here's mine: A gentleman is one who does all those things no gentleman should do, in a way that only a gentleman could."

CIVIL SERVICE AND AGE

EUREKA, CALIF.—Bernarr Macfadden has exposed the fallacy of many of the "57 different varieties" of asininity masquerading under the name of government today, but there is one to which I wish to call his attention. He, being a physical culturist (as I am myself), should give it a characteristic blast.

I refer to the Civil Service examinations so prevalent today for federal, state, and municipal jobs. Granting that the mental examinations and rating for same, and also for experience, are probably about right, what could be more idiotic than the "age limitations" from which these positions must be filled under present standards?

In many instances the limits are twenty-five to forty years of age, and this permits many physical weaklings to secure desirable jobs (at the taxpayers' expense) and bars many an older man who is the superior of the youngster both physically and mentally.

Would not a physical test of condition and efficiency be much more in line than a mere age limit?

There sure are a lot of these twenty-five-to-forty boys who would be rated as "also rans" compared with many men between forty and seventy, if this method was adopted.—*Frank C. Brower.*

PROBLEM SOLVED BY BABES!

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Does Marden really mean he wants an answer to his March 16 Vox Pop letter, or is he kidding?

If he means it, here is the solution:

For convenience let's use whole numbers and say each son gets 3 parts, then each daughter will receive 4 parts. Therefore, the sons will get 9 parts and the girls will get 16 parts; in all the \$75,000 there will be 25 shares of \$3,000 each. Hence, each son gets \$9,000 and each girl gets \$12,000.

Incidentally, my niece of five months and my nephew of two months also solved it the same way.—*O. H. L.*

¶ Answers to this problem came in from all over the country, with Pennsylvania and Texas leading in entries. Practically every one who solved it thought it too easy and asked for harder nuts to crack.—*Vox Pop Editor.*

MR. COLLINGS' LIVES

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Just finished reading Collings' propaganda on Germany (March 2 Liberty). I think all Nazi officials had their tongue in their cheek while passing Col-

lings through their lines, and will greet him with "Gott bless you" when he returns.—*S. M. Coryell, M. D.*

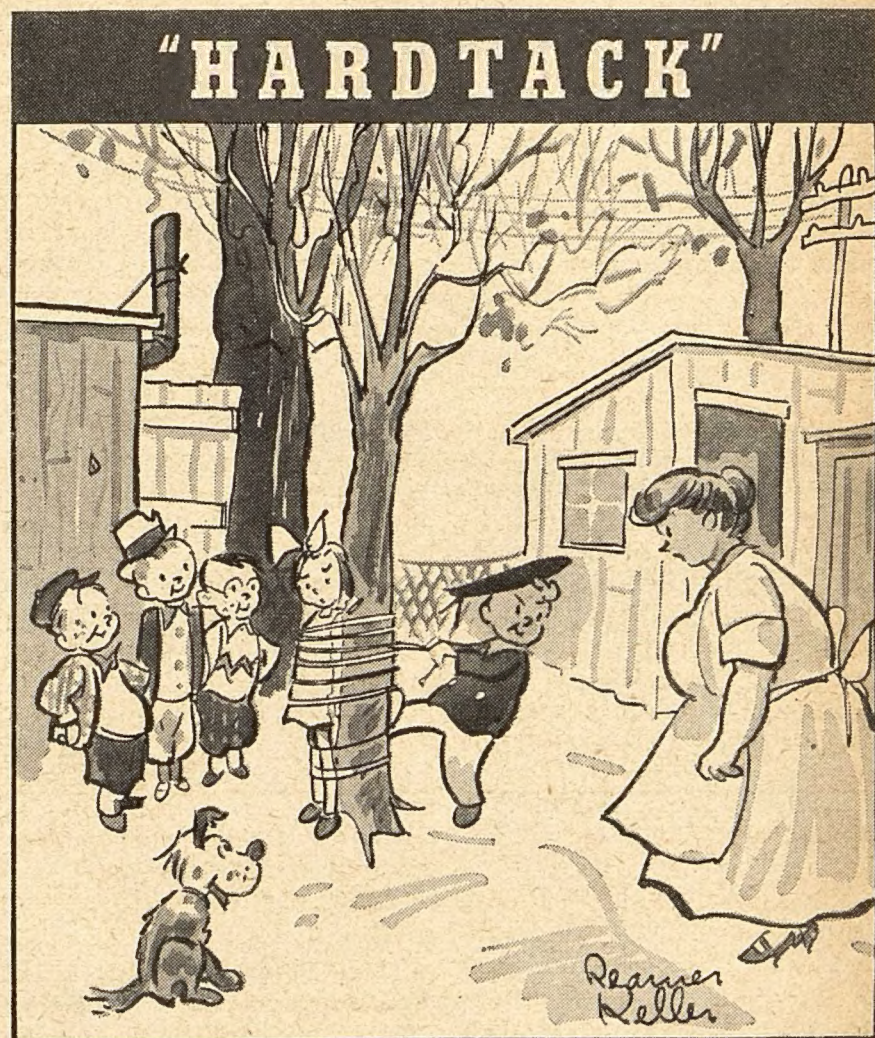
BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Glad to see Collings back! Does that fellow really do all the things he writes about? He must



have feline endowments, for surely he's lost a few lives already. European news told this way, firsthand, is fascinating and makes the situation much more comprehensible.—*George Ulrich.*

¶ "Why not write an editorial on Constitutional Money; the kind of money the great Andrew Jackson stood for when he denied a charter to the private banking interests?" inquires Mrs. George G. Craig of Banning, California.

¶ "Like the youngster who eats his dessert first, I'm reading my Liberty backwards," discloses A. Schmitt of Pueblo, Colorado.



"It's all right, ma—we want to make sure Virginia won't get in our clubhouse while we're gone, and hang up a lot of lace curtains."

The Sex Life of Mahatma Gandhi



FULTON OURSLER

THAT SOUNDS like a subject one should not talk about. The most intimate part of any man's personal life should remain his own business. However, the great leader of the Indian revolt feels differently. He believes that the facts about his

sex life need to be discussed and, further, that he should be the one to discuss them. Accordingly, in the pages of Liberty next week Mahatma Gandhi offers what is certainly one of the frankest articles we have ever printed. . . . It is no mere exhibitionism that leads the Mahatma thus to reveal himself. He has been charged by his enemies with having violated a vow of celibacy made long ago. Whether he has or has not broken this oath of continence assumes a greater importance in Gandhi's life than it could possibly assume in the career of any other man. That is because the faith of India's millions—its three hundred millions of discontented people—rests on the integrity of this shriveled little man. Beyond the borders of the Indian peninsula that faith extends to all the countries of the world where men and women are interested in the Indian problem and the Gandhi leadership. Hence, Gandhi wants to answer his traducers, and he has asked that Liberty publish his statement. . . . In more ways than one it is a remarkable document. Gandhi examines into the effects that celibacy has imposed upon him, bodily, mentally, and spiritually. Further, with outspokenness nothing less than extraordinary, he expresses his views on free love and on clandestine love, and he arrives at the conclusion that if he had not followed the path of complete abstinence from physical love he would have followed, as the only other course that seemed wise to him, the practice of polygamy.

OF INTEREST

to every person who loves this country—and that number can't be stated until the census figures are in—is another bold and challenging piece by Raymond J. Kelly, National Commander of the American Legion. He states the position of the Legion on the current crises in America plainly and most emphatically in an article that we hope you will put on your must list. He calls it Keeping America American.

ANOTHER WORLD FIGURE

contributes an article of international importance in our next issue. Virginio Gayda, editor of Giornale d'Italia, is universally regarded as the mouthpiece of Mussolini. In a mood as frank in its own way as is Gandhi's, the Italian journalist tells what Italy plans.

I HAD A LETTER

the other day from an old and dear friend, Fredric March, Hollywood star. It was a long letter, ranging from an amusing discussion of personal affairs to the cemeteries of Hollywood—a topic in which Freddie found a kind of grim sardonic humor. Before the letter was finished, Fredric March was talking

about the Dies investigation of Hollywood and the Communists. Here my old friend spoke earnestly and solemnly. As a liberal and idealist, he believes that many liberals and idealists have been falsely charged with two accusations: one, that they were themselves interested in subversive movements; the other, that they were taken in by Red slickers. Mr. March says it isn't so, and he says it so very well that we are publishing his letter next week just as he sent it to me.

AMONG THE OTHER FEATURES

that I feel sure you will enjoy next week are two short stories: Magic in a Mist, by Eric Hatch, and The Baby's Had a Hard Day, by Anne Wormser. There is another of Professor Pitkin's fine articles on How to Find a Job, and another of George Sokolsky's revealing pieces about schoolbooks and the un-American stuff that is being slipped into them by starry-eyed world-savers who write textbooks as the best way to change the American Way of Life. Fannie Hurst contributes an interesting and important article called A Lamp in the Darkness, and there are many other features, including full installments of the serials.

WE TRY TO PRINT ON THIS

back page the frank criticisms and protests of our more reasonable subscribers. Every now and then we think we have earned the right to give the other side. Here, for example, is a letter from Kinzley G. Knowles, in the fire and automobile insurance business in Staunton, Virginia:

"An editorial by Mr. Macfadden appearing in Liberty about a year ago attracted the attention of my father and caused him to buy the magazine. It later came to my attention, and not being pressed for time, I read it all. From the editorial to your say-so on the last page, it was all good. I had never before read any magazine that held my interest from cover to cover. In all of them there had been something that I did not like or that failed to raise a spark of enthusiasm within me. However, not so with Liberty.

"The first move I make now, when I pass the first newsstand on Wednesday mornings, is to buy Liberty. Can't get it Tuesday night, as I am some distance from its place of publication. I glance at the picture on the front but do not remember it. I then look on page 58 for the table of contents. If it isn't there and it is necessary to turn to page 62, I am greatly depressed. If it is on page 58, I feel that happy nerve twinge that accompanies a bet a person has won with himself.

"After having perused the table of contents to my satisfaction, I read Macfadden's editorial. This is usually worth the nickel that the magazine costs. Then the Short Short Story. Sometimes it isn't there. A glaring and reprehensible omission.

"Yes, I like the time arrangement for each story and article. My reading time is just about correct.

"Before me is your issue of October 21, 1939. Don't know exactly why I saved this one copy. I have no others. Probably because of The Shadow of the Master more than anything. But look at the continued stories in this issue:

"Attorney for the People: The Life

Story of Thomas E. Dewey; The Shadow of the Master; Dangerous Impulse; Newspaperman, by Edward Doherty. What an array! From the sublime to the ridiculous. No discussion of the merits of these stories is necessary. They speak for their writers, and speak in clear and forceful accents. However, I would like to have my say about the criticism of Edward Doherty's typewriter speed in Vox Populi. I believe he wrote as fast as he says he did. A spontaneous writer like the one in Newspaperman has breakneck and reckless speed with his fingers that the eye cannot follow. He tries to make his keys work as fast as his mind is working. Possibly the punctuation and spelling are not entirely correct, but the story in all its glory and enchantment was there.

"This is all. The compliments to you and yours are now off my chest. I enjoy Liberty more than any periodical that I have ever read, and I have read the scale from Peck's Bad Boy to Les Misérables, and some side lines. More power to you and your cohorts."

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

CONTENTS FOR APRIL 27, 1940

EDITORIAL

Bernarr Macfadden—A Candidate for the U. S. Senate

Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES

Brambles Against Her Heart
Margaret Lee Runbeck 17
X = the Husband...Lyon Mearson 43
A Dog Tells All...Liberty's Short
Short.....Stuart Twardy 54

SERIALS

Oomph Girl—Part I
Margaret E. Sangster 7
Mannerheim: Hero of Finland—
Part II.....Emil Ludwig 23
The Girl Next Door—Conclusion
Eric Hatch 33
Calcutta Adventure—Part VI
Edison Marshall 47

ARTICLES

Why We Know the Youth Congress
Is Pro-Stalin
Archie Roosevelt
and Murray Plavner 12
You Can't Cram Stars Down the
Public's Throat...Jimmie Fidler 15
The Brewers Clean Their House
Morris Markey 29
What Kind of President Would
Gannett Make?.....Harry Gray 39
That Conn Man...Richard McCann 55
How to Get Ready for Your Job
Professor Walter B. Pitkin 59

FEATURES

Twenty Questions, 18; Crossword Puzzle, 58; \$2,000 Vacation Resort and Travel Game, 63; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 64; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 67; Vox Pop, 68.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY JAY MCARDLE

Mind your P's ^{*}and Q's ^{*}
[^{*}Price and Quality]



and always call for



NATIONAL'S
EAGLE
"The King of Blends"



If you want a smooth, *mild* and gentle drink, try National's EAGLE. And when you have tasted it, then compare this magnificent whiskey in price, in flavor, body and bouquet with *any* blend you know at *any* price!



*"Uncle Sam
did a fine job*

**of making tobacco
better than ever**

...and Luckies always buy the choice grades," says Roy Daniel, 29 years a tobacco auctioneer

Simple as ABC are the reasons why we ask: "Have you tried a Lucky lately?"

A. Uncle Sam's scientific improvements in soil, seed and plant-foods have enabled farmers to grow the finest tobacco in 300 years.

B. Like Roy Daniel, the overwhelming majority of independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen—smoke Luckies. They *know* Luckies buy the choice grades of the finer crops.

C. Finer tobacco isn't *all* Luckies offer. The "Toasting" process, on top of 2 to 4 years' aging, makes them extra-mellow . . . takes out certain throat irritants found in all tobacco.

A cigarette that offers the choicer grades of finer tobacco crops . . . *plus* throat protection! Try Luckies for a week, and you'll know why . . .

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST
—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

*Have you
tried a Lucky
lately?*

